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PHILIP AND HIS WIFE.

I.

"Now, mother dear, you are all comfortable, aren't you? Here is your Prayer-Book. See, I have put the roses over on the chest of drawers; I don't believe you'll notice the fragrance here."

Mrs. Drayton moved her head languidly and glanced about. "Yes, as comfortable as I can be. But I'm used to being uncomfortable. I think perhaps you might move my chair just a little further from the windows, Lyssie. Might n't I feel a draft here?"

This was too important a question for a mere "yes" or "no." Alicia Drayton knelt down beside her mother, and leaned her fresh young cheek towards the closed window. "I don't feel the slightest air, dear," she said anxiously.

"Ah, well, *you*! I suppose you don't. What color you have, Lyssie! I don't see why I have n't some of your health. I'm sure, when you were born, I gave you all of mine."

"If you would just go out a little bit more?" Alicia suggested hopefully.

"Oh, my dear, don't be foolish," said Mrs. Drayton. "Go out! How can I go out? It tires me to walk across the room. Yes, you had better move my chair. I'm sure there is a little air."

"Well," Alicia said cheerfully, "there! Can you look out of the window if I put you as far away from it as this?"

"I don't care about looking out of the window," sighed Mrs. Drayton; "there is nothing to see; and I'm going to read

my chapter as soon as you have gone. I'll tell you what you may do, Lyssie. You may go over and ask Susy Carr to come in some time this morning. If she is out anywhere on the farm, see if you can't find her, and tell her I hope she'll come. It's very foolish in me, but I don't like to be alone. I think I feel my loneliness more as I grow older."

"I wish papa were going to be at home this summer," Lyssie said. "Of course it's lonely for you with only me."

"I was n't finding fault with your father," Mrs. Drayton answered quickly, "and I have no complaint to make when I have you; but now Cecil and Philip are coming, I suppose I sha'n't see anything of you."

"Of course you will; and Cecil and Philip and Molly, too."

"Oh, don't call the child by that ridiculous name!" said Molly's grandmother, or rather, her step-grandmother, "though her real name is ugly enough, poor child. Why Cecil should have named the baby after Philip's mother, when she never knew her, and could n't have had any affection for her, I never could understand."

Mrs. Drayton's unspoken inference that it would have been more fitting to have given her name to the child did not escape Alicia; but inferences are generally best left without comment, and she only said, "Well, dear, everything is in order now, so I'll run up to Cecil's. Eliza Todd is to bring a woman to help her with the windows, but I'm going

to take the covers off the pictures, and just see to the finishing touches. I think everything will be fixed by the time they get here; and I'll stop and ask Miss Susan to come in and cheer you up."

"Very well," said Mrs. Drayton, with that weary closing of the eyes which every one who has had the care of an invalid knows too well. "I want everything to be nice for Cecil, I'm sure. But it's a little bitter to be so much alone."

"Oh, I'll be back by dinner time," Alicia reminded her brightly. "Do you want me to take a bunch of poppies from you for Cecil's tea table?"

"Why, of course," said Mrs. Drayton, opening her eyes. "Cecil does n't really care for me— No, don't interrupt me, Lyssie! *I know*. But no one can say I don't do everything in the world for your dear papa's daughter. No one can say she is n't exactly like my own child."

"Why, of course," said Alicia soothingly.

"I don't know why you say 'of course'!" cried Mrs. Drayton. "I'm sure there are a great many stepmothers who might have made a difference."

"I only meant of course you loved Ceci," Lyssie explained.

"I remember," Mrs. Drayton proceeded, with a hint of tears in her voice, "I remember perfectly well, once, when you were both little things, somebody asked Susy Carr 'which was Mr. Drayton's child by his first wife.' I think that shows how I treated Cecil."

Cecil's stepmother almost sobbed, and her daughter had to stop to kiss and comfort her, though it was getting warmer every moment, and the walk to her sister's house was long and sunny.

"Oh, go, go!" said Mrs. Drayton. "I felt you look over my head at the clock. I'm sure I don't want to interfere with your plans about Cecil. I suppose you've told Esther to bring me my eggnog at eleven? Give my love to Philip. I must say he's never let Cecil teach him to be disrespectful to me; he

always pays me proper attention; I must say that, in spite of Cecil's neglect."

Alicia Drayton was only twenty-one, but she excelled in the art, which is taught to perfection in a sick-room, of knowing when to ignore complaints. A certain angelic common sense gave her at once discrimination and tenderness, those two qualities which must be together for the full development of either.

"Yes, Esther will bring the eggnog at eleven," she said cheerfully. "Good-by, mother darling." She gave an anxious thought, as she went downstairs, to that possible draft; and her face sobered as she stood for a moment in the open doorway of the dark, cool hall, and saw the blaze of June sunshine over the garden. The thought of her mother sitting all alone, in the half-light of lowered curtains and bowed shutters, struck on the girl's tender heart with a sort of shame at her own young vigor. She knew how Mrs. Drayton's pallid face and weak eyes would have shrunk away from what she always spoke of as the "glare," and how the hot fragrance of the roses would have made her poor, heavy head ache. "But it does seem as though she might look out of the window," Lyssie thought, sighing. Yet she had been content to let her mother be comfortable in her own way. From which it will be seen that Miss Alicia Drayton was an unusual young woman. Indeed, very early in life this girl had displayed the pathetic common sense of the child whose mother's foolishness forces her into a discretion beyond her years. The village had acknowledged her merit long ago,—acknowledged it with the slight condescension with which Old Chester commented upon Youth.

"A very good girl," said the village, "but"—for Old Chester was apt to balance its praise with a "but"—"it's a pity the child has n't more accomplishments. She's been so busy taking care of her poor mother all these years that she has n't a single accomplishment."

Mrs. Drayton, however, would have explained that an invalid could not be expected to think of such trivial things as accomplishments. "I've brought her up to be a good child," said Mrs. Drayton; and certainly nobody could deny that. In fact, Alicia's mother did very little beside read her Bible, and meditate over certain small good books of the nature of *Gathered Pearls* and *Daily Foods*. She kept a little stand at her elbow for her half dozen devotional, well-worn volumes. *Thomas à Kempis* was there, and her *Prayer-Book*, dear with use, and with flowers pressed between the pages of especially significant saints' days, and small marginal ejaculations scattered through the *Psalter*, — ejaculations which Mrs. Drayton not infrequently read aloud to her callers. There was also upon the stand a little calendar, with a text, a hymn, and a prayer for each day. This was a distinct interest in the poor sick lady's life, for there was the element of surprise in tearing off each slip; she was apt to inclose an especially beautiful page to the correspondent to whom she chanced to be writing, and she would add "True!" or underline a word or phrase, to show how personal were these printed outbursts of religious feeling.

Her husband, compelled by ill health to live abroad, was greatly favored in this way. Yet he had been known to say that "Frances's goodness was the worst part of her." Indeed, irreverent lips whispered that Mrs. Drayton's goodness was the peculiar disease which needed European treatment.

"But then, why did he marry her, if he didn't want to live with her?" the village reflected. "Everybody knew what Fanny Dacie was. And why did he marry again, anyhow? His child by his first wife had a good home with the Ashurst Draytons. He had no need to marry again."

Mr. William Drayton, however, had thought differently.

After the calamity of his first wife's death, he had left the baby Cecil with his sister-in-law in Ashurst, and, dazed and bewildered by his grief, had gone away to forget. For several years he wandered aimlessly about the world. And when he drifted home again, and found Cecil, with her mother's eyes and her mother's name, — which made him wince whenever he had to address her, — when he found her irritable and discontented among her cousins in Colonel Drayton's household, why, then he married again. He did not love the child, but it was *hers*, so it must have a home. He took Cecil and went back to Old Chester, and opened up the house he had closed when his wife died. What the associations were, what strange certainties came to him of that dead wife's sympathy in his search for a new wife, he did not confide to any one, least of all to Miss Frances Dacie, while he sought to impress upon her that his happiness and her welfare, — a more truthful man might have reversed these adjectives, — his happiness and her welfare depended upon their marriage. Miss Dacie was thirty-one; she yielded to his entreaty without that foolish hesitation which younger ladies sometimes deem necessary. Then, having provided a mother for little Cecil, William Drayton found, in a year or two, that his health demanded foreign travel.

"And the unfortunate part of it is," said Mr. Drayton, forty years old, gray, *blasé*, standing with his back to the fireplace in the Rev. Dr. Lavendar's study, — "the unfortunate part of it is, my wife is such a wretched invalid (she has never been well, you know, since little Lyssie was born) she is n't able to go with me. She could n't stand traveling, and traveling, King says, is what I need. My only consolation is that I can live so much more cheaply in Europe, which of course is a good thing for Frances and the girls."

And thus it was that Mr. William Drayton became a fugitive from matrimony.

He did give a thought sometimes to the task which Miss Dacie had assumed because of her desire to promote his happiness. But he consoled himself by reflecting upon her welfare. "She likes living in the Poindexter house," he thought, his cold, heavy eyes closing in a smile, "and it's a great satisfaction to her to be married, even if she does have to wrestle with Cecilla; but I've no doubt that little monkey, Alicia, will improve Cecilla."

That Cecilla needed to be improved no one could deny. Her aunt, Mrs. Henry Drayton of Ashurst, used to testify to that emphatically.

"I had that child seven years," she would say, "and nobody can tell me anything about her. She is the strangest creature! — though I'm sure I tried to make her a good child. Poor Frances! I must say I pity her."

Indeed, Mrs. Henry Drayton had continued to try to make Cecil a good child even after she had handed her over, "with a sigh of relief," to Mrs. William.

"Cecil, my dear, you ought not to call your mamma 'Mrs. Drayton,'" she instructed her niece.

"My mamma is dead, and I don't love Mrs. Drayton," Cecil answered, with a little pause between her slow sentences.

"That has nothing to do with it," said Mrs. Henry. "She is your father's wife, and you should treat her with respect even if you don't love her; and it is n't respectful to say 'Mrs. Drayton.'"

"I'd just as lief say 'Miss Dacie,'" the child said, "but I won't say 'mamma,' because she is n't my mamma."

Her aunt gasped, and cried, "You are a naughty little girl! Of course you are not to say 'Miss Dacie;' she is your papa's wife, and " —

"How many wives can papa have?" Cecil interposed calmly; "my mother is his wife."

"Your mother is a saint in heaven! — at least I hope she is," said Mrs. Henry, horrified. "If I were your mamma, I'd send you to bed without any supper."

"I'm glad papa did n't marry you; that would have been worse than Mrs. Drayton," her niece announced.

And then Mrs. Henry wept with Mrs. William, and said she pitied her with all her heart; and nobody was more rejoiced than she, when, at eighteen, Cecil, just home from boarding-school, became engaged to Philip Shore.

"I rejoice on your account, dear Frances," she wrote to Cecil's stepmother. "What a relief it must be, after your noble devotion of these eleven years, at last to hand her over to a husband, — though I must say I pity the young man! The colonel and I are delighted to hear what an estimable person he is, though I'm sorry he has n't expectations from his uncle. However, Cecil has money enough for both. I hope, for your sake, they will be married at once."

But they were not married at once. Philip spent three years in one of the Paris studios, and Mrs. Drayton was still obliged to endure her step-daughter's indolence, and willful ways, and occasional black tempers; and also her cold indifference, not only to herself, but, it must be admitted, to Old Chester!

When at last she married Philip Shore, Old Chester drew a breath of satisfaction. "Dear Philip," it said, — "such a really superior young man! Now poor Cecil will improve."

But, except that Philip took her away for a year, no improvement was visible. She came back when Molly was born, and then everybody said they hoped the baby would make a difference in Cecil. It did; it added to the strange, passionate, untrained nature the passion of maternity.

"Though I don't care now what they say about me," Cecil said languidly to her husband, looking down at the small head upon her arm; "I have *this*! And really, Philip, you must admit I am of some value to Old Chester? I give it something to gossip about. If I were

suddenly to grow good, people would be disappointed!"

There was truth in this. All her life Cecil had afforded to her friends that interest of shuddering disapproval which is so delightful. Even her father had felt it when he came home to see her married. "There are possibilities in this affair," he thought, watching her with amiable, impersonal interest. "If this Philip would get drunk once in a while, or swear at her, I think it might turn out pretty well. But he won't, he won't," said Mr. Drayton, with real regret; "he'll be too damned polite to her." He was surprised at his fatherly solicitude; for the paternal tie is weakened after twelve years of absence, broken only by occasional visits. "The young man," he meditated, standing on the threshold, bidding adieu to the departing bride and groom, — "the young man is in love; there's no doubt about that. And as for her, I suppose he is the first man she has seen, and so she's in love, too. But very likely she'd have married the Devil to get away from Frances." He was really interested; perhaps, could his visit have been prolonged, he might have felt some anxiety in spite of himself. He was absent-minded as he listened to Old Chester's praise of Philip, and ominous omission of Cecil's name. "The boy is an ascetic," he was saying to himself, "and she" — He closed his lips; at least she was Cecilla's child. He had not seen her since, for, the winter that the young husband and wife were in Paris, there were reasons why Mr. Drayton could not ask his daughter to visit what he called his "humble roof" in Cannes; and so, to avoid embarrassing inhospitality, he had found it necessary to be in Egypt for his health. The next time he came to Old Chester, Philip and his wife were living in town, and, as Mrs. Drayton explained, "dear William was unwilling to take a moment from me, though he would have been interested to see Molly, of course."

When her step-daughter married, the consolation of living in the finest house in Old Chester was taken away from Mrs. Drayton. The Poindexter house had belonged to the first Mrs. Drayton, and had been settled on her child, as was also her not inconsiderable fortune. But when the plans for Cecil's wedding were made, Mr. Drayton arranged that his wife and younger daughter should take a house in the village, "where," he wrote, "as soon as my miserable health permits, I shall hope to join my dear ones permanently." But thus far his health had not permitted.

That moving from her sister's house had been a great trial to Alicia, who had been born there, and had spent a happy childhood in its gardens and orchards; but she had not been able to think very much of her own feelings. All her childish courage was needed to sustain her mother, who wept and moaned, and said that Cecil had turned her out of doors. "Papa has made this arrangement, Mrs. Drayton," her step-daughter reminded her briefly; and Mrs. Drayton's pride refused her the luxury of finding fault with her husband. It was nine years ago that this change was made, but Alicia's deepest home feeling was still for the great brick house on the hill, where she had spent those twelve happy years. She could see it from her window in the village, lifting above the foliage on the hillside its square, flat roof with the white balustrade. The house had white corner trimmings, and white lintels and copings, and the worn brick floor of the veranda was darkened by a roof lifted above the second-story windows by four white columns. It was cool on this porch, even on a June day like this on which Cecil and her husband were coming back to Old Chester to spend the summer, — a day brimming with hot sunshine, and with not a breath of wind to carry the scents of the garden up to the open windows of the house.

Alicia Drayton had sheltered herself under a big umbrella when she climbed

the hill; but she was glad to sit down on the porch steps and rest, and fan herself with her hat, before going indoors to her pleasant task of giving the final touches of order and comfort to her sister's house. She called over her shoulder to Eliza Todd, who was scrubbing somewhere within, and came clattering through the hall to tell Miss Drayton that all the mopboards were cleaned, and every window was done, "and done good," Eliza said; and that consciousness made her feel enough at leisure to stand leaning on her broom listening to Miss Lyssie, who was incapable of seeing any reason why she should not tell her scrubbing-woman how happy she was to have her sister at home again.

"And Molly! Molly is my little niece, Eliza; she's just eight. Oh, she is the dearest little thing! Though she can't be very little now; she was five the last time I saw her, and of course she's grown since then."

"And have they just the one?" said Eliza.

"Yes," said Miss Drayton. "I'm sure I don't know what my sister would do if there were any others, she loves Molly so much!"

"Well," Eliza commented, "a mother, she's always got love enough to go round, somehow. I wish you could say the same of shoes."

"How is Job, Eliza?" the girl asked kindly.

"He's been sober for three days," said Job's wife. "If your sister had to count days between sprees, she might say she was glad there was only one. And me with six, an' another coming! Well, Miss Lyssie, the Good Man's judgment ain't just like ours, is it? Me with six, an' only one in a nice house like this! Well, I guess I'll go back to that hall; it wants to be swept once more."

Alicia followed her in pitying silence, and a grave look lingered in her face even when she was busy with her pleasant work. Her scrubwoman's domestic

infelicities were very puzzling to Lyssie. Once, hesitatingly, after discouraging efforts to reconcile the husband and wife, whose violent quarrels were commonplace village gossip, she had suggested to Miss Carr that Eliza be advised to leave Job. "They don't like each other, Miss Susan," the girl said, "and he treats her badly, and we have to support the children."

"Why, he is her husband, Lyssie Drayton!" cried Miss Susan. "You don't know what you are talking about, child!" And her horrified disapproval closed Alicia's lips.

"But I'm going to ask Ceci what she thinks," Lyssie said to herself, when, late in the afternoon, a half hour before it was time to expect the stage, she went out on the porch again to rest. And then, in her own happiness, she could not help forgetting poor Eliza and her troubles. A red rose leaned its chin upon the balustrade and looked at her. Alicia pulled it down against her cheek in a pretty caress; it made her think of her sister. It was brimmed with sunshine, and hot and sweet with passionate color. She remembered how Cecil liked to sit in the sunshine, with lovely, lazy, half-shut eyes, and strong white fingers clasped behind her head; her lip — Alicia looked at the rose — what a way Cecil had of holding her lip between her teeth, and then letting it go, wet and red! Alicia twisted the thorny stem, but dropped it quickly, and put her finger to her lips and said, "Ouch!" and then tried again to pluck it. "I'll put it on her dressing table," she reflected, "and tell her it looks like her."

II.

At five, when the yellow coach, swinging, pitching on its big springs, came rumbling up the lane, with much clattering of harness and cracking of the whip, Cecil Shore's house was all ready for her. Philip was on the top seat

with the driver, his hand on the collar of a big dog, whose trepidation at his swaying elevation was manifest; his master's face broke into a smile at the sight of Alicia, standing in happy excitement on the steps, and before the horses could come to a standstill he had swung himself down and kissed her, with one hand on her shoulder, and the other dragging Eric back, for the dog had followed him with a flying leap. Then he turned and opened the stage door, which was glowing with an Italian landscape of mountains, lakes, and Lombardy poplars.

"Let me help you, Cecil," he said.

Cecil, in the dark cavern of the coach, was smiling at some one beside her. "Yes, that is Lyssie, that is my sister," she was explaining. "Lys dear, here we are! Have you worked your little hands off for us?" The soft, dark feathers of her wide hat brushed the top of the stage doorway, as, slowly, touching her husband's arm to steady herself, she came down the two hinged steps; then she smiled up at Alicia, and put two fingers under the girl's chin and kissed her. "Bless your dear little heart!" she said. "I hope you are not worn out by house-cleaning?" And then she looked over her shoulder at the gentleman who had followed her from the coach, and upon whom Eric was bestowing a warm, wet welcome.

"This is Mr. Carey, Lyssie; my sister, Mr. Carey. Oh, don't let Eric jump all over you! Well, Lys dear, how are you? Oh, Lyssie, I left my book in the stage; get it, dear, will you?"

Alicia had no eyes for any one but Cecil. She ran back for the book, and stopped to hug Molly once again, and said no more than "Excuse me" when she brushed past Mr. Carey and followed her sister into the drawing-room. There she put Cecil into a big chair, and then stood and looked at her, her breath shaken by a happiness which brought the tears to her eyes.

"Oh, my dear!" she said; strangely enough, the older woman stirred all the mother in the girl. "Oh, Ceci, to think you are here!" She slipped down to the floor, and put her arms about her sister's waist and kissed her shoulder. "Are you well? Is Philip well? Molly looks as blooming as a rose. Oh, Ceci, there never was anybody so dear as you!"

"Molly is an angel," Molly's mother declared. "Lyssie, here is Mr. Carey. Mr. Carey, a declaration is being made me." She bent Alicia's face back and kissed her, smiling, and then she glanced about the long, pleasant room.

"Oh, how familiar it all looks! Mr. Carey, my sister has put this whole house in order for me."

Mr. Carey, standing in the doorway, was civilly surprised at Miss Drayton's goodness, and cleverness, and anything else that Mrs. Shore chose to say, but he was plainly more interested in Eric, who ought to have some water, he said.

"Here, you brute," he protested, "don't jump on me! Mrs. Shore, may Eric come into the parlor?"

"You must ask Lyssie," she said, leaning back in her chair. "May he come in, Lys? How cool it is in here with this white matting on the floor! Lyssie, the house looks as though it had been lived in always; and let me see — it's three years since we've been here, isn't it? Those poppies are superb. Oh, what color, what color! Mrs. Drayton sent them? She's very good, I'm sure. I hope she is quite well? Molly, come pull off mamma's gloves. And how is Old Chester, Lyssie? Is everybody asleep? Do you think they will waken up to talk about me? Oh, do put those poppies here beside me; that scarlet is — I think it is an expression of religion. Poor Lys, how I shock you! Mr. Carey, did you know that Mr. Shore was the Example of Old Chester, and I the Warning? We come like two traveling evangelists."

"Well, I will go and assist the Ex-

ample," said the young man, and went out into the hall, where the master of the house was giving directions about trunks and boxes.

Alicia was so far used to the excited happiness of the arrival that she glanced at Mr. Carey, and thought that his short, rough, blond hair made him rather good looking. He also glanced at her with a pair of candid, obstinate blue eyes, and said to himself, "To think of those two women being sisters!" Indeed, his impression of her was deep enough to make him say, while he was looking after Eric's comfort, "She seems like a mighty nice girl."

Cecil, meantime, in her big, cool bedroom, was explaining her guest to her sister. "I hardly know him; I've only seen him twice. He's a friend of Philip's; he's a lawyer, but quite an authority on pig iron, too. He looks it, somehow, don't you think he does? The word suggests him, — pig iron. Well, you know Philip is writing a book on the chemical changes in pig iron, — Heaven knows why! One would think he had enough on his hands with his scholarship fund and his political people; but he persuaded Mr. Carey to come down for a fortnight and help him about something. Philip thinks him charming," she ended, and smiled, with the corner of her red lip drooping; "but really, he is n't bad, Lys?"

She had taken a gold pin from her hair, and two braids fell heavily upon her shoulders. Lyssie, her elbows on the toilet table, and her chin in her hands, sat absorbed in looking at her. "Oh, Ceci, I wish you would never go away again," she said.

"My dear! I should die here," Cecil assured her seriously. "A summer is all I can think of. I wanted Molly to be in the country, in some quiet place, and I wanted to see you, so I thought I could stand Old Chester for three months. But this room is certainly very nice," she broke off, with such a kind

look that Alicia forgot the fatigue of her day's work. She glanced at the white curtains in the four deep windows, and reflected how she had hammered her thumb in putting them up; but what did that matter? Cecil liked her room! There was matting on the floor, and white covers on the furniture, and a deep white valance about the bed, whose four tall posts were crowned with a tester. It, too, was hung with white dimity. There were two silver candlesticks on the table, and an India china bowl full of pale pink roses. There was also a deep red rose in a glass on the toilet table.

"I thought it looked like you, Ceci," the younger sister said timidly.

"No, not a rose, Lys," she corrected her slowly, with a melodious break of silence between her sentences. "I'm a peony. I've no soul. Put it in Philip's room. He is all soul! Philip has almost converted Mr. Carey (his name is Roger, — Roger Carey) to his political opinions. Not quite, though, as he has an interest in a rolling-mill at Mercer, and iron rust doth corrupt, so he's still a Republican. But I almost wish he would get converted, I'm so tired of hearing the excellent Philip plead with him. They talked about it in the train, all the way to Mercer. I composed a new soup in my mind, to keep the refrain of 'reform' from putting me to sleep. Well, what do you think of him, Lys?"

"He looks rather nice," Alicia commented, "and he was good to Eric."

"Oh, he is given up to dogs and horses and all that sort of thing; he's that sort of a man. But he's good natured, and, thank Heaven, he has a sense of humor. I like to talk to him, though he is rude. I think, if he had been born in a different class, he would have knocked his wife down sometimes, or sworn at her, anyhow."

"Is he married?" Lyssie said.

"Oh dear, no; he has n't money

enough to marry. What do you think of his looks?"

"I'd rather think of yours," Lyssie declared. "His eyes seemed nice, and I thought he was rather a rosy person; oh, quite good looking, I think. But, Ceci, I think *you* — Oh, when you bring those two braids around behind your ears and cross them on top of your head, with those little tendrils of curls sticking out of them, they look like a chaplet of laurel!"

"You are rather nice looking yourself," said the other, thrusting the gold pin through these same splendid braids, and glancing with kind eyes at her young sister, who indeed had no more claim to beauty than is given by mere youth, with perhaps a fresh color, and frank eyes, and a well-shaped head set on a slender, girlish neck. "Yes, though not a raving beauty, you are nice to look at. How is our dear papa, Lys? I have n't heard from him for six months. I think he never included me among his 'dear ones.'"

"About the same, I think," Alicia answered soberly. "Mother had a letter last week. I wish she were able to join him, Ceci. I think, if she just got through the voyage, Cannes would be good for her."

"Good gracious!" cried Cecil. "Well, Lyssie, don't let Mrs. Drayton come down upon him unexpectedly; don't surprise him, dear."

"Oh, there really is n't any chance of her doing it," Lyssie said; "but why not? I always thought that it would be so pleasant, to be surprised?"

"I — I don't think it would be pleasant," Mrs. Shore answered briefly; and added, "for our dear papa." And then she laughed, and pushed her chair back from the dressing table, resting her fingers on its linen cover, and glancing into the long mirror which stood behind it, between the windows.

"Well, is there anything interesting going on in Old Chester? Oh, I forgot

to tell you. Mr. Carey is a sort of relation of some Mrs. Pendleton (or rather of her husband) who has come to Old Chester to live. He had forgotten it, but Philip discovered it in some way. Who is she?"

"Well, she's a widow; she's — oh, I'll tell you who she is, Ceci: she was the Miss Amanda Townsend whom we used to hear about when we were children, — don't you remember? She was engaged to Mr. Joseph Lavendar, and they quarreled; and she married some rich man right off, — oh, in a month, I think, or something like that. Well, he was Mr. Pendleton; he died nearly two years ago. Such crape! She must have been very much attached to him; she's all covered up in crape yet. And he left her a house here, and quite a lot of money," said Lyssie, with some awe; "they say five thousand a year!"

Cecil laughed, and rose. "What a fortune! I should think Mr. Joseph would try to make up."

"I think he'd like to," Lyssie said; "but they say that if she marries again she has to give up the money; and then, I don't think Dr. Lavendar likes her, so Mr. Joseph could n't."

"Is Dr. Lavendar just as dusty and tangled looking as ever?" Cecil inquired. "People really ought not to be allowed to offend the world by their looks! I had such a time this spring with my coachman. He appeared, if you please, in blue spectacles. It did n't interfere with his driving, of course, but he was a perfect object! I told him I could n't have it. He could take off the spectacles or leave. He left: so annoying in him!"

"But the poor man's eyes," protested Lyssie; "perhaps he needed blue glasses?"

"Well, that was n't my affair," Cecil said gayly; "and I certainly was not going to endure blue goggles because Jones had poor eyes."

"But he must have felt rather dis-

couraged," Lyssie persisted, still sympathizing with Jones, "to lose a place just because" —

"Oh, those people don't mind," Cecil interrupted her carelessly. "Come! let's go to the nursery. Molly is delicious. Have you seen her?"

The visit to the nursery delayed supper, but that did not trouble Mrs. Shore. She brought Molly downstairs with her, and kept her at her side at the table, feeding her with lumps of sugar dipped in coffee, to the child's delight, and her father's great but reticent annoyance.

Mr. Carey's keen eyes noticed the annoyance in spite of the reticence. "Funny match," he thought, glancing at his hostess across his wineglass; and he reflected that the other sister was "more like Shore."

"The other," sitting opposite him, was defending herself from a charge of neglect.

"It's very ungracious in you," Mrs. Shore was saying, "to leave me the moment you've had your supper!"

"You know I'd like to stay, Ceci," the girl pleaded, "but I don't want to leave mother alone all the evening. I was here in the morning, you know."

"You rushed home to give her her dinner," interrupted Cecil gayly; "I am certain of that! Molly, will you be as good to mamma, when she is old and fussy, as aunt Lyssie is to grandmamma?"

Alicia's color rose a little. "*Of course* I went home; I wanted some dinner myself. But I was here all the afternoon, and I could n't be away in the evening, too?" she ended anxiously.

And Roger Carey, listening, said to himself again, "She's a mighty nice little thing." But he laughed, notwithstanding his appreciation of her character, when Mrs. Shore declared drolly, "Oh, Lyssie, your especial form of selfishness is unselfishness!"

"At least it is an unusual form," Philip said, smiling; "but anything unusual is very bad, Lys!"

And then the group about the table broke up, and Alicia said she must go home. Cecil reproached her, and her brother enticed her, and Mr. Carey said that, as an unprejudiced outsider, he must say he thought she was neglecting her family. But she was charmingly firm; so Philip and his guest escorted her to her door, through a mist of June moonlight, full of the scent of dewy leaves and blossoming grass.

Cecil, left alone upon the porch, cuddled Molly in her arms, and thought how tired she was with her journey, and how delightful it would be to have nothing whatever to do for the next three months.

The summer night fell like a perfumed curtain across the valley; the dusk had a certain richness of texture, as though one might lay one's face against it and feel its softness. From the pool below the terraces came the bell-like clang of frogs. Katydid's answered each other in the tulip-trees, and the shrill, monotonous note of the cicada rose and fell, and rose again. Molly had fallen asleep, and Cecil felt the little limbs relax, and the head grow heavy upon her arm; she looked down at her, and leaned her face towards the child's soft, parted lips, and felt her breath upon her cheek; she lifted the little limp, warm hand to her lips, and kissed it gently; but Molly stirred and fretted, and her mother was plainly relieved when the nurse came to take her to bed.

"How heavy she is getting, Rosa!" Mrs. Shore said, with that frowning pride common to mothers when any pain comes to them from the child's strength; and her eyes followed the little figure in Rosa's arms with a sort of passionate tenderness, before she allowed herself to sink back into her chair, and yawn, and think that her arm was really stiff from the child's weight.

"Yes, it will be good for her to be here," she reflected; "the duller it is, the better on her account. But, good

heavens! I don't know how I am going to stand it. Perhaps I was a fool not to have sent her to Alicia, and taken Philip abroad for the summer?"

No nicety of thought prevented Mrs. Shore from regarding her husband's entire financial dependence upon her with anything but a crude truthfulness; but she was apt to confound such dependence with a certain silent acquiescence in her plans, and to feel that she really might have "taken" him abroad, or that she had "brought" him to Old Chester.

In the half-light there upon the old porch, where the climbing roses and the wistaria grew so thick about the pillars that they made an almost impenetrable lattice against the faint yellow light still lingering in the west, the singular and distinguished beauty of Cecil Shore's face was less noticeable than was that peculiar brutality one sees sometimes in refined and cultivated faces which have known nothing but ease: faces which have never shown eagerness, because all their desires are at hand; nor pity, because they have never suffered; nor humility, because their tributary world has made their sins those of omission rather than of commission.

"But this Mr. Carey is entertaining," Cecil was thinking,—"if a friend of Philip's can be entertaining!" She sighed, and looked wearily about her. "Yes, it *must* be good for Molly," she repeated, as though for self-encouragement. Sometimes the sense of a lack of interest comes over one with a horrible physical sinking. "And nothing ever has been interesting except that first year I was married!" she said to herself.

She was just thirty: nearly half her life, perhaps, was lived; why in the world should another thirty years seem so horrible? She had so many of the conditions which are supposed to mean happiness. She had Molly. "But, after all, Molly is not myself," she thought. In a mother this keen sense of personal identity is significant; it was even con-

ceivable, with this sense, that Cecil Shore's little daughter might some time bore her. As she lay back in her chair, her face grew curiously dull and heavy, as though for very weariness of her own well being; and then a faint amusement came into her eyes at the remembrance of her husband's excellence, and with it a contemptuous impatience of her own good humor. For she was very good humored with Philip. Even Old Chester, snubbed and shocked and honestly grieved at a thousand faults,—even Old Chester had to admit that she was very agreeable to Philip. "She makes him very comfortable," Old Chester said. "She is a good housekeeper, and that is most praiseworthy. She gives a great deal of thought to her food. She is lazy, but she trains her cook herself!" Her failings were all on the side of impertinence to her elders and betters, in extravagance, in indolence, in not bringing Molly up according to Old Chester traditions. But, for all that, she made Philip "very comfortable."

"How he hates it!" she thought to herself, a keen humor lighting her eyes. "He does n't want to be made comfortable. I think he would really like it better if I were not so agreeable to him. Oh, he ought to have been a monk,—he ought to have been a monk!"

III.

Mrs. Drayton had been quite right in saying that Philip was always properly attentive. His first call in Old Chester was upon her; and though he was careful to say that his wife had sent him, with her love and apologies that the fatigue of the journey kept her from coming herself, no credit was given to Cecil.

"Sent him!" Mrs. Drayton said afterwards to Alicia, aggrieved, but shrewd. "As if I did n't know what that amounted to! She does n't even know he has been to see me. Oh, when I think how

I took her mother's place to Cecil, it is a little bitter to feel that she does n't care for me." Her eyes filled, and Lysie knelt down and put her arms about her and comforted her, with that sincere and troubled tenderness—love knows it well—that dares not stop to think of truth.

"Ceci was so tired with her journey. Of course she wants to see you, dearest, but"—

"Oh," cried Mrs. Drayton, "you don't understand. Only a mother can understand the pang that a child's ingratitude causes. Of course I try to be forgiving,—'seventy times seven' is my motto,—but Cecil was always like my own child to me. Did I ever tell you that somebody once asked Susy Carr which of you was your father's child by his first wife? Well, that shows how I loved her. And I'm sure, only the other day I made you carry her some poppies. I'm always showing her my affection, and she despises, despi—" And Mrs. Drayton broke down and wept.

Alicia, very pitiful of what her clear eyes told her was not wounded love, but wounded vanity, stayed in the darkened room for an hour, though she had not given Esther her orders for the day, nor picked the roses, nor fed her pigeons, nor had a moment to run up the hill to see Cecil.

On this particular occasion, however, in spite of Mrs. Drayton's insight into Cecil's feelings, her step-daughter did know that Philip was being "properly attentive." That morning, as he and Molly and Mr. Carey had started down to the village together, Cecil, standing on the porch to see them off, said gayly, "Spare Mr. Carey Mrs. Drayton, Philip. He has done nothing to deserve Mrs. Drayton, I'm sure. And make me as fatigued as possible, do! I shall not be equal to a call for a week."

Molly, hanging on her father's hand, said gravely, "Why does n't mamma like grandmamma?" At which Roger Ca-

rey, under his breath, said something about little pitchers, and Philip laughed in spite of himself, but looked annoyed, and called Molly's attention to the fact that she had better pick some daisies for her aunt Lyssie.

They left Mr. Carey at his kinswoman's door before Philip went to make his call upon Mrs. Drayton. "Turn up at the tavern about eleven, Carey," he said, "and we'll walk back together."

"Eleven!" thought Mr. Carey, with dismay. "Must I stay with the old lady until eleven?"

Mrs. Pendleton was plainly of the opinion that he must, for she had many things to talk about. She was a pretty little woman, in spite of the heavy crape in which she was swathed; her face was round and somewhat rosy, and her light brown hair waved down over her ears, and about a forehead as smooth as though she were fourteen instead of forty-five. There was hardly a wrinkle on her placid face. Dr. Lavendar had been heard to say, in this connection, that "thought made wrinkles." And the inference was obvious! Yet the fact that Mrs. Pendleton was known in the world of letters might seem to contradict such an inference. To be sure, it was only as "Amanda P.," but almost every one who had seen the thin volume of verses had heard Mrs. Pendleton's modest acknowledgment of its authorship.

"I suppose," she used to confess whenever she gave away a copy of the book, "I suppose it was unfeminine to publish, but 'Amanda P.' is not like appearing under my own name. That I never could have done; it would have been so unfeminine." Indeed, in Old Chester Mrs. Pendleton was as distinguished by her femininity as by literature. Her delicate manners were of the kind that used to be called "genteel," and she always displayed the timidity and modesty that are expected of a "very feminine" female. She had fainted once when a little mouse ran across

the chancel in church, and she had been known to say that she thought certain words in the service "most indelicate."

As she talked, Mr. Carey felt again his old impatience with her, which he had forgotten, as he had forgotten her, and he wished he could intercept Philip somewhere before the hour for meeting him at the tavern was up. Mrs. Pendleton did, however, give him a good deal of Old Chester gossip, for which he was not ungrateful. She told him that Frances Drayton, Cecil Shore's stepmother, was a most lovable character, and Alicia a devoted and dutiful daughter; that Susan Carr was quite philanthropic; and that Jane Temple had married very much beneath her. Mrs. Pendleton had lived in Old Chester only a short time, but it was another of her characteristics, this of speaking of persons whom she knew slightly by their first names.

The hour was nearly up when Roger went away, saying that he wanted to have a look at Old Chester before going home. He walked down by the church, and wondered what philosophy Dr. Lavendar exploited; for plain religion would scarcely have warranted Mrs. Pendleton's appreciative remark that old Dr. Lavendar was *very* learned, though — though a little shabby. She did not mean to speak unkindly, but he was certainly shabby.

It was a pretty little church, the walls all rustling and tremulous with ivy, and with a flutter of sparrows' wings about the eaves. Philip had told him that Miss Drayton sung in the choir on Sundays. "I've a great mind to go to church while I'm here," the young man reflected. And with this thought in his mind, it was natural enough to turn and walk up on the other side of the street, past a low, whitewashed wall crowned by a dusty hawthorn hedge. It was remarkable how often Mr. Roger Carey glanced over that hedge at the white house behind it. "Perhaps she'll happen to come out," he said to himself. Possibly to

keep such a chance open he stopped, and seemed to examine, with frowning interest, the fringe of grass which straggled out from the lawn and hung over the wall; but no door opened in the silent, sunny house, and no light step came down the path, and he was obliged to walk on. He wondered whether, when Mrs. Shore had presented him to Miss Drayton, and he had bowed, and said nothing but that Eric ought to have a drink, he had seemed like a cub? He really felt a little anxious. "The next time I see her I'll make myself agreeable; I'll make a pretty speech," he promised himself, his pleasant eyes crinkling into a laugh; and then his whole face suddenly beamed, and he pulled off his hat, for there was the lady of his thoughts before him. The barn, connected with the house by a line of outbuildings, faced the street; its double doors were open, and on the threshold, with the cavernous dusk behind her, stood Alicia Drayton in a blue print gown, her soft hair blowing about her forehead, and a crowd of fantail pigeons strutting and cooing and tumbling over one another at her feet. Lyssie had a basket in her hand, and now and then she threw a handful of oats among them; they walked over one another's pink feet, and pressed their snowy breasts so closely together that the grain fell on their glistening backs and wings before it reached the floor. Lyssie, as she let the oats drop through her fingers, made a low coo in her throat, or stopped to admonish her jostling friends. "Don't push so, Snowball. Puff, you're rude. There! there's some all for yourself." Then she looked out across the sunshine in front of the barn and saw Mr. Carey. She remembered quickly that her hair was rough, and she brushed the stray locks back with her wrist, but she smiled and said, "Good-morning. Yes, do!" when he called out to know if he might come in and admire her flock.

"Why, aren't they tame!" he said,

as he took her hand, and then watched the pigeons flutter back after their moment's consternation at his footsteps. He had really meant to look at Alicia, she made so pretty a picture standing on the barn floor, with the shadowy haymow behind her, and a dusty line of sunshine from the window in the roof lying like a bar between them, — he had intended to look at her, and perhaps even make his pretty speech; but the pigeons interested him too much; he had a dozen questions to ask about them.

"Have you any swifts? Do you call the young ones squabs or squalers? The sheen on that one's neck is like a bit of Roman glass!"

"Is it? That's Puff. Indeed they are tame; look here!" She knelt down and stretched out her hand. "Come, come, come," she said, with the cooing sound in her throat; and one of the pigeons hopped upon her finger, clasping it with his red, hard little feet, and balancing back and forth with agitated entreaty to be careful, the fleeting iridescence of his rippling breast striking out into sudden color. And as she knelt there, Roger, looking down at her, and seeing the pretty way her hair grew about the nape of her white neck, found the pigeons less absorbing. Then she said she would show him something else that was pretty, and stepped back into the dusky gloom of the barn and called "Fanny, Fanny! Come, Fun!" There was a scurry of uncertain little hoofs back in the recesses of the stable, and a bay colt, long-legged and shaggy, with small, suspicious ears pointed at the intruder, came with hesitating skips to her side.

"Is n't she a beauty?" Lyssie said. She had forgotten all her embarrassment of rumped hair, and looked at him with the frankest, kindest eyes. Roger, examining the colt's mouth and stroking its absurd legs, said "yes," and called her attention to several good points, as certain of her appreciation as if she had not been a girl. Fanny's mother thrust

her serious head over her manger, and watched the young people, and the pigeons, and the long shaft of sunshine falling in a pool on the rough floor at Fanny's forefeet.

"She's named for my mother," Alicia explained; and after that they talked as easily as if they had known each other for years. Philip was making a lot of visits, Mr. Carey told her. "Yes, he's been here with Molly," said Alicia. "It's so sweet in Cecil to send them to see mother the first thing; Cecil was too tired to come herself."

"Yes," said Mr. Carey; "so — ah — she said. I went down to see the church, Miss Drayton. Philip says we can come and hear you sing on Sunday?"

"Oh, it is Miss Susan Carr who sings," Lyssie explained; "she has a beautiful voice."

She looked at him with such placid candor that it would have been absurd to make a "pretty speech." As he thought it over afterwards, Roger Carey was surprised to find that he had not made a single pretty speech in their whole talk as they stood there in the barn with Fanny and the pigeons; perhaps it would have come had the talk been longer, but Alicia chanced to speak of Philip, and Mr. Carey, conscience-stricken, remembered that the hour was more than up.

"Philip!" he said. "What will Philip say to me? I was to have met him half an hour ago." Then he said good-by, and rushed away. But his haste was unnecessary; Philip had not yet reached the tavern; so he had to walk home by himself, thinking all the while, with regret, that he might have stayed a little longer in the barn.

The fact was, his host had forgotten him. After he had done his duty in calling upon his mother-in-law, there were many old friends whom he wanted to see. Then, too, he had to stop to point out familiar landmarks to his little daughter, which took time.

"Look, that's where father went to school."

"Is that where you used to draw pictures on your slate instead of doing sums?"

Philip's confession would not have been approved by an educator: "Yes; it was a great deal better than sums."

After that they stopped to buy some candy at Tommy Dove's. "I used to waste lots of my allowance here when Mr. Tommy's father kept the apothecary shop," Philip said; and the purchase of a red-and-white-striped candy whistle, very stale and very strongly flavored with wintergreen, detained them at least a quarter of an hour. Then, too, they had to pause under one of the ailanthus trees on the green, so that her father might show Molly how to make a strange, husky noise through the whistle, while between her lips it was melting into sticky sweetness.

It was nearly noon before they reached the rectory, — a small, rambling house, with vines growing thick about its doors and windows. When they crossed the threshold, the visitors took one step down into a narrow hall, and then turned sharp to the right to enter Dr. Lavendar's study, a small room, smelling of tobacco smoke and leather bindings. There was a work table, with a lathe beside it, standing in a flood of sunshine by a south window, but vines darkened the other windows, and the book-covered walls filled the room with a pleasant dusk. The old clergyman looked up from his sermon when Philip and Molly broke in upon his solitude. His eyes shone with pleasure; he took his pipe from his lips, and stretched out his hand to them without rising.

"Can't get up," he said, frowning, with great show of annoyance; "this abominable dog has gone to sleep with his head on my foot! Dogs are perfect nuisances!" But, as a shaggy old Scotch terrier rose, yawning and stretching, from the floor beside him, he did rise, and clapped Philip on the shoulder,

twinkling at him from under bushy white eyebrows.

"Good boy! Good boy!" he said. "And the child? Nice child. Go and play in the garden, my dear. I can't remember her name, Philip?"

Molly, obedient, and glad to get out again into the sunshine, would have stepped from the open French window into the deep, tangled sweetness of an old-fashioned garden, but Dr. Lavendar called her back. He put his pipe down on the mantelshef, and searched slowly in all the pockets of his ancient dressing-gown. "There," he said, "there's a nickel! Now go." And Molly, with a wondering glance at her father, went.

Dr. Lavendar sat down in front of his work table. "Back again, boy? How long do you intend to stay? How's your wife?"

"Well," Philip told him briefly, and added that they should spend the summer in Old Chester.

"You did n't see Joseph in Mercer, as you came through? Well, never mind; he'll be here on Saturday, — never fails to come on Saturday. Hi, there, Danny! Do you see that dog getting into my armchair? I won't have it; I'll give him away. Daniel, you're a scoundrel." Then he got up and poked a cushion under Danny's little old gray head.

"I have seen only two or three people beside Mrs. Drayton," said Philip, — "oh! and Mrs. Pendleton. I stopped at her house to present my friend, Roger Carey, who is staying with me. He is a connection of her husband's."

"Yes, yes; she's come here to live," said Dr. Lavendar, the eager sweetness of his old face changing suddenly. "You know who she is? She's the girl who broke off with Joey. She lived in Mercer then. Well, that's twenty years ago now; but she's the same woman, — the same woman!"

"Perhaps she's had a change of heart," Philip suggested.

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" cried Dr. Lavendar tremulously. "No, no, Philip. She threw Joey over for a rich man. And she has a small mouth. I will never trust a woman with a small mouth. Why? When you've had more experience in life, you'll know why. Women with small mouths think of nothing but themselves. You can see it in this — ah — person. She threw Joey over!"

"But if Mr. Joseph has forgiven her" — Philip began; but Dr. Lavendar would not discuss Mrs. Pendleton.

"I'm afraid I seem irritated," he said apologetically; "sometimes I almost lose my patience in speaking of her. Yes, Joe forgave her, and I ought not to be resentful, I'm sure. I'm the gainer. I'd have lost him if she'd appreciated him. She's the kind of woman who comes out three or four words behind the rest of the congregation in the responses, Philip. If you were a clergyman, you'd know what that means!" He pulled his black silk skullcap down hard over his white hair that stood up very stiff and straight above his anxious, wrinkled forehead and his keen dark eyes. Then he sighed, and said, with a little effort, "Look here, Philip, I've something to show you."

He turned his swivel chair round a little, and began to fumble at the lock of a drawer in his table. "I always keep the key in the lock," he said, chuckling. "If I did n't, I should lose it twenty times a day!" He pulled the drawer open with an excited jerk, and took out some small packages of soft white tissue paper; he unfolded them with eager haste, his lips opening and closing with interest.

"Look at that!" he said, and spread in the palm of his hand a dozen small, glittering stones. "They are hyacinths. Joey got 'em for me. Look at this one." He took a single stone up in his pinchers, and held it between Philip and the light. "Some time, Philip, when you are a

rich man, you shall give me a diamond to cut?"

"You shall have it, sir," Philip assured him; "but I'm afraid I'll never be a rich man. How does the book come on, Dr. Lavendar?"

The old clergyman shook his head. "Fairly, Philip, fairly; I think it will be done in about three years. You see, The History of Precious Stones cannot be written in a day. (That's the title, — The History of Precious Stones. Don't you think that is a good title?) No, it can't be written in a day. It is the history of the human race, when you come to think of it. And that's a large subject, sir, a large subject. You see, there are so many discursions from the main subject necessary, — sub-subjects, as it were. Take, for instance, the story of the emerald of Artabanus; of course that brings up his wife, and she at once recalls to the thoughtful reader the incident of *her* father and his general. Or say rubies: one is reminded of the dancer who lost his bride because Clisthenes objected that he 'gesticulated with his legs.' You remember the story of the ruby there, of course, Philip?"

Philip was prudently silent.

"Of course all that must be given. Yes, I think it will certainly be three years before the book is finished. Then I'll rewrite it and polish it. I've no patience with those crude writers who don't polish. Books are like sapphires; they must be polished — polished! or else you insult your readers."

"It will be a very valuable book, I've no doubt, sir."

"Why, certainly, certainly," Dr. Lavendar agreed, rather curtly (the young man's observation seemed trite); "of course it will be valuable. It gives me pleasure to feel that I am going to be able to leave Joey a snug little sum; he'll have a regular income from The History of Precious Stones, when I'm dead and gone, sir."

Philip, suppressing any astonishment

he might have felt at the profits of literature, examined an amethyst of very beautiful color, while Dr. Lavendar explained that all his stones were cheap. "Joey can't afford valuable stones," he said; "but for beauty, what is more beautiful than those drops of immortal, unchangeable light? Look here!" He rummaged in another drawer, and found a cracked china cup, half full of small, roughly cut stones. "Topazes, garnets, green garnets. — look!" He took up a handful of them, and, standing there in the stream of sunshine from the deep window, let them slip by twos and threes between his fingers, a flashing drip of color.

Philip went away, smiling and sighing.

"What do you breathe such long breaths for, father?" said Molly; and he turned his sigh into a laugh, and said he was thinking it was pretty nice to live in Old Chester.

"Everybody's so happy, Polly," he explained.

"But why do they all fuss so?" Molly inquired gravely; and when he bade her remember that little girls did not know enough to talk about grown persons, she looked up at him and made her small excuse with puzzled face. "But mamma said so. Mamma said that everybody here was awfully fussy, and they bored her to death."

Her father was too busy pointing out a martin-house in the fork of an oak to make any comment on "mamma's" views, and she did not look up to see the irritation in his face. She went springing along by his side over the short pasture turf, in a search for Miss Susan Carr, who was, they were told, looking after some late planting on her farm. They crossed a brook, that went bubbling between green banks, making whirling loops of foam about the larger stones in its path; a cow, standing ankle-deep in its shallow rush, sighed, as they passed her, in calm and fragrant meditation. Old

Chester was behind them, and high up on a hillside on the left the balconied roof of Cecil Shore's house gleamed whitely above the treetops.

"Oh, father," said Molly, "can't I take off my shoes and stockings and wade?"

And Philip, nothing loath to light a cigar and sit in the sun, said, "Yes, by all means! Miss Susan has to cross this field to get home, so we'll wait for her here."

He stretched himself out lazily under a beech, and with half-shut eyes watched, through the cigar smoke, the child holding her skirts well up out of the water, gripping the slippery stones with little bare white feet, and balancing herself in all the delightful excitement of a possible tumble. The beech leaves moved and whispered in a fresh breeze, and the brook kept up a low argument broken into chattering bursts; the sun shone warm on the green slope of the field, and far off, behind the hills, deep in the placid blue, great shiny clouds lay like the domes of a distant and celestial city. A man could forget the harshness of living, in such warm peace. Philip was almost sorry when Miss Susan Carr's cordial, strident voice hailed him with affection and surprise. She came towards him, all unconscious of her heavy, muddy boots and her hot, red face.

"My dear Philip! My dear boy!" she said, her kind, near-sighted brown eyes dimmed with pleasure. And then she kissed him heartily, and asked a dozen questions about his health and his concerns, and hugged Molly, and said she hoped Cecil was well. She stood there in her short linsey-woolsey skirt and loose baggy jacket, one hand on her hip, looking at him with those quick, anxious glances which, to be sure, do not see very deeply into a man's soul, but are full of that mother comfort that often speaks in the faces of childless women. Philip's affection answered her in his words and eyes. He and Molly went

home with her ; and Molly had a cake, and went to visit the kittens in company with Miss Susan's old Ellen ; and Philip drank a glass of wine, and Miss Susan talked and beamed. She gossiped, like all the rest of Old Chester ; but, by some mysterious method, Susan Carr's gossip gave the listener a gentler feeling towards his kind. When she spoke of her neighbors' faults, one knew that somehow they were simply virtues gone to seed ; and, what was more remarkable, her praise had no sting of insinuation in it, no suggestion that she could speak differently if she chose. Susan Carr's heart was sound and sweet ; she seemed to have brought from her fields and pastures the courage of the winds and sunshine, and the spirit of the steadfast earth. Her face was as fresh as an autumn morning ; her nut-brown hair, with a large, soft wave on either side of the parting, had not a thread of gray, though she was quite forty-five ; on her cheek there was the glow that a russet apple has on the side nearest the sun, and her dark eyes crinkled into laughter as easily as they had done at twenty. She had a great deal to say to Philip, and all in a loud, breezy, vibrating voice, full of eager and friendly confidence in his interest. She told him that Lyssie was the dearest child in the world, "and devoted to Frances," she declared. "Of course she has n't Cecil's looks ; but she's such a pleasant girl, and such a good child, too." She had a good word for Mrs. Pendleton, though there was a little effort in her voice. She laughed good naturedly about the Lavendars. "Yes, the dear old doctor still preaches on the Walls of the New Jerusalem. He is wonderfully learned, Philip, about precious stones ; and I don't mind hearing about jacinth and chrysoprase and all those ; it's really interesting. And it is about heaven, too," she added reverently.

"I suppose you and Lyssie do a good deal of his parish work for him ?" Philip

said, lounging up and down the room, his hands in his pockets. "How familiar everything looks, Miss Susan ! How well I remember the first time I came into this room with uncle Donald !"

"Do you ?" she said, her face softening. "How proud he was of you, Philip ! Well, yes, Lyssie and I help the doctor sometimes. He's getting old, dear old man. But he won't spare himself. Careless as he is in his dress and about small things, in his work he's as exact and as punctual ! Dear me, I wish the rest of us were half so methodical. You can't make him remember to order Jones to clip the hedge by the church, or to tell his Mary to mend his surplice ; but if he has promised to see a poor soul at the upper village, he's there on the minute ; or if he thinks Job Todd has been drinking, he's sure to call just at the time he gets home from the shop, so as to keep him from abusing Eliza."

Philip, listening and smiling, said "yes" or "no" as Miss Susan seemed to expect ; but he paid sudden attention when, in speaking again of Alicia, she referred incidentally to Eliza Todd's unhappiness. Miss Susan did not speak of Eliza as a "case," and the absence of that objectionable word was sweet to Philip's ears.

"Yes," Miss Susan said, "Lyssie is really very useful in parish work. The way she has induced Eliza to stay with Job, when I was ready to give it up and let her go, is quite remarkable. Of course, there are matters that Lyssie can't help us in ; for instance, that poor Ettie Brown and her baby. You remember you sent me some money for her, Philip ?"

"Cecil sent it," he corrected her ; "I am only her almoner."

"It's the same thing," said Miss Susan, with that positiveness which confesses an unwillingness to acknowledge what is painful ; "it's *just* the same. Well, it would n't have been proper to have had Lyssie have anything to do

with that ; but she's invaluable in most things, and it's wonderful how she has kept Eliza to her duty."

"Her duty?" cried Philip sharply. "Do you call it duty?" The worn lines in his face deepened suddenly as he spoke. "Why, Miss Susan, a thousand times better let Lyssie help the poor girl than meddle in the unspeakable viciousness of—I mean"—he seemed to try to shake off his sudden earnestness—"I mean have any hand in keeping two people together who don't love each other!"

"Why, but, my dear Philip!" said Miss Susan, aghast.

But Philip offered no explanation ; he looked annoyed at himself, and said he must call Molly and go home.

"I've forgotten all about Carey," he observed. "Roger Carey is staying with me. I'm going to bring him to call."

Miss Susan was so bewildered by Philip's extraordinary view of what was proper for Lyssie that she made no protest at his departure ; but her confused look changed abruptly when, with his hand upon the door, he made some careless, friendly comment upon Joseph Lavendar.

"He still plays at the morning service, I suppose? What a grave, splendid touch he has!" And then he went away.

"Oh my!" said Susan Carr. "I'd almost forgotten it. Oh dear!" She sighed, and sat down as though suddenly tired. She sat as a man might, leaning forward, her clasped hands between her knees, and staring with an absent frown at her heavy boots ; then she seemed to realize her masculine attitude, and drew herself together with an effort to achieve some feminine grace. There was something pathetic in the constant endeavor of this gentle, robust woman, whose occupation had made her clumsy, to express in her body the very genuine and delicate femininity of her soul. "Though

I never can be silly," she had long ago admitted sadly to herself.

The worried look which Philip's allusion to Mr. Joseph Lavendar had brought into her face deepened, as she sat there frowning and tapping her foot upon the floor. After a while she rose, and tramped up and down the room, with her hands behind her, absorbed in thought. Then she stopped before a big, old-fashioned writing-desk, littered with farming papers, and with packages of vegetable seeds overflowing from crowded pigeon-holes ; accounts and memoranda and ledgers lent it a most businesslike and unfeminine look. Miss Susan took a letter from a little drawer, and read it, standing up, twisting her lip absently between her thumb and forefinger.

MY DEAR MISS SUSAN,—I have found a very good *Te Deum* in C. I send it with this. Will you be so good as to look it over, so that we can try it on Saturday?

Very truly yours,

JOSEPH LAVENDAR.

P. S. May I add, although the somewhat businesslike tenor of my letter might seem to preclude the mention of tenderer sentiments, that I have long desired to address you upon the subject of my affections? Delicacy only has restrained my pen or lips, and also the doubt (proper to a gentleman) of my own worthiness. But I cannot longer remain silent. I feel that the time has come when I must beg your amiable and ever ready sympathy and kindness,—for I believe that my future lies in your hands ; with your help, I venture to hope that I may become the happiest of men. I am sure that my brother has a warmer regard for you than for any one else whom I might mention, and your sympathy with my suit will mean very much to him. May I beg that you will think this over, and let me have an opportunity for free discourse upon the subject?

Yrs. tr.

J. L.

"I never encouraged him," said Susan Carr. "Oh, I am so sorry, for I like him so much!"

She put her hands behind her, and began again to pace up and down the room. Philip's coming and this letter made her think of his uncle, Donald Shore. She and Donald were to have been married, but Philip came into his uncle's life, an orphan nephew, whose support was so much of a consideration that the quiet, prudent Donald felt it necessary to put the wedding off a year, and then two years, and after that another year. Then the postponement of eternity came between them, and Donald died. Susan Carr had felt no bitterness towards Philip. She loved him, at first because he was Donald's nephew, and then for his own sake. Indeed, even while he postponed her marriage, he made another tie between herself and her slow and sober lover, whose affec-

tion for his nephew seemed to reconcile him to the delay of winning the hand of his "admirable Susan," as he called her. When he died, she felt as though Philip belonged to her: it was she who made it possible for him to go abroad and study when he had finished college; she who rejoiced with practical good sense when he married Cecil, who had plenty of money; and she who watched the unsatisfied, disappointed look deepening in his eyes, with the pang that his mother would have felt, had she lived. And through all these years the old love for Philip's uncle lay fragrant in her heart. But now came this letter from Joseph Lavendar.

"I can't understand it," said Miss Carr, reading the letter over again, the color deepening in her cheeks. "And it's too bad, for I do like him so. Well, I won't give him 'an opportunity'! That is the only kind thing I can do."

Margaret Deland.

ADMIRAL EARL HOWE.

THE name of Howe, albeit that of a stranger to the land, has a just claim upon the esteem and cordial remembrance of Americans. The elder brother of the subject of this sketch, during the few short months in which he was brought into close contact with the colonists of 1758, before the unlucky campaign of Ticonderoga, won from them not merely the trust inspired by his soldierly qualities and his genius for war, — the genius of sound common sense and solidity of character, — but got a deep hold upon their affections by the consideration and respect shown to them by him, traits to which they had been too little accustomed in the British officers of that day. Nor was this attitude on his part only a superficial disguise assumed by policy to secure a needed

support. The shrewd, suspicious provincials would soon have penetrated a veil so thin, that covered only the usual supercilious arrogance which they had heretofore encountered. Lord Howe, almost alone among his military contemporaries, warmly greeted them as fellow-countrymen, men of no alien or degenerate blood. He admitted at once the value of their experience, sought their advice, and profited by both; thus gaining, besides the material advantage of methods adapted to the difficulties before him, the adhesion of willing hearts that followed enthusiastically, confident in their leader's wisdom, and glowing with the unaccustomed sense of being appreciated, of receiving recognition long withheld, but now at last ungrudgingly accorded. "The army felt him, from

general to drummer boy. He was its soul; and while breathing into it his own energy and ardor, he broke through the traditions of the service, and gave it new shapes to suit the time and place. . . . He made himself greatly beloved by the provincial officers, and he did what he could to break down the barriers between the colonial soldiers and the British regulars.”¹

In campaign, Lord Howe adopted the tried expedients of forest warfare, associating with himself its most practiced exponents; and on the morning of his death, in one of those petty skirmishes which have cut short the career of so many promising soldiers, he discussed the question of Ticonderoga and its approaches, lying on a bearskin beside the colonial ranger, John Stark, to whose energy, nineteen years later, was due the serious check that precipitated the ruin of Burgoyne’s expedition. Endearred as he was to American soldiers by the ties of mutual labors and mutual perils gladly shared, and to all classes by genial bearing and social accomplishments, his untimely end was followed throughout the Northern colonies by a spontaneous outburst of sorrow, elicited not only by the anticipated failure of the enterprise that hung upon his life, but also by a sense of personal regret and loss. Massachusetts perpetuated the memory of her grief by a tablet in Westminster Abbey, which hands down to our day “the affection her officers and soldiers bore to his command.”

Captain Richard Howe of the Royal Navy, afterwards Admiral and Earl, succeeded him in the Irish viscounty which had been bestowed upon their grandfather by William III. Of a temperament colder, at least in external manifestation, than that of his brother, the new Lord Howe was distinguished by the same fairness of mind, and by an equanimity to which perturbation and impulsive injustice were alike unknown. There seems to have been in his bear-

ing something of that stern, impassive gravity that marked Washington, and imposed a constraint upon bystanders; but whatever apparent harshness there was in the face only concealed a genuine warmth of heart, which at times broke with an illuminating smile through the mask that covered it, and was always ready to respond to the appeals of benevolence. If, as an officer, he had a fault conspicuously characteristic, it was a reluctance to severity, a tendency to push indulgence to undue extremes, into which may perhaps have entered not merely leniency of disposition, but the weakness of loving popularity. To be called by the seamen, as Howe was, the “sailor’s friend,” is in the experience of navies a suspicious encomium, involving more of flattery to a man’s foibles than of credit to his discretion and his judgment. But at the time when the quarrel between Great Britain and her colonies was fast becoming embittered, the same kindness, coupled with a calm reasonableness of temper, ruled his feelings and guided his action. Although by political creed a moderate Tory, he had none of the wrong-headedness of the party zealot; and the growing alienation between those whom he, like his brother, regarded as of one family, caused only distress and an earnest desire to avert coming evils. Influenced by these sentiments, he sought the acquaintance of Franklin, then in London as a commissioner from the colonies; and the interviews between them, while resultless by reason of the irreconcilable differences of opinion severing the two parties to the dispute, convinced the wary American of the good will and open-mindedness of the already distinguished British seaman. The same qualities doubtless suggested the selection of Howe for the mission of conciliation to America, in 1776, where his associate was his younger brother, Sir William, in whom the family virtues had, by exaggeration, degenerated into

¹ Parkman’s *Montcalm and Wolfe*, ii. 90.

an indolent good humor fatal to his military efficiency. The admiral, on the contrary, was as remarkable for activity and untiring attention to duty as he was for amiability and resolute personal courage, — traits which assured adequate naval direction, in case conciliation should give place, as it did, to coercive measures.

It is to be regretted that the methods of naval biographers and historians of the past century have preserved to us little, in detail and anecdote, of a period whose peculiarities, if not exactly picturesque, were at least grotesque and amusing. The humor of Smollett has indeed drawn in broad caricature some of the salient features of the seaman of his day, which was that of Howe's entrance into the navy; and those who are familiar with the naval light literature based upon the times of Nelson can recognize in its characteristics so similar, though evidently softened by advancing civilization and increased contact with the world, as to vouch for the accuracy of the general impression conveyed by the earlier novelist. It is, however, correct only as a *general* impression, in which, too, allowance must be made for the animus of an author who had grievances to exploit, and whose great aim was to amuse, even if exact truthfulness were sacrificed at the shrine of exaggerated portrayal. Though not wholly without occasional gleams of light, shed here and there by recorded incident and anecdote upon the strange life of the seamen of that period, the early personal experiences of individuals have had scant commemoration; and with the exception of St. Vincent, who fortunately had a garrulous biographer, we learn little of men like Hawke, Howe, Hood, and Keppel, until, already possessors of naval rank, they stand forth as actors in events rather historical than biographical.

Of Howe's first services, therefore, not much record remains except a bare sum-

mary of dates — of promotions, and of ships to which he was attached — until 1755, the beginning of the Seven Years' War, when he was already a post-captain. Born in 1725, he entered the navy in 1739, at the outbreak of the war with Spain which initiated a forty years' struggle over colonies and colonial trade. With short intervals of peace, this contest was the prominent characteristic of the middle of the eighteenth century, and terminated in the conquest of Canada, the independence of the United States, and the establishment of British predominance in India and upon the ocean. This rupture of a quiet that had then endured a quarter of a century was so popular with the awakened intelligence of England, aroused at last to the imminent importance of her call to expansion by sea, that it was greeted by a general pealing of the bells, which drew from the reluctant prime minister, Walpole, that bitter gibe, "Ay, to-day they are ringing their bells, and to-morrow they will be wringing their hands." Howe embarked with Anson's squadron, celebrated for its sufferings, its persistence, and its achievements, to waste the Spanish colonies of the Pacific; but the ship in which he had started was so racked in the attempt to double Cape Horn that she was forced to return to England. The young officer afterwards served actively in the West Indies and in home waters, and was posted just before the close of the war, on the 20th of April, 1747, at the early age of twenty-two. Thus he was securely placed on the road to the highest honors of his profession, which were, however, not beyond the just claim of his already proved personal merit.

During the first thirty months of the Seven Years' War, Howe was closely engaged with, and at times in command of, the naval part of combined expeditions of the army and navy, fitted out to harass the French coasts.

The chief, though not the sole aim in these undertakings was to effect diversions in favor of Frederick the Great, then plunged in his desperate struggle with the allied forces of Russia, Austria, and France. It was believed that the latter would be compelled, for the defense of her own shores against these raids, — desultory, it is true, but yet uncertain as to the time and place where the attack would fall, — to withdraw a number of troops that would sensibly reduce the great odds then overbearing the Prussian king. It is more than doubtful whether this direction of British power, in partial, excentric efforts, produced results adequate to the means employed. In immediate injury to France they certainly failed, and it is questionable whether they materially helped Frederick; but they made a brisk stir in the Channel ports, their operations were within easy reach of England in a day when news traveled slowly, and they drew the attention of the public and of London society to a degree wholly disproportionate to their importance relatively to the great issues of the war. Their failures, which exceeded their achievements, caused general scandal; and their occasional triumphs aroused exaggerated satisfaction at this earlier period, before the round of unbroken successes under the first Pitt had accustomed men, to use Walpole's lively phrase, to come to breakfast with the question, "What new victory is there this morning?" The brilliant letter-writer's correspondence is full of the gossip arising from these usually paltry affairs; and throughout, whether in success or disaster, the name of Howe appears frequently, and always as the subject of praise. "Howe, brother of the lord of that name, was the third on the naval list. He was undaunted as a rock, and as silent, the characteristics of his whole race. He and Wolfe soon contracted a friendship like the union of cannon and gunpowder." "Howe," he says in another place,

"never made a friendship except at the mouth of a cannon."

Of his professional merits, however, professional opinions will be more convincing. A Frenchman, who had acted as pilot of his ship, the *Magnanime*, when going into action, was asked if it were possible to take a lighter vessel, the *Burford*, close to the walls of another fort farther in. "Yes," he replied, "but I should prefer to take the *Magnanime*." "But why?" it was rejoined; "for the *Burford* draws less water." "True," he said, "*mais le capitaine Howe est jeune et brave*." Sir Edward Hawke, the most distinguished admiral of that generation, gave a yet higher commendation to the "young and brave" captain, who at this time served under his orders, — one that must cause a sigh of regretful desire to many a troubled superior. Fifteen years later he nominated Howe for a very responsible duty. The appointment was criticised on the ground that he was the junior admiral in the fleet; but Hawke answered, in the spirit of St. Vincent defending his choice of Nelson, "I have tried Lord Howe on most important occasions. He never asked me *how* he was to execute any service entrusted to his charge, but always went straight forward and *did it*." Some quaint instances are recorded of the taciturnity for which he was also noted. Amid the recriminations that followed the failure at Rochefort, Howe neither wrote nor said anything. At last the Admiralty asked why he had not expressed an opinion. In the somewhat ponderous style that marked his utterances, he replied, "With regard to the operations of the troops I was silent, as not being at that time well enough informed thereof, and to avoid the mention of any particulars that might prove not exactly agreeable to the truth." The next year, an army officer of rank, putting several questions to him and receiving no answer, said, "Mr. Howe, don't you

hear me? I have asked you several questions." Howe returned curtly, "I don't like questions," — in which he was perhaps not peculiar.

It was during the continuance of these petty descents upon the French coast, in 1758, that Howe was directed to receive on board, as midshipman, and for service in the fleet, the Duke of York, a grandson of the reigning monarch; in connection with whom arose a saying that was long current, perhaps is still current, in the British navy. The young lad of nineteen, before beginning his routine duties, held a reception on board Commodore Howe's ship, at which the captains of the squadron were presented to him. The seamen, unpracticed in ceremonial distinctions other than naval, saw with wonder that the midshipman kept on his hat, while the rest uncovered. "The young gentleman," whispered one, "isn't over-civil, as I think. Look if he don't keep his hat on before all the captains!" "Why," another was heard to reply, "where should he learn manners, seeing as how he was never at sea before?"

It is likewise from this period of Howe's career that two of the rare personal anecdotes have been transmitted, illustrative of his coolness and self-possession under all circumstances of danger, as well as when under the enemy's fire; one of them also touched with a bit of humor, — not a usual characteristic of his self-contained reticence. The service involved considerable danger, being close in with the enemy's coast, which was indifferently well known and subject to heavy gales of wind blowing dead on shore. On one such occasion his ship had anchored with two anchors ahead, and he had retired to his cabin, when the officer of the watch hurriedly entered, saying, "My lord, the anchors are coming home," — the common sea expression for their failure to grip the bottom, whereupon the ship of course drags toward the beach. "Coming home, are they?" rejoined Howe.

"I am sure they are very right. I don't know who would stay abroad on such a night, if he could help it." Yet another time he was roused from sleep by a lieutenant in evident perturbation: "My lord, the ship is on fire close to the magazine; but don't be frightened; we shall get it under shortly." "Frightened, sir!" said Howe. "What do you mean? I never was frightened in my life." Then, looking the unlucky officer in the face, he continued, "Pray, Mr. —, how does a man *feel* when he is frightened? I need not ask how he *looks*."

During the Seven Years' War, the French navy, through the persistent neglect of the government and its pre-occupation with the continental war, — a misdirection due mainly to the intrigues of the Pompadour, — reached the lowest depths of material insufficiency that it has ever known. The official staff and the *personnel* generally were far better than in the Revolutionary and Napoleonic period, but the *matériel* had dwindled to impotency. To this was due the loss of Canada, with its far-reaching effects upon the feeling of independence in the British colonies which became the United States; to this the impunity with which the French coasts were harassed, the British squadrons having no cause to fear for British interests elsewhere; and to this also that the period in question, though one of great naval activity, was marked by no great naval battle, a sure indication of the overwhelming predominance of one of the contestants of the sea.

There was, however, one great naval action, if not fully entitled to the name "battle," characterized by an extreme of daring upon the part of the British admiral engaged, and accompanied by every element of terror and sublimity that the phases of the sea can present, in which Howe was privileged to bear a conspicuous part. In 1759, after four years of disaster

upon the continent, of naval humiliation, and of loss of maritime and colonial power, the French government realized that its worst evils and greatest danger sprang from the sea power of England, and, like Napoleon half a century later, it determined upon an invasion. The bulk of the troops were collected in ports just south of Brest, on the Atlantic, and the Brest fleet was ordered to go thither and protect the transports. The great Admiral Hawke was charged to intercept this effort; but having been driven off his station by a violent gale in mid-November, the French ran out. Hawke, a commander of the most active and fearless type, returned so speedily that he got upon their track before they could fulfill their mission, and with twenty-three ships caught sight of their twenty-one drawing in with their own coast, towards nightfall of a wild autumn day, with an increasing gale. Howe's ship, the *Magnanime*, had been sent forward by Hawke to make the land, and thus was in the lead in the headlong chase which at once ensued, as the British fleet rushed upon a combination of perils that embraced all most justly dreaded by the seaman,—darkness, an intricate navigation, a lee shore fringed with outlying and imperfectly known reefs and shoals, towards which they were hurried by a fast-rising wind and sea that forbade all hope of retracing their course during the long hours of the night then closing round them. The master of the flagship, upon whom, in the absence of a pilot, devolved the navigation of the fleet, called Hawke's attention to some evident dangers. The single-minded admiral, intent upon his high charge, saw before him only the flying foe, whom it was his task to insure should not, unsmitten, reach a friendly port. "You have done your duty in warning me," he answered; "now lay us alongside the French commander in chief."

With canvas reefed close down, forty

odd tall ships, pursuers and pursued, in fierce career drove furiously on; now rushing headlong down the forward slope of a great sea, now rising on its foaming crest as it swept beyond them; now seen, now hidden; the helmsmen straining at the wheels, upon which, at such moments, the big hulls, tossing their prows from side to side, tugged like a maddened horse, as though themselves feeling the wild "rapture of the strife" that animated their masters, rejoicing in their strength, and defying the accustomed rein. The French admiral, trusting in his greater local knowledge, sought to round a rocky point, beyond which, he flattered himself, the enemy would not dare to follow. He was soon undeceived. In no ranged order save that of speed, the leading British vessels mingled with the French rear; the roar and flashes of the guns, the falling spars and drifting clouds of smoke, now adding their part to the wild magnificence of the scene, upon which the sun went down just as Hawke and Howe, sailing fearlessly on over ground where their foe had led the way, were drawing up with the hostile van. As the ships, rolling heavily, buried their flanks deep in the following seas, no captain dared open his lower tier of ports, where the most powerful artillery was arrayed,—none save one, the French *Thésée*, whose rashness was rebuked by the inpouring waters that quickly engulfed both ship and crew. Balked of their expected respite, harried and worried by the foe, harnessed to no fixed plan of action, the French now, under cover of night, broke and fled. Seven went north, seven south, to be thenceforth hopelessly disunited fragments. Seven were lost,—some sunk, some captured, some hurled upon the beach. Two British ships were also wrecked; but during the awful night that succeeded, the minute guns pealing from stricken ships upon the stormy air proclaimed to Hawke and his fol-

lowers, as their own vessels strained at the stout anchors which alone saved them from a like distress, that the invasion of England was become an empty threat.

In this achievement Howe had borne a brilliant part, one third of the British loss falling upon his single ship. He continued to serve, but without further noteworthy incident, up to the peace made in the winter of 1762-63. From that time until the difficulties with the American colonies came to a head in 1775, he was not actively employed afloat, although continuously engaged upon professional matters, especially as a close student of naval tactics and its kindred subjects, to which he always gave systematic attention. During this period, also, he became a member of the House of Commons, and so continued until transferred from the Irish peerage to that of Great Britain, in 1782. In 1770, at the age of forty-five, he became a rear-admiral, in 1775 a vice-admiral, and in February of the following year was appointed commander in chief of the North American station. Together with his military duties, he was, as has before been said, given powers, conjointly with his brother, to treat for the settlement of existing troubles.

Although his habitual reticence restrained his sentiments from finding expression in positive words, there can be little doubt that the necessity of raising his hand against the Americans caused Howe keener regret than it did many of his brother officers. He took instant occasion to address to Franklin a personal note, recalling their former association, and expressing an earnest hope that their friendship might contribute something to insure the success of his official mission. In the five years that had elapsed, however, Franklin had been in the heat of the political struggle, and, philosopher though he was, he had not Howe's natural phlegm. Hence, his reply, while

marked by respect and even formal cordiality toward the admiral himself, displayed a vivacity of resentment and a bitterness for which the latter had scarcely looked. Still, his habitual equanimity was not ruffled, and he read the letter with the simple comment, "My old friend expresses himself very warmly."

Howe's arrival antedated the signature of the Declaration of Independence by less than a week. During the period of attempted negotiation, while scrupulously faithful to his instructions, he showed to his late fellow-countrymen all the courtesy and consideration that the most cordial esteem could extend. The incident of the official communication addressed by the Howes to Washington, in which they sought to evade giving him the title of "General," is sufficiently familiar; but it is more rarely recalled that, in verbal intercourse with American officers, the admiral habitually styled him "General Washington," and sent complimentary messages to him as such. He even spoke of the colonies as "states," and at the same time dwelt with evident emotion upon the testimonials of respect and affection which had been shown to his brother's memory by the colonists.

To narrate Howe's share in the operations by which New York in 1776, and Philadelphia in 1777, fell into the hands of the British, would be only to repeat well-known historical episodes, enlivened by few or no incidents personal to himself. In them the navy played a part at once subordinate and indispensable, as is the office of a foundation to its superstructure. The cause of the Americans was hopeless as long as their waters remained in the undisputed control of the enemy's ships; and it was the attempt of Great Britain to cast aside this essential support, and to rely upon the army alone in a wild and intricate country, that led to her first great disaster, — Bur-

goyne's surrender at Saratoga. Upon this, France at once recognized the independence of the colonies, and their alliance with that kingdom followed. A French fleet of twelve ships of the line left Toulon in the spring of 1778 for the American coast. This force far exceeded Howe's; and it was no thanks to the British government, but only to the admiral's sleepless vigilance and activity, seconded, as such qualities are apt to be, by at least an average degree of supineness on the part of his antagonist, that his scanty squadron was not surprised and overpowered in Delaware Bay, when Sir Henry Clinton evacuated Philadelphia to retreat upon New York. Howe — who had the defects of his qualities, whose deliberate and almost stolid exterior betrayed a phlegmatic composure of spirit which required the spur of imminent emergency to rouse it into vehement action — never in his long career appeared to greater advantage, nor achieved military results more truly brilliant, than at this time, and up to the abandonment of the attack on Rhode Island by the Americans under Sullivan, three months later. Then only, if ever, did he rise above the level of an accomplished and resolute general officer, and establish a claim to genius, the latent fire of which, however, had to be elicited by circumstances too extreme, by pressure too obvious, to assure him a place in the front rank of great commanders, whose actions originate in the living impulse of their own creative energy. Steady as a rock, like a rock, also, Howe gave forth sparks only under blows that would have broken weaker men.

D'Estaing was twelve weeks in coming from Toulon to Cape May, but Howe knew nothing of his sailing until three weeks after he had started. Then orders were received to abandon Philadelphia and concentrate upon New York. The naval forces were scattered, and had to be collected; the supplies of

the army, except those needed for the march across Jersey, were to be embarked, and the great train of transports and ships of war moved over a hundred miles down a difficult river, and thence to New York. Despite every effort, a loss of ten days was incurred, through calms, in the mere transit from Philadelphia to the sea; but during this momentous crisis D'Estaing did not appear. Two days more sufficed to bring the fleet into New York Bay; but yet the grave admiral, roused to the full tension of his great abilities, rested not. With a force little more than half that coming against him, he knew that all depended upon the rapidity with which his squadron took the imposing position he had in mind. Still D'Estaing tarried, giving twelve more precious days to his untiring enemy. The army of Sir Henry Clinton, reaching Navesink the day after the fleet, was snatched by it from the hot pursuit of the disappointed Washington, and carried safely to New York. Then the ships of war were ranged inside Sandy Hook, carefully anchored and disposed to command the entrance with the fullest exertion of their own force, and to offer the least exposure to the enemy's efforts. When D'Estaing at last came, all was ready; the energy that had improved every fleeting moment then gave place to the steadfast resolve which was Howe's greatest attribute, and against which, seconded by his careful preparation, success could be won only by a desperate and sanguinary struggle. The attempt was not made. Ten days after arriving, the French admiral again put to sea, heading to the southward.

"The arrival of the French fleet," wrote Washington a little later, "is a great and striking event; but the operations of it have been injured by a number of unforeseen and unfavorable circumstances, which have lessened the importance of its services to a great

degree. The length of the passage, in the first instance, was a capital misfortune; for, had even one of common length taken place, Lord Howe, with the British ships of war and all the transports in the river Delaware, must inevitably have fallen; and Sir Henry Clinton must have had better luck than is commonly dispensed to men of his profession under such circumstances, if he and his troops had not shared at least the fate of Burgoyne." If this narration of events is so carefully worded as not to imply a censure upon D'Estaing, it none the less, however unintentionally, measures the great military merit of Lord Howe.

Nor did this end his achievements. Two or three days after the French departed, a small reinforcement reached him, and in the course of a week Howe heard that the enemy's fleet had been seen heading for Narragansett Bay, then controlled by a British garrison on Rhode Island. This was in pursuance of a prearranged plan to support Sullivan, who had already begun his advance. Though still much inferior, Howe hurried to the spot, arriving the day after D'Estaing had run the fire of the British works and entered the harbor. With correct strategic judgment, with a flash of insight which did not usually distinguish him when an enemy was not in view, he saw that the true position for his squadron was in face of the hostile fleet, ready to act as circumstances might dictate. His mere presence blocked this operation, also. D'Estaing, either fearing that the British admiral might take the offensive and gain some unexpected advantage, or tempted by the apparent opportunity of crushing a small hostile division, put to sea the next day. Howe, far superior as a seaman to his antagonist, manœuvred so skillfully as to avoid action. A tremendous gale came up, scattered both fleets, and dismasted several of the French. D'Estaing appeared again

off Rhode Island only to notify Sullivan that he could no longer aid him; and the latter, deprived of an indispensable support, withdrew in confusion. The disappointment of the Americans showed itself by mobbing some French seamen in Boston, whither their fleet retired. "After the enterprise upon Rhode Island had been planned," continues Washington, in the letter above quoted, "and was in the moment of execution, that Lord Howe with the British ships should interpose merely to create a diversion, and draw the French fleet from the island, was again unlucky, as the count had not returned on the 17th to the island, though drawn from it on the 10th; by which the whole was subjected to a miscarriage." What Washington politically calls bad luck was French bad management, provoked and baffled by Howe's accurate strategy, untiring energy, and consummate seamanship. Clinton's army delivered, the forcing of New York frustrated, Rhode Island and its garrison saved, by a squadron never more than two thirds of that opposed to it, were achievements to illustrate any career; and the more so that they were effected by sheer scientific fencing, like some of Bonaparte's greatest feats, with little loss of blood. They form Howe's highest title to fame, and his only claim as a strategist.

It is indicative of Howe's personal feelings about the colonial quarrel, during the two years in which he thus ably discharged his official duties, that both he and his brother had determined to ask relief from their commands as soon as it appeared that all hopes of conciliation were over. The appointment of other commissioners hastened their decision, and the permission to return was already in the admiral's hands when the news of D'Estaing's coming was received. Fighting a traditional foreign foe was a different thing from shedding the blood of men

between whom and himself there was so much in common; nor was Howe the man to dodge responsibility by turning over an inferior force, threatened by such heavy odds, to a junior officer before the new commander in chief came. His resolution to remain was as happy for his renown as it was creditable to his character; but when, after the brief campaign just sketched, he found that the French fleet had taken refuge in Boston and was in need of extensive repairs, he resigned the command in New York to a rear-admiral, and departed to Newport to meet his successor. Upon the latter's arrival he sailed for England, towards the end of September, 1778. General Howe had preceded him by four months.

The two brothers went home with feelings of great resentment against the ministry. The course of the war had so far been unfortunate. The loss of Boston, the surrender of Burgoyne, the evacuation of Philadelphia, and finally the entrance of France into the contest constituted a combination of mishaps which certainly implied fault somewhere. As usual, no one was willing to accept blame, and hot disputes, with injurious imputations, raged in Parliament. There is, happily, here no necessity for apportioning the responsibility, except in the case of Lord Howe; and as to him, it is reasonably clear that all was done that could be up to the coming of the French, while it is incontestable that afterwards, with a force utterly inadequate, for which the government was answerable, he had, by most masterly management, averted imminent disaster. His words in the House of Commons were bitter. "He had been deceived into his command, and he was deceived while he retained it. Tired and disgusted, he desired permission to resign it; and he would have returned as soon as he obtained leave, but he could not think of doing so while a superior enemy remained in American seas; that, as

soon as that impediment was removed, he gladly embraced the first opportunity of returning to Europe. Such, and the recollection of what he had suffered, were his motives for resigning the command, and such for declining any future service so long as the present ministry remained in office."

In terms like these could officers holding seats in Parliament speak concerning the government of the day. It was a period in which not only did party feeling run high, but corruption was an almost avowed method of political management. The navy itself was split into factions by political bias and personal jealousies, and there was a saying that "if a naval officer were to be roasted, another officer could always be found to turn the spit." The head of the Admiralty, Lord Sandwich, was a man of much ability, but also of profligate character, as well public as private. He doubtless wished the success of his department, — under the terrible chances of war no chief can do otherwise, for the responsibility of failure must fall upon his own head; but through corrupt administration the strength of the navy, upon the outbreak of war, was unequal to the work it had to do. Some one must suffer for this remissness, and who more naturally than the commander of a distant station, who confessed himself "no politician"? Hence, Howe certainly thought, the neglect with which he had been treated. "It would not be prudent to trust the little reputation he had earned by forty years' service, his personal honor and everything else he held dear, in the hands of men who have neither the ability to act on their own judgment, nor the integrity and good sense to follow the advice of others who might know more of the matter." A year later, it was roundly charged that the Channel fleet had been brought home at a most critical moment, losing an exceptional opportunity for striking the enemy, in order

to affect the elections in a dockyard town. Admiral Keppel considered that he had been sacrificed to party feeling; and a very distinguished officer, Barrington, refused to take a fleet, although willing to serve as second, even under a junior. "Who," he wrote, "would trust himself in chief command with such a set of scoundrels as are now in office?" Even a quarter of a century later, Earl St. Vincent gave to George III. himself the same reason for declining employment. After eliciting from him an unfavorable opinion as to the discipline and efficiency of the Channel fleet, the king asked, "Where such evils exist, does Lord St. Vincent feel justified in refusing his conspicuous ability to remedy them?" "My life," replied the old seaman, "is at your Majesty's disposal, and at that of my country; but my honor is in my own keeping, and I will not expose myself to the risk of losing it by the machinations of this ministry, under which I should hold command." To such feelings it was due that Howe, Keppel, and Barrington did not go to sea during the anxious three years that followed. The illustrious Rodney, their only rival, but in himself a host, was the one distinguished naval chief who belonged heart and soul to Sandwich's party. It was an odd coincidence, and a curious comment upon this partisan spirit, that, when the administration changed, Rodney was recalled as a pure party step, by orders issued after his great victory, but before the news reached England; his successor being a man of no distinction.

The same change of administration, in the spring of 1782, called Howe again into service, to replace the mediocrities who for three campaigns had commanded the Channel fleet, the mainstay of Great Britain's safety. Upon it depended not only the protection of the British Islands and of the trade routes converging upon them, but also the occasional revictualing of

Gibraltar, now undergoing the third year of its famous siege. To relieve the rock fortress was the only great task that devolved upon Howe during this short term of duty. It had, in September, 1782, successfully repelled a long-prepared and gigantic attack by both the land and sea forces of the French and Spaniards; but, although thus impregnable to assault, it was now in the last extremity for provisions, and forty-nine ships of the line held it closely blockaded. To oppose these, and to introduce the needed succors, for carrying which a hundred and forty store-ships were employed, Great Britain could muster only thirty-four ships of the line; but to them was adjoined the superb professional ability of Lord Howe, never fully evoked except when in sight of the enemy, as he here must act, with Barrington for his second. The deliberate care with which the work was conducted may be inferred from the circumstance that thirty days were spent in the passage from England to Gibraltar; its methodical skill, from the fact that no transport appears to have been dropped.

On the 11th of October, the great body of one hundred and eighty sail entered the straits, the ships of war disposed to cover the movements of the supply vessels. The enemy went to sea in pursuit; but, by the combined effects of its own awkwardness and Howe's address, this far superior fleet did not succeed in capturing a single one of the convoy, during the six days occupied in passing it into the anchorage. On the 18th, taking advantage of the easterly wind then blowing, the British sailed out of the straits in full sight of the baffled allies, who, being thus drawn down to attack them, left the supply ships undisturbed to land their cargoes. A distant cannonade between the hostile fleets terminated the incident, and Howe returned to England, leaving Gibraltar safe.

Another long period of shore life now intervened, carrying the gallant admiral over the change-fraught years of declining life from fifty-seven to sixty-eight, at which age he was again called into service to perform the most celebrated, but, it may confidently be affirmed, not the most brilliant action of his career. At the outbreak of the French Revolution, he stood conspicuously at the head of the navy, distinguished at once for well-known professional accomplishments and for tried capacity in chief command. His rivals in renown among his contemporaries — Keppel, Barrington, and Rodney — had gone to their rest. Jervis, Nelson, Collingwood, and their compeers had yet to show what was in them as general officers. Lord Hood alone remained; and he, although he had done deeds of great promise, had come to the front too late in the previous war for his reputation to rest upon sustained achievement as well as upon hopeful indication. The great commands were given to these two; Hood going to the Mediterranean with twenty ships of the line, Howe taking the Channel fleet of somewhat superior numbers.

The solid, deliberate, methodical qualities of the veteran admiral were better adapted to the more purely defensive rôle forced upon Great Britain by the allied superiority in 1782 than to the continuous, vigilant, aggressive action demanded by the new conditions with which he now had to deal, when the great conflagration of the Revolution was to be hemmed in and stamped out by the unyielding pressure and massive blows of the British sea power. The days of regulated, routine hostilities between rulers had passed away with the uprising of a people; the time foretold, when nation should rise against nation, was suddenly come with the crash of an ancient kingdom and its social order. An admirable organizer and indefatigable driller of ships, though apparently a poor disciplinarian,

Howe lacked the breadth of view, the clear intuitions, the alacrity of mind, brought to bear upon the problem by Jervis and Nelson, who, thus inspired, framed the sagacious plan to which, more than to any other one cause, was due the exhaustion alike of the Revolutionary fury and of Napoleon's imperial power. Keenly interested in the material efficiency of his ships, as well as in the precision with which they could perform necessary evolutions and maintain prescribed formations, he sought to attain these ends by long stays in port, varied by formal cruises devoted to secondary objects and to fleet tactics. Thus, he flattered himself, he should insure the perfection of the instrument which should be his weapon in the hour of battle. It may justly be urged on his behalf that this preparation should have been made, but was not, by the government in the long years of peace. This is true; but yet the fact remains that Howe pursued his system by choice and conviction repeatedly affirmed; that continuous instead of occasional cruising in the proper positions would better have reached the ends of drill; and that to the material well being of his ships he sacrificed those correct military dispositions before the enemy's ports afterwards instituted by Jervis, who at the same time preserved the efficiency of the vessels by increased energy and careful prevision of their wants. The brilliant victory of the 1st of June has obscured the accompanying fact, that lamentable failure characterized the use of the Channel fleet under Howe and his immediate successor.

Once in sight of the enemy, however, the old man regained the fire of youth, and showed the attainments which long study and careful thought had added to his natural talent for war. The battle of June 1, 1794, was brought about in the following manner. Political anarchy and a bad season had combined to ruin the French harvests

in 1793, and actual famine threatened the land. To obviate this, at least partially, the government had bought in the United States a large quantity of breadstuffs, which were expected to arrive in May or June, borne by one hundred and eighty merchant vessels. To insure the safety of this valuable convoy, the Brest fleet was sent to meet it at a designated point; five ships going first, and twenty-five following a few days later. The admiral's orders from Robespierre were to avoid battle, if possible, but at all hazards to secure the merchant fleet, or his head would answer for it.

About the same time, Howe, who had kept his vessels in port during the winter, sailed from the Channel with thirty-two ships of the line. These he soon divided into two squadrons; one of which, numbering six, after performing a specific service, was not ordered to rejoin the main body, but to cruise in a different spot. These ships were sadly missed on the day of battle, when they could have changed a brilliant into a crushing victory. Howe himself went to seek the French, instead of taking a position where they must pass; and after some running to and fro, in which the British actually got to the westward of their foes, and might well have missed them altogether, he was lucky enough, on the 28th of May, to find the larger of their two detachments. This having been meanwhile joined by one ship from the smaller, both opponents now numbered twenty-six heavy vessels.

The French were to windward, a position which gives the power of refusing or delaying decisive action. The average speed of any fleet, however, must fall below the best of some of the force opposed to it; and Howe, wishing to compel battle, sent out six of his fastest and handiest ships. These were directed to concentrate their fire upon the rear of the French column, the weakest part, because, to be helped,

vessels ahead must turn round and change their formation, performing a regular evolution, whereas, if the van be assailed, the rear continually advances to its aid. If this partial attack crippled one or more of the French, the disabled ships would drift towards the British, where either they would be captured, or their comrades would be obliged to come to their rescue, hazarding the general engagement that Howe wanted. As it happened, the French had in the rear an immense ship of one hundred and ten guns, which beat off in detail the successive attacks of her smaller antagonists; but in so doing she received so much injury that, after nightfall, she left the fleet, passing the British unmolested, and went back to Brest. One of her assailants, also, had to return to England. It may be scored to Howe's credit that he let this single enemy go, rather than scatter his fleet and lose ground in trying to take her. He had a more important object.

The next morning, May 29, the French, by poor seamanship, had got somewhat nearer, and Howe saw that his column could be directed in such wise as to threaten a cannonade by a great part of it upon the hostile rear; that he possibly might even cut off three or four ships. The necessary movement was ordered; and the French admiral, seeing things in the same light, was so alarmed, justly, for the result that he turned his head ships, and after them his whole column in succession, to run down to help the rear. Judicious, and indeed necessary, as this was, it played right into Howe's hands, and was a tribute to his tactical skill; for in doing it the French gave up much of their distance to windward, and so hastened the collision they wished to avoid. Though the attack upon the French rear was limited to a few desultory broadsides, the two fleets were now nearly within cannon shot, whereas the day before they had been

eight or ten miles apart. They were running in parallel lines, west.

Towards noon, Howe saw that the morning's opportunity of directing his whole column upon the enemy's rear again offered, but with a far better chance; that if his ships manœuvred well half a dozen of the French must be cut off, unless their admiral, to save them, underwent a general action. The necessary signals were made, but most of the fleet were poorly handled; and seeing that failure would follow, Howe took the lead, tacked his own ship, though her turn was not come, and, with two others, stood straight for the hostile order. The three broke through and cut off two of the enemy, which were speedily surrounded by others of the British. The French admiral then repeated his former evolution, and nothing could have saved a general engagement except the disorder into which the British had fallen, and Howe's methodical abhorrence of attacks made in such confusion as prevailed. Moreover, the total result of this last brush was that the French entirely lost the windward position, and the British admiral knew that he now had them where they could not escape; he could afford to postpone the issue. Accordingly, fighting ceased for the day; but the French had been so mauled that three more ships had to go into port, leaving them but twenty-two to the enemy's twenty-five.

The French admiral now saw that he must fight, and at a disadvantage; consequently, he could not hope to protect the convoy. As to save this was his prime object, the next best thing was to entice the British out of its path. With this view he stood away to the northwest, Howe following; while a dense fog coming on both favored his design and prevented further encounter during the two ensuing days. In the evening of May 31 the weather cleared, and at daybreak the next morning the enemies were in position, ready

for battle, two long columns of ships, heading west, the British twenty-five, the French again twenty-six; for during the two days' chase their small detachment of four had joined. Howe now had cause to regret his six absent vessels, and to ponder Nelson's wise saying, "Numbers only can annihilate."

The time for manœuvring was past. Able tactician as he personally was, and admirable as had been the direction of his efforts in the two days' fighting, Howe had been forced in them to realize two things, namely, that his captains were, singly, superior in seamanship, and their crews in gunnery, to the French; and again, that in the ability to work together as a fleet the British were so deficient as to promise very imperfect results, if he attempted any but the simplest formation. To such, therefore, he resorted, falling back upon the old, unskillful, sledge-hammer fashion of the English navy. Arranging his ships in one long line, three miles from the enemy, he made them all go down together, each to attack a specified opponent, coming into action as nearly as might be at the same instant. Thus, the French, from the individual inferiority of the units of their fleet, would be at all points overpowered. The issue justified the forecast; but the manner of performance was curiously and happily marked by Howe's own peculiar phlegm. There was a long summer day ahead for fighting, and no need for hurry. The order was first accurately formed, and canvas reduced to proper proportions. Then the crews went to breakfast. After breakfast, the ships all headed for the hostile line, under short sail, the admiral keeping them in hand during the approach, as an infantry officer dresses his company. Thus, if not absolutely simultaneous, the shock from end to end was so nearly so as to induce results unequalled in any engagement conducted on the same primitive plan.

Picturesque as well as sublime, animating as well as solemn, on that bright Sunday morning, was this prelude to the stern game of war about to be played: the quiet summer sea stirred only by a breeze sufficient to cap with white the little waves that ruffled its surface; the dark hulls gently rippling the water aside in their slow advance, a ridge of foam curling on either side of the furrow ploughed by them in their onward way; their massive sides broken by two, or at times three, rows of ports, whence, the tompions drawn, yawned the sullen lines of guns, behind which, unseen, but easily realized by the instructed eye, clustered the groups of ready seamen who served each piece. Aloft swung leisurely to and fro the tall spars, which ordinarily, in so light a wind, would be clad in canvas from deck to truck, but whose naked trimness now proclaimed the deadly purpose of that still approach. Upon the high poops, where floated the standard of either nation, gathered round each chief the little knot of officers through whom he issued or received commands, the nerves along which thrilled the impulses of the great organism, from its head, the admiral, through every member to the dark lowest decks, nearly awash, where, as farthest from the captain's own oversight, the senior lieutenants controlled the action of the ships' heaviest batteries.

On board the *Queen Charlotte*, Lord Howe, whose burden of sixty-eight years had for four days found no rest save what he could snatch in an arm-chair, now, at the prospect of battle, "displayed an animation," writes an eye-witness, "of which, at his age, and after such fatigue of body and mind, I had not thought him capable. He seemed to contemplate the result as one of unbounded satisfaction." By his side stood his fleet-captain, Curtis, of whose service among the floating batteries at the siege of Gibraltar the

governor of the fortress had said, "He is the man to whom the king is chiefly indebted for its security;" and Codrington, then a lieutenant, who afterwards commanded the allied fleets at Navarino. Five ships to the left, *Collingwood*, in the *Barfleur*, was making to the admiral whose flag she bore the remark that so stirred Thackeray: "Our wives are now about going to church, but we will ring about these Frenchmen's ears a peal which will drown theirs." The French officers, both admirals and captains, were mainly unknown men, alike then and thereafter. The fierce flames of the Revolution had swept away the men of the old school, mostly aristocrats, and time had not yet brought forward the very few who during the Napoleonic period showed marked capacity. The commander in chief, Villaret-Joyeuse, had three years before been a lieutenant. He had a high record for gallantry, but was without antecedents as a general officer. With him, on the poop of the *Montagne*, which took her name from Robespierre's political supporters, stood that anomalous companion of the generals and admirals of the day, the Revolutionary commissioner, about to learn by experience the practical working of the system he had advocated, to disregard all tests of ability save patriotism and courage, depreciating practice and skill as unnecessary to the valor of the true Frenchman.

As the British line drew near the French, Howe said to Curtis, "Prepare the signal for close action." "There is no such signal," replied Curtis. "No," said the admiral, "but there is one for closer action, and I only want that to be made in case of captains not doing their duty." Then closing a little signal book he always carried, he continued to those around him, "Now, gentlemen, no more book, no more signals. I look to you to do the duty of the *Queen Charlotte* in engaging the French flagship. I don't want

the ships to be bilge to bilge, but if you can lock the yardarms, so much the better; the battle will be the quicker decided." His purpose was to go through the French line, and fight the Montagne on the far side. Some doubted their succeeding, but Howe overbore them. "That's right, my lord!" cried Bowen, the sailing-master, who looked to the ship's steering. "The Charlotte will make room for herself." She pushed close under the French ship's stern, grazing her ensign, and raking her from stern to stem with a withering fire, beneath which fell three hundred men. A length or two beyond lay the French Jacobin. Howe ordered the Charlotte to luff, and place herself between the two. "If we do," said Bowen, "we shall be on board one of them." "What is that to you, sir?" asked Howe quickly. "Oh!" muttered the master, not inaudibly. "D—n my eyes if I care, if you don't. I'll go near enough to singe some of our whiskers." And then, seeing by the Jacobin's rudder that she was going off, he brought the Charlotte sharp round, her jib boom grazing the second Frenchman as her side had grazed the flag of the first.

From this moment the battle raged furiously from end to end of the field for nearly an hour, — a wild scene of smoke and confusion, under cover of which many a fierce ship duel was fought, while here and there men wandered, lost, in a maze of bewilderment that paralyzed their better judgment. An English naval captain tells a service tradition of one who was so busy watching the compass, to keep his position in the ranks, that he lost sight of his antagonist, and never again found him. Many a quaint incident passed, recorded or unrecorded, under that sulphurous canopy. A British ship, wholly dismasted, lay between two enemies, her captain desperately wounded. A murmur of surrender was somewhere heard; but as the first lieutenant checked it with firm authority,

a cock flew upon the stump of a mast and crowed lustily. The exultant note found quick response in hearts not given to despair, and a burst of merriment, accompanied with three cheers, replied to the bird's triumphant scream. On board the Brunswick, in her struggle with the Vengeur, one of the longest and fiercest fights the sea has ever seen, the cocked hat was shot off the effigy of the Duke of Brunswick, which she bore as a figure-head. A deputation from the crew gravely requested the captain to allow the use of his spare chapeau, which was securely nailed on, and protected his grace's wig during the rest of the action. After this battle with the ships of the new republic, the partisans of monarchy noted with satisfaction that, among the many royal figures that surmounted the stems of the British fleet, not one lost his crown. Of a harum-scarum Irish captain are told two droll stories. After being hotly engaged for some time with a French ship, the fire of the latter slackened, and then ceased. He called to know if she had surrendered. The reply was, "No." "Then," shouted he, "d—n you, why don't you fire?" Having disposed of his special antagonist without losing his own spars, the same man kept along in search of new adventures, until he came to a British ship totally dismasted and otherwise badly damaged. She was commanded by a captain of rigidly devout piety. "Well, Jemmy," hailed the Irishman, "you are pretty well mauled; but never mind, Jemmy, whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

The French have transmitted to us less of anecdote, nor is it easy to connect the thought of humor with those grimly earnest republicans and the days of the Terror. There is, indeed, something unintentionally funny in the remark of the commander of one of the captured ships to his captors. They had, it was true, dismasted half the French fleet, and had taken over a

fourth; yet he assured them it could not be considered a victory, "but merely a butchery, in which the British had shown neither science nor tactics." The one story, noble and enduring, that will ever be associated with the French on the 1st of June is in full keeping with the temper of the times and the enthusiasm of the nation. The seventy-four-gun ship *Vengeur*, after a three hours' fight, yardarm to yardarm, with the British *Brunswick*, was left in a sinking state by her antagonist, who was herself in no condition to help. In the confusion, the *Vengeur's* peril was for some time not observed; and when it was, the British ships that came to her aid had time only to remove part of her survivors. In their report of the event, the latter said: "Scarcely had the boats pulled clear of the sides, when the most frightful spectacle was offered to our gaze. Those of our comrades who remained on board the *Vengeur du Peuple*, with hands raised to heaven, implored, with lamentable cries, the help for which they could no longer hope. Soon disappeared the ship and the unhappy victims it contained. In the midst of the horror with which this scene inspired us all, we could not avoid a feeling of admiration mingled with our grief. As we drew away, we heard some of our comrades still offering prayers for the welfare of their country. The last cries of these unfortunates were, 'Vive la République!' They died uttering them." Over a hundred Frenchmen thus went down.

Seven French ships were captured, including the sunk *Vengeur*. Five more were wholly dismasted, but escaped, — a good fortune mainly to be attributed to Howe's utter physical prostration, due to his advanced years and the continuous strain of the past five days. He now went to bed, completely worn out. Had he been younger, there can be little doubt that the

fruits of victory would have been gathered with a vigor which his assistant, Curtis, failed to show.

Lord Howe's career practically ended with this battle, and the honors that followed it. Infirmities then gained rapidly upon him, and it would have been well had his own wish to retire been granted by the government. He remained in nominal command of the Channel fleet, though not going to sea, until the outbreak of the famous mutinies of 1797. The suppression — or, more properly, the composing — of this ominous outbreak was devolved upon him by the ministry. He very wisely observed that "preventive measures rather than corrective are to be preferred for preserving discipline in fleets and armies;" but it was in truth his own failure to use such timely remedies, owing to the lethargy of increasing years, acting upon a temperament naturally indulgent and apathetic, that was largely responsible for disorders of whose imminence he had warning. From the military standpoint, the process of settlement had much the air of *opéra bouffe*, — a consummation probably inevitable when just grievances and undeniable hardships get no attention until the sufferers break through all rules, and seek redress by force. The mutinous seamen protested to Howe the bitterness of their sorrow at the sense of wrong doing, but in the same breath insisted that their demands must be conceded, and that certain obnoxious officers must be removed from their ships. The demands were yielded, Howe gently explaining to the men how naughty they had been; and that, as to the unpopular officers, they themselves asked relief from so unpleasant a situation. In his curiously involved style, he wrote: "This request has been complied with, under the pretext of an equal desire on the part of the officers not to be employed in ships where exception, without specification of facts, has been

taken to their conduct. However ineligible the concession, it was become indispensably necessary." Under this thin veil, men persuaded themselves that appearances were saved, as a woman hides a smile behind her fan. Admiral Codrington, a firm admirer of Howe, justly said: "It was want of discipline which led to the discontent and mutiny in the Channel fleet. Lord Howe got rid of the mutiny by granting the men all they asked; but discipline was not restored until the ships most remarkable for misconduct had been, one after the other, placed under the command of Lord St. Vincent."

With the settlement of this mutiny Lord Howe's long career of active service closed. Immediately afterwards he retired formally, as he some time before had actually, from the command of the Channel fleet, and on the 5th of August, 1799, he died full of years and honors; having lived just long enough to welcome the rising star of Nelson's glory as it burst upon men's sight at Cape St. Vincent and the Nile.

Of the four British admirals whose careers have been sketched in *The Atlantic*, Howe alone inherited fortune and social rank; but he also fought his way far beyond the modest position bequeathed to him by his brother. Eminent all, though in varying manner and degree, each illustrated a distinct type in the same noble profession. All were admirable officers, but they differed greatly in original en-

dowments and consequent development. It was intuitive with St. Vincent to take wide and far-sighted views, and to embody them in sustained, relentless action. Endued by nature with invincible energy and determination, he moved spontaneously and easily along his difficult path. He approached, although he did not attain genius. In Howe is seen rather the result of conscientious painstaking acting upon excellent abilities, but struggling always against a native heaviness and a temper both indolent and indulgent. A man of talent, he educates himself to acquirements which in his rival have the character of perception; and only under the spur of emergency does he rise to the height of greatness, to sink afterwards by his own weight. Both were great general officers, a claim which can scarcely be advanced for Saumarez and Exmouth, able, brilliant, and devoted as they were. Saumarez was the steadfast, skillful, accomplished master of his profession, but one whose aptitudes and tastes placed him in the great organization of the fleet as a principal subordinate rather than as head. Exmouth was the typical, innate seaman, intensely active, whose instincts are those of the partisan warrior, and who shines most in the freedom of detached service. All bore a conspicuous part in the greatest war of modern times, with honor such that their names will be remembered as long as naval history endures.

A. T. Mahan.

THE ONLY ROSE.

I.

JUST where the village abruptly ended, and the green mowing fields began, stood Mrs. Bickford's house, looking down the road with all its windows, and topped by

two prim chimneys that stood up like ears. It was placed with an end to the road, and fronted southward; you could follow a straight path from the gate past the front door and find Mrs. Bickford sitting by the last window of all in the

kitchen, unless she were solemnly stepping about, prolonging the stern duties of her solitary housekeeping.

One day in early summer, when almost every one else in Fairfield had put her house plants out of doors, there were still three flower pots on a kitchen window sill. Mrs. Bickford spent but little time over her rose and geranium and Jerusalem cherry tree, although they had gained a kind of personality born of long association. They rarely undertook to bloom, but had most courageously maintained life in spite of their owner's unsympathetic but conscientious care. Later in the season she would carry them out of doors, and leave them, until the time of frosts, under the shade of a great apple-tree, where they might make the best of what the summer had to give.

The afternoon sun was pouring in, the Jerusalem cherry tree drooped its leaves in the heat and looked pale, when a neighbor, Miss Pendexter, came in from the next house but one to make a friendly call. As she passed the parlor with its shut blinds, and the sitting-room, also shaded carefully from the light, she wished, as she had done many times before, that somebody beside the owner might have the pleasure of living in and using so good and pleasant a house. Mrs. Bickford always complained of having so much care, even while she valued herself intelligently upon having the right to do as she pleased with one of the best houses in Fairfield. Miss Pendexter was a cheerful, even gay little person, who always brought a pleasant flurry of excitement, and usually had a genuine though small piece of news to tell, or some new aspect of already received information.

Mrs. Bickford smiled as she looked up to see this sprightly neighbor coming. She had no gift at entertaining herself, and was always glad, as one might say, to be taken off her own hands.

Miss Pendexter smiled back, as if she felt herself to be equal to the occasion.

"How be you to-day?" the guest asked kindly, as she entered the kitchen. "Why, what a sight o' flowers, Mis' Bickford! What be you goin' to do with 'em all?"

Mrs. Bickford wore a grave expression as she glanced over her spectacles. "My sister's boy fetched 'em over," she answered. "You know my sister Parsons's a great hand to raise flowers, an' this boy takes after her. He said his mother thought the garden never looked handsomer, and she picked me these to send over. They was sendin' a team to Westbury for some fertilizer to put on the land, an' he come with the men, an' stopped to eat his dinner 'long o' me. He's been growin' fast, and looks peaked. I expect sister 'Liza thought the ride, this pleasant day, would do him good. 'Liza sent word for me to come over and pass some days next week, but it ain't so that I can."

"Why, it's a pretty time of year to go off and make a little visit," suggested the neighbor encouragingly.

"I ain't got my sitting-room-chamber carpet taken up yet," sighed Mrs. Bickford. "I do feel condemned. I might have done it to-day, but 't was all at end when I saw Tommy coming. There, he's a likely boy, an' so relished his dinner; I happened to be well prepared. I don't know but he's my favorite o' that family. Only I've been sittin' here thinkin', since he went, an' I can't remember that I ever was so belated with my spring cleaning."

"'T was owin' to the weather," explained Miss Pendexter. "None of us could be so smart as common this year, not even the lazy ones that always get one room done the first o' March, and brag of it to others' shame, and then never let on when they do the rest."

The two women laughed together cheerfully. Mrs. Bickford had put up the wide leaf of her large table between

the windows and spread out the flowers. She was sorting them slowly into three heaps.

"Why, I do declare if you have n't got a rose in bloom yourself!" exclaimed Miss Pendexter abruptly, as if the bud had not been announced weeks before, and its progress regularly commented upon. "Ain't it a lovely rose? Why, Mis' Bickford!"

"Yes 'm, it's out to-day," said Mrs. Bickford, with a somewhat plaintive air. "I'm glad you come in so as to see it."

The bright flower was like a face. Somehow, the beauty and life of it were surprising in the plain room, like a gay little child who might suddenly appear in a doorway. Miss Pendexter forgot herself and her hostess and the tangled mass of garden flowers in looking at the red rose. She even forgot that it was incumbent upon her to carry forward the conversation. Mrs. Bickford was subject to fits of untimely silence which made her friends anxiously sweep the corners of their minds in search of something to say, but any one who looked at her now could easily see that it was not poverty of thought that made her speechless, but an overburdening sense of the inexpressible.

"Goin' to make up all your flowers into bo'quets? I think the short-stemmed kinds is often pretty in a dish," suggested Miss Pendexter compassionately.

"I thought I should make them into three bo'quets. I wish there wa'n't quite so many. Sister Eliza's very lavish with her flowers; she's always been a kind sister, too," said Mrs. Bickford vaguely. She was not apt to speak with so much sentiment, however, and as her neighbor looked at her narrowly she detected unusual signs of emotion. It suddenly became evident that the three nosegays were connected in her mind with her bereavement of three husbands, and Miss Pendexter's somewhat roused curiosity was quieted by the discovery

that her friend was bent upon a visit to the burying ground. It was the time of year when she was pretty sure to spend an afternoon there, and sometimes they had taken the walk in company. Miss Pendexter expected to receive the usual invitation, but there was nothing further said at the moment, and she looked again at the pretty rose.

Mrs. Bickford aimlessly handled the syringas and flowering-almond sprays, choosing them out of the fragrant heap only to lay them down again. She glanced out of the window; then gave Miss Pendexter a long, expressive look.

"I expect you're going to carry 'em over to the burying ground?" inquired the guest, in a sympathetic tone.

"Yes 'm," said the hostess, now well started in conversation, and in quite her every-day manner. "You see I was goin' over to my brother's folks to-morrow, in South Fairfield, to pass the day; they said they were goin' to send over to-morrow to leave a wagon at the blacksmith's, and they'd hitch that to their best chaise, so I could ride back very comfortable. You know I have to avoid bein' out in the mornin' sun?"

Miss Pendexter smiled to herself at this moment; she was obliged to move from her chair at the window, the May sun was so hot on her back, for Mrs. Bickford always kept the curtains rolled high up, out of the way, for fear of fading and dust. The kitchen was a blaze of light. As for the Sunday chaise being sent, it was well known that Mrs. Bickford's married brothers and sisters comprehended the truth that she was a woman of property, and had neither chick nor child.

"So I thought 't was a good opportunity to just stop an' see if the lot was in good order, — last spring Mr. Wallis's stone hove with the frost; an' so I could take these flowers." She gave a sigh. "I ain't one that can bear flowers in a close room, — they bring on a headache; but I enjoy 'em as much as anybody to

look at, only you never know what to put 'em in. If I could be out in the mornin' sun, as some do, and keep flowers in the house, I should have me a gardin, certain," and she sighed again.

"A garden's a sight o' care, but I don't begrudge none o' the care I give to mine. I have to scant on flowers so 's to make room for pole beans," said Miss Pendexter gayly. She had only a tiny strip of land behind her house, but she always had something to give away, and made riches out of her narrow poverty. "A few flowers gives me just as much pleasure as more would," she added. "You get acquainted with things when you've only got one or two roots. My sweet-williams is just like folks."

"Mr. Bickford was partial to sweet-williams," said Mrs. Bickford. "I never knew him to take notice of no other sort of flowers. When we'd be over to Eliza's, he'd walk down her gardin, an' he'd never make no comments until he come to them, and then he'd say, 'Those is sweet-williams.' How many times I've heard him!"

"You ought to have a sprig of 'em for his bo'quet," suggested Miss Pendexter.

"Yes, I've put a sprig in," said her companion.

At this moment Miss Pendexter took a good look at the bouquets, and found that they were as nearly alike as careful hands could make them. Mrs. Bickford was evidently trying to reach absolute impartiality.

"I don't know but you think it's foolish to tie 'em up this afternoon," she said presently, as she wound the first with a stout string. "I thought I could put 'em in a bucket o' water out in the shed, where there's a draft o' air, and then I should have all my time in the morning. I shall have a good deal to do before I go. I always sweep the setting-room and front entry Wednesdays. I want to leave everything nice, goin' away for all day so. So I meant to

get the flowers out o' the way this afternoon. Why, it's most half past four, ain't it? But I sha'n't pick the rose till mornin'; 't will be blowed out better then."

"The rose?" questioned Miss Pendexter. "Why, are you goin' to pick that, too?"

"Yes, I be. I never like to let 'em fade on the bush. There, that's just what's a-troublin' me," and she turned to give a long, imploring look at the friend who sat beside her. Miss Pendexter had moved her chair before the table in order to be out of the way of the sun. "I don't seem to know which of 'em ought to have it," said Mrs. Bickford despondently. "I do so hate to make a choice between 'em; they all had their good points, especially Mr. Bickford, and I respected 'em all. I don't know but what I think of one on 'em 'most as much as I do of the other."

"Why, 't is difficult for you, ain't it?" responded Miss Pendexter. "I don't know 's I can offer advice."

"No, I s'pose not," answered her friend slowly, with a shadow of disappointment coming over her calm face. "I feel sure you would, if you could, Abby."

Both of the women felt as if they were powerless before a great emergency.

"There's one thing, — they're all in a better world now," said Miss Pendexter, in a self-conscious and constrained voice; "they can't feel such little things or take note o' slights same's we can."

"No; I suppose 't is myself that wants to be just," answered Mrs. Bickford. "I feel under obligations to my last husband when I look about and see how comfortable he left me. Poor Mr. Wallis had his great projects, an' perhaps if he'd lived longer he'd have made a record; but when he died he'd failed all up, owing to that patent corn-sheller he'd put everything into, and, as you know, I had to get along 'most any way I could for the next few years.

Life was very disappointing with Mr. Wallis, but he meant well, an' used to be an amiable person to dwell with, until his temper got spoilt makin' so many hopes an' havin' 'em turn out failures. He had consider'ble of an air, an' dressed very handsome, when I was first acquainted with him, Mr. Wallis did. I don't know 's you ever knew Mr. Wallis in his prime?"

"He died the year I moved over here from North Denfield," said Miss Pendexter, in a tone of sympathy. "I just knew him by sight. I was to his funeral. You know you lived in what we call the Wells house then, and I felt it would n't be an intrusion, we was such near neighbors. The first time I ever was in your house was just before that, when he was sick, an' Mary 'Becca Wade an' I called to see if there was anything we could do."

"They used to say about town that Mr. Wallis went to an' fro like a mail-coach an' brought nothin' to pass," announced Mrs. Bickford without bitterness. "He ought to have had a better chance than he did in this little neighborhood. You see, he had excellent ideas, but he never 'd learned the machinist's trade, and there was somethin' the matter with every model he contrived. I used to be real narrow-minded when he talked about moving 'way up to Lowell, or some o' them places; I hated to think of leaving my folks: and now I see that I never done right by him. His ideas was good. I know once he was on a jury, and there was a man stopping to the tavern where he was, near the courthouse, a man that traveled for a firm to Lowell; and they engaged in talk, an' Mr. Wallis let out some o' his notions an' contrivances, an' he said that man would n't hardly stop to eat, he was so interested, an' said he'd look for a chance for him up to Lowell. It all sounded so well that I kind of begun to think about goin' myself. Mr. Wallis said we'd close the house here, and go an' board through the winter. But he

never heard a word from him, and the disappointment was one he never got over. I think of it now different from what I did then. I often used to be kind of disapproving to Mr. Wallis; but there, he used to be always tellin' over his great projects. Somebody told me once that a man by the same name of the one he met while he was to court had got some patents for the very things Mr. Wallis used to be workin' over; but 't was after he died, an' I don't know 's 't was in him to ever really set things up so other folks could ha' seen their value. His machines always used to work kind of rickety, but folks used to come from all round to see 'em; they was curiosities if they wa'n't nothin' else, an' gave him a name."

Mrs. Bickford paused a moment, with some geranium leaves in her hand, and seemed to suppress with difficulty a desire to speak even more freely.

"He was a dreadful notional man," she said at last, regretfully, and as if this fact were a poor substitute for what had just been in her mind. "I recollect one time he worked all through the early winter over my churn, an' got it so it would go three quarters of an hour all of itself if you wound it up; an' if you 'll believe it, he went an' spent all that time for nothin' when the cow was dry, an' we was with difficulty borrowin' a pint o' milk a day somewheres in the neighborhood just to get along with." Mrs. Bickford flushed with displeasure, and turned to look at her visitor. "Now what do you think of such a man as that, Miss Pendexter?" she asked.

"Why, I don't know but 't was just as good for an invention," answered Miss Pendexter timidly; but her friend looked doubtful, and did not appear to understand.

"Then I asked him where it was, one day that spring when I'd got tired to death churnin', an' the butter would n't come in a churn I'd had to borrow, and he'd gone an' took ours all to pieces to

get the works to make some other useless contrivance with. He had no sort of a business turn, but he was well meanin', Mr. Wallis was, an' full o' divertin' talk; they used to call him very good company. I see now that he never had no proper chance. I've always regretted Mr. Wallis," said she who was now the widow Bickford.

"I 'm sure you always speak well of him," said Miss Pendexter. "'T was a pity he had n't got among good business men, who could push his inventions an' do all the business part."

"I was left very poor an' needy for them next few years," said Mrs. Bickford mournfully; "but he never 'd give up but what he should die worth his fifty thousand dollars. I don't see now how I ever did get along them next few years without him; but there, I always managed to keep a pig, an' sister Eliza gave me my potatoes, and I made out somehow. I could dig me a few greens, you know, in spring, and then 't would come strawberry time, and other berries a-followin' on. I was always decent to go to meetin' till within the last six months, an' then I went in bad weather, when folks would n't notice; but 't was a rainy summer, an' I managed to get considerable preachin' after all. My clothes looked proper enough when 't was a wet Sabbath. I often think o' them pinched days now, when I 'm left so comfortable by Mr. Bickford."

"Yes 'm, you 've everything to be thankful for," said Miss Pendexter, who was as poor herself at that moment as her friend had ever been, and who never could dream of venturing upon the support and companionship of a pig. "Mr. Bickford was a very personable man," she hastened to say, the confidences were so intimate and interesting.

"Oh, very," replied Mrs. Bickford; "there was something about him that was very marked. Strangers would always ask who he was as he come into meetin'. His words counted; he never

spoke except he had to. 'T was a relief at first after Mr. Wallis's being so fluent; but Mr. Wallis was splendid company for winter evenings, — 't would be eight o'clock before you knew it. I did n't use to listen to it all, but he had a great deal of information. Mr. Bickford was dreadful dignified; I used to be sort of meechin' with him along at the first, for fear he 'd disapprove of me; but I found out 't wa'n't no need; he was always just that way, an' done everything by rule an' measure. He had n't the mind of my other husbands, but he was a very dignified appearing man; he used 'most always to sleep in the evenin's, Mr. Bickford did."

"Them is lovely bo'quets, certain!" exclaimed Miss Pendexter. "Why, I could n't tell 'em apart; the flowers are comin' out just right, are n't they?"

Mrs. Bickford nodded assent, and then, startled by sudden recollection, she cast a quick glance at the rose in the window.

"I always seem to forget about your first husband, Mr. Fraley," Miss Pendexter suggested bravely. "I 've often heard you speak of him, too, but he 'd passed away long before I ever knew you."

"He was but a boy," said Mrs. Bickford. "I thought the world was done for me when he died, but I 've often thought since 't was a mercy for him. He come of a very melancholy family, and all his brothers an' sisters enjoyed poor health; it might have been his lot. Folks said we was as pretty a couple as ever come into church; we was both dark, with black eyes an' a good deal o' color, — you would n't expect it to see me now. Albert was one that held up his head, and looked as if he meant to own the town, an' he had a good word for everybody. I don't know what the years might have brought."

There was a long pause. Mrs. Bickford leaned over to pick up a heavy-headed Guelder rose that had dropped on the floor.

"I expect 't was what they call fallin' in love," she added, in a different tone; "he wa'n't nothin' but a boy, an' I wa'n't nothin' but a girl, but we was dreadful happy. He did n't favor his folks, — they all had hay-colored hair and was faded-looking, except his mother; they was alike, and looked alike, an' set everything by each other. He was just the kind of strong, hearty young man that goes right off if they get a fever. We was just settled on a little farm, an' he'd have done well if he'd had time; as it was, he left debts. He had a hasty temper, that was his great fault, but Albert had a lovely voice to sing; they said there wa'n't no such tenor voice in this part o' the State. I could hear him singin' to himself right out in the field a-ploughin' or hoein', an' he did n't know it half o' the time, no more 'n a common bird would. I don't know's I valued his gift as I ought to, but there was nothin' ever sounded so sweet to me. I ain't one that ever had much fancy, but I knowed Albert had a pretty voice."

Mrs. Bickford's own voice trembled a little, but she held up the last bouquet and examined it critically. "I must hurry now an' put these in water," she said, in a matter-of-fact tone. Little Miss Pendexter was so quiet and sympathetic that her hostess felt no more embarrassed than if she had been talking only to herself.

"Yes, they do seem to droop some; 't is a little warm for them here in the sun," said Miss Pendexter; "but you 'll find they 'll all come up if you give them their fill o' water. They 'll look very handsome to-morrow; folks 'll notice them from the road. You 've arranged them very tasty, Mis' Bickford."

"They do look pretty, don't they?" Mrs. Bickford regarded the three in turn. "I want to have them all pretty. You may deem it strange, Abby."

"Why, no, Mis' Bickford," said the guest sincerely, although a little perplexed by the solemnity of the occasion.

"I know how 't is with friends, — that having one don't keep you from wantin' another; 't is just like havin' somethin' to eat, and then wantin' somethin' to drink just the same. I expect all friends finds their places."

But Mrs. Bickford was not interested in this figure, and still looked vague and anxious as she began to brush the broken stems and wilted leaves into her wide calico apron. "I done the best I could while they was alive," she said, "and mourned 'em when I lost 'em, an' I feel grateful to be left so comfortable now when all is over. It seems foolish, but I'm still at a loss about that rose."

"Perhaps you 'll feel sure when you first wake up in the morning," answered Miss Pendexter solicitously. "It's a case where I don't deem myself qualified to offer you any advice. But I 'll say one thing, seein' 's you 've been so friendly spoken and confiding with me. I never was married myself, Mis' Bickford, because it was n't so that I could have the one I liked."

"I suppose he ain't livin', then? Why, I was n't never aware you had met with a disappointment, Abby," said Mrs. Bickford instantly. None of her neighbors had ever suspected little Miss Pendexter of a romance.

"Yes 'm, he's livin'," replied Miss Pendexter humbly. "No 'm, I never have heard that he died."

"I want to know!" exclaimed the woman of experience. "Well, I 'll tell you this, Abby: you may have regretted your lot, and felt lonesome and hard-shipped, but they all have their faults, and a single woman's got her liberty, if she ain't got other blessin's."

"T would n't have been my choice to live alone," said Abby, meeker than before. "I feel very thankful for my blessin's, all the same. You 've always been a kind neighbor, Mis' Bickford."

"Why can't you stop to tea?" asked the elder woman, with unusual cordiality; but Miss Pendexter remembered that

her hostess often expressed a dislike for unexpected company, and promptly took her departure after she had risen to go, glancing up at the bright flower as she passed outside the window. It seemed to belong most to Albert, but she had not liked to say so. The sun was low; the green fields stretched away southward into the misty distance.

II.

Mrs. Bickford's house appeared to watch her out of sight down the road, the next morning. She had lost all spirit for her holiday. Perhaps it was the unusual excitement of the afternoon's reminiscences, or it might have been simply the bright moonlight night which had kept her broad awake until dawn, thinking of the past, and more and more concerned about the rose. By this time it had ceased to be merely a flower, and had become a definite symbol and assertion of personal choice. She found it very difficult to decide. So much of her present comfort and well being was due to Mr. Bickford; still, it was Mr. Wallis who had been most unfortunate, and to whom she had done least justice. If she owed recognition to Mr. Bickford, she certainly owed amends to Mr. Wallis. If she gave him the rose, it would be for the sake of affectionate apology. And then there was Albert, to whom she had no thought of being either indebted or forgiving. But she could not escape from the terrible feeling of indecision.

It was a beautiful morning for a drive, but Mrs. Bickford was kept waiting some time for the chaise. Her nephew, who was to be her escort, had found much social advantage at the blacksmith's shop, so that it was after ten when she finally started with the three large flat-backed bouquets, covered with a newspaper to protect them from the sun. The petals of the almond flowers were beginning to scatter, and now and then little streams

of water leaked out of the newspaper and trickled down the steep slope of her best dress to the bottom of the chaise. Even yet she had not made up her mind; she had stopped trying to deal with such an evasive thing as decision, and leaned back and rested as best she could.

"What an old fool I be!" she rebuked herself from time to time, in so loud a whisper that her companion ventured a respectful "What, ma'am?" and was astonished that she made no reply. He was a handsome young man, but Mrs. Bickford could never cease thinking of him as a boy. He had always been her favorite among the younger members of the family, and he now returned this affectionate feeling, being possessed of an instinctive confidence in the sincerities of his prosaic aunt.

As they drove along, there had seemed at first to be something unsympathetic and garish about the beauty of the summer day. After the shade and shelter of the house, Mrs. Bickford suffered from even a more contracted and assailed feeling out of doors. The very trees by the roadside had a curiously fateful, trying way of standing back to watch her, as she passed in the acute agony of her indecision, and she was annoyed and startled by a bird that flew too near the chaise in a moment of surprise. She was conscious of a strange reluctance to the movement of the Sunday chaise, as if she were being conveyed against her will; but the companionship of her nephew John grew every moment to be more and more a reliance. It was very comfortable to sit by his side, even though he had nothing to say; he was manly and cheerful, and she began to feel protected.

"Aunt Bickford," she suddenly announced, "I may's well out with it! I've got a piece o' news to tell you, if you won't let on to nobody. I expect you'll laugh, but you know I've set everything by Mary Lizzie Gifford ever since I was a boy. Well, sir!"

"Well, sir!" exclaimed aunt Bick-

ford in her turn, quickly roused into most comfortable self-forgetfulness. "I am really pleased. She'll make you a good, smart wife. Ain't all the folks pleased, both sides?"

"Yes, they be," answered John soberly, with a happy, important look that became him well.

"I guess I can make out to do something for you to help along, when the right time comes," said aunt Bickford impulsively, after a moment's reflection. "I've known what it is to be starting out in life with plenty o' hope. You ain't calculatin' on gettin' married before fall, — or be ye?"

"'Long in the fall," said John regretfully. "I wish t' we could set up for ourselves right away this summer. I ain't got much ahead, but I can work well as anybody, an' now I'm out o' my time."

"She's a nice, modest, pretty girl. I thought she liked you, John," said the old aunt. "I saw her over to your mother's, last day I was there. Well, I expect you'll be happy."

"Certain," said John, turning to look at her affectionately, surprised by this outspokenness and lack of embarrassment between them. "Thank you, aunt," he said simply; "you're a real good friend to me," and he looked away again hastily, and blushed a fine scarlet over his sun-browned face. "She's coming over to spend the day with the girls," he added. "Mother thought of it. You don't get over to see us very often."

Mrs. Bickford smiled approvingly. John's mother looked for her good opinion, no doubt, but it was very proper for John to have told his prospects himself, and in such a pretty way. There was no shilly-shallying about the boy.

"My gracious!" said John suddenly. "I'd like to have drove right by the burying ground. I forgot we wanted to stop."

Strange as it may appear, Mrs. Bickford herself had not noticed the burying

ground, either, in her excitement and pleasure; now she felt distressed and responsible again, and showed it in her face at once. The young man leaped lightly to the ground, and reached for the flowers.

"Here, you just let me run up with 'em," he said kindly. "'T is hot in the sun to-day, an' you'll mind it risin' the hill. We'll stop as I fetch you back to-night, and you can go up comfortable an' walk the yard after sundown when it's cool, an' stay as long as you're a mind to. You seem sort of tired, aunt."

"I don't know but what I will let you carry 'em," said Mrs. Bickford slowly.

To leave the matter of the rose in the hands of fate seemed weakness and cowardice, but there was not a moment for consideration. John was a smiling fate, and his proposition was a great relief. She watched him go away with a terrible inward shaking, and sinking of pride. She had held the flowers with so firm a grasp that her hands felt weak and numb, and as she leaned back and shut her eyes she was afraid to open them again at first for fear of knowing the bouquets apart even at that distance, and giving instructions which she might regret. With a sudden impulse she called John once or twice eagerly; but her voice had a thin and piping sound, and the meditative early crickets that chirped in the fresh summer grass probably sounded louder in John's ears. The bright light on the white stones dazzled Mrs. Bickford's eyes; and then all at once she felt light-hearted, and the sky seemed to lift itself higher and wider from the earth, and she gave a sigh of relief as her messenger came back along the path. "I know who I do hope's got the right one," she said to herself. "There, what a touse I be in! I don't see what I had to go and pick the old rose for, anyway."

"I declare, they did look real handsome, aunt," said John's hearty voice as

he approached the chaise. "I set 'em up just as you told me. This one fell out, an' I kept it. I don't know 's you 'll care. I can give it to Lizzie."

He faced her now with a bright, boyish look. There was something gay in his buttonhole: it was the red rose.

Aunt Bickford blushed like a girl. "Your choice is easy made," she faltered mysteriously, and then burst out laughing, there in front of the burying

ground. "Come, get right in, dear," she said. "Well, well! I guess the rose was made for you; it looks very pretty in your coat, John."

She thought of Albert, and the next moment the tears came into her old eyes. John was a lover, too.

"My first husband was just such a tall, straight young man as you be," she said as they drove along. "The flower he first give me was a rose."

Sarah Orne Jewett.

TALK AT A COUNTRY HOUSE.

"DOWN TO TOWER'D CAMELOT."

THE squire was from home for a day or two, on business. When he came back, he asked the ladies, "What have you been doing while I was away?" They answered, "We took Mr. Foster to Camelot, to convince him that it was Cadbury in Somersetshire, and not Winchester, which he declared Caxton to have said it to be."

Squire. Caxton was a wise as well as a good man, and his knowledge was great; but even he did not know everything. In the Introduction to the Globe Edition of *Morte Darthur* you will find the reasons for holding that King Arthur's Camelot — probably from Camelus, the Celtic god of war — was the Cadbury Castle you saw yesterday. But perhaps you are already convinced that you had seen the true Camelot, and that Arthur really held his court there?

Foster. Certainly. I felt like Mopsa, who loved a ballad in print, because then she knew it to be true.

Squire. I should like to hear your account of the expedition. I know you keep a journal.

Foster (fetches a notebook, and reads from it). "We got to Sparkford at about one o'clock on a day of terrible midsum-

mer heat; from there we drove to South Cadbury, about two miles off. The drive was across a plain; in fact, the end of the great valley which runs up from the sea, roughly speaking, bounded by the Mendip range on one side, and the Polden hills, parallel to Mendip, on the other, and the beginning of the downs which join on to the system of Salisbury Plain, shutting in the valley at right angles to Mendip and the Polden hills. In this great trench are islands: near the sea, such ones as Brent Knoll; further up, Glastonbury Tor; and furthest from the sea, and just under the downs, lies Camelot. As we drove, we could see, looking towards our right, the downs bounding the horizon with their characteristic slopes, the flat tops and steep sloping sides and general plainness of surface which give to downs an individuality among hills. Along their ridges were to be seen scars on their sides showing old encampments. Close under these downs stands Camelot, a long, regularly sloped hill, quite isolated, its top at a distance looking nearly horizontal, while the two ends present a slope of about the same angle; the side towards us was thickly wooded, and so no ramparts were

to be seen. At South Cadbury, a pretty village, with its little church and pollard poplar-trees round it, we began our walk. A narrow lane, with steep banks, leading out of the highroad, and called Castle Lane, began to go up the hill. After a short distance we reached a gate: here the lane widened, and seemed to go straight up the hill in a broad ditch. A short way up, roads branched to right and left; on the one to the left was a gamekeeper's cottage. These branching roads were, in fact, the first ditches at the top of the first slope of earthwork. Before telling of our ascent of the fort, I will describe the general lines on which the defenses are made, as this will simplify the account I am going to give of the details. Imagine to yourself a plain out of which rises a hill, two hundred feet high, of regular shape on the northern side; a slight slope up from the plain suddenly turns into a steep rampart of about fifty feet, so steep that we, like Camden, found it easier to run down it than walk. Gaining the top of this first rampart, you find yourself on a narrow edge, sloping steeply down to a ditch, a slope of perhaps ten feet; from the bottom of this ditch rises the second rampart, of about the same height as the first, which again ends in an edge sloping down to a second ditch, from which rises the third rampart, like the second, but not so high as the first and second, though as steep; this, too, has its ditch, and from it rises the fourth and last rampart. The top of this one is embanked about ten feet above the nearly flat top of the hill. This is a space of some twenty acres, and at the eastern end enters the roadway leading up from the bottom to where I have said we first began to climb, the roadway cutting through ditches and ramparts. This entrance was, no doubt, protected by the iron gates which still live in tradition. So the road enters the oval top of the hill at the eastern end. Opposite, at the western end, another road just like this

one comes up from the bottom; a little to the north of this western gate the ground rises in a knoll, called Arthur's Castle, and is the highest part of the hill, being five hundred feet above the sea. It has steep sides, which seem partly the result of art, and partly natural.

"One could not help being struck by the simple earth walls and their primitive strength, and feeling how different must have been the people who lived here in rude strength from the gorgeous images of the Camelot of Malory. How entirely the life here must have differed from the mediæval surroundings from which he drew his color! And we could not help wondering who were the people who began to make a fortress out of the hill, and what were the names of those who had brought these earth mounds and ditches to such perfection of strength. Strange that the genius that planned and the energy that executed should have left only the work accomplished, and no record of those by whose might it was framed! Strange that a people so great, who could carve the everlasting hills into citadels, and whose mounds and ditches have survived 'the drums and trappings of three conquests,'¹ should have left no name even in the histories of nations now dead!

"But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it."¹

"The greater part of the hill is wooded. This, unfortunately, hides the ramparts and ditches, except at close quarters, but then they are seen clearly. We made our way up through the eastern entrance, walked across the oval top, and went out at the western gate down the hill to the bottom, where we found a wall below the last rampart shutting in the hill from the fields round. We then

¹ Sir Thomas Browne, *Urn Burial*.

walked round the northern slope inside this wall, in search of the Wishing Well. After going a little way, the squire's daughter saw a cow" —

Squire (interrupting). And you all ran for your lives, I suppose?

Foster. No, we did not. The young lady only availed herself, as her father would have done, of the opportunity for the exercise of the higher criticism, as you will see if you let me go on, — "saw a cow on the top of the first rampart above us (here not very high), and thought this might indicate water. We went to the place only to find a muddy pool, and were thinking of going on farther, when the other lady of the party, her sister-in-law, noticed, a little to the right of the pool, a few steps above it, a small inclosure some twenty feet square, made by a low, dry wall; going into this, she found the well. The second rampart slopes up at the back of the little inclosure, making one of its walls; in its side, on the ground, is the Wishing Well. A block of stone, about four feet long, has been hollowed out into a circular arch, the inside of which is cut into a scallop shell; this block might be the top part or roof of a semicircular niche, though here it rests on no pillars, but on the ground, so the opening is only some two feet high and three long; the surface of the water was about a foot below the ground, in a little basin built, apparently, of brick, on the same plan as the scalloped roof, — that is, in front straight, the back a half-round. The water was of crystal clearness and of icy coldness. Although the shape of the stone was evidently not very old, possibly of the time of Queen Anne, as it is sometimes called Queen Anne's Well, still, here it seemed a living thing of the past. The soft gurgle of the spring, as it ran away in some hidden channel, heard only when one bent close to the water, made one feel it was thus that this spring ran when those ramparts over our heads, now slumbering in peaceful decay, had

resounded to the busy life of a capital city of the old British kingdom, or had echoed to the battle cry of a mightier race, the torrent of whose conquest this citadel had stayed, but not arrested. Not only did the well put us in touch with 'the clouded forms of long past history,' but we also thought of those whom poets have made much clearer.

"'Feigned of old or fabled since,
Of faery damsels met in forest wide
By Knights of Logres or of Lyones,
Lancelot of Pelleas or Pellenore.'

For, at Camelot, Arthur and his knights still ride at the full moon and water their horses at this well. The hill of ramparts and ditches rose in the imagination to something much more than a stockaded camp of a savage tribe, and, like Leland before us, we felt that we were at the local habitation of those airy nothings, those fancies of poets' brains, King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, whose deeds had played as important a part as had Troy the ancient, and influenced the modern world as greatly. Whether it was from such thoughts as these or not I cannot say, but the water of the Wishing Well seemed a draught inspiring beyond all other water. But we had other things to see yet, and above all to prove if the hill were hollow; for the legends of the country assert that a noise made at King Arthur's Well is heard at the Wishing Well; so the ladies stayed at the latter, while I started in search of King Arthur's Well, the other spring on the hill. This I found at no great distance, close to the cottage, and on the left side of the eastern road up the hill. This was a stone with a round hole in it about two feet across, the well below being a circular place about four feet deep, full of filthy and all but stagnant water, and quite powerless to excite the imagination. At the appointed time I made much noise by hitting boards and sticks on the mouth of the well; but on going back to the Wishing Well found

that my noises had not been heard. Considering that we had drunk deep of the clear spring, I was relieved to think it did not communicate with the poisonous waters of King Arthur's Well. We now set out to see more of the southern side, and, walking along past the cottage, found ourselves on the top of the first rampart. On the southeastern slope the walls of earth stand out in bald grandeur, for there are no trees, and here we could appreciate the enormous strength of the ramparts rising tier above tier over our heads. I have seen other camps of this kind, but never anything like this; the steepness of the sides and the regularity of the slopes make it a striking spectacle. As we got farther round on the south side, trees began again, though more scattered; and as we climbed up gradually, startling countless rabbits, and at one place a badger, the views became of great beauty, till, reaching the top of the southern side, near the west gate, we looked down on the village of Sutton Montis. Nothing could have been more lovely. A little brook with willows skirted the fortress, after leaving the downs opposite whence it rose; across this brook lay a vast orchard, the orderly rows of its great trees clearly seen from our height; beyond this came the 'pleasant villages and farms adjoined,' — one especially glowing roof of almost crimson tiles took the eye; beyond this, again, the church, and then the vast sweep of view towards Dorsetshire. From here we went through the western gate of the top of the camp, and descended the hill by the road at that end, leaving Camelot by the west, having come there by the east. We then went a pleasant way across the grounds, orchards and fields, till a path near the river took us back into Sparkford, where the interval till our train was due was filled by many cups of tea in a pleasant old inn. The train took us home in a golden evening, and we were left with visions of romance

and of the monumental handiwork of a vanished people, all seen through a halo of midsummer sunlight."¹

Squire. Very good geography, physical, military, and archaeological; not without a touch, too, of purple patch, and some of a very fine purple.

Foster. If it had been full moon or the eve of St. John, I think I should have begged the ladies to stay with me, or to leave me there, that I, too, might hear and see Arthur and his knights come riding down King Arthur's Lane, as, according to local tradition, they have never left off doing since the days of Leland, whose account I have just been reading, who tells us of the silver horseshoe that one of them had cast in such a ride.

Squire. I have often fancied that if I had the poet's gift of looking into and seeing the imaginary past, while the senses of the present are laid asleep, the vision would come to me on the grassy mound called Arthur's Castle, at the top of the hill of Camelot. Even now that vision rises before me with successive magic scenes, "apart from place, withholding time," but always in that golden prime of Arthur and his knights. I seem to see the town of Camelot, while within the hall is the Round Table, its seats filling with knights come to the feast of Pentecost, though Arthur will not take his place till he hears from Sir Kay, the Seneschal, that an adventure is at hand, since some unknown lady or knight can be seen riding down the road. Scene after scene rises before me of things done, and words spoken, and quests undertaken, in that hall; and not least that when the Holy Grail, covered with white samite, passed through, offering every knight for once to partake of that mysterious food, and awaking in him the resolve to achieve that quest. And then,

"I see no longer, I myself am there,"

among the crowd of ladies and knights

¹ An account of an actual visit, by my son, Mr. Henry Strachey.

who gathered to see the barge which came floating down the river with the dead but beautiful Elaine, the Lady of Shalot, and hear Sir Launcelot tell her sad tale. The river may be seen by the bodily eye, and in the light of summer day; and so may Glastonbury and Avalon, no longer, indeed, an island on the one hand, and the site at least of the nunnery of Almesbury on the other. But now the vision rises before me of the twofold story of Malory and Tennyson, of that parting, solemn to awfulness, of Arthur and Guenever, when he rode out through the mist, without looking back, to the battle which he knew was to be his last; of the battle, and of the coming of that barge with the weeping ladies who bore away the dying king to Avalon. Then, again, those last laments of Launcelot over Arthur and Guenever, and of Ector over Launcelot himself. These actions are very real to me; and yet, as I speak, I know, like Prospero, that they are melting into air, into thin air.

Foster. My sympathies are all with you, squire, but yet forgive me if I ask, as I heard your little grandson ask the other day when you were telling him a story, "Is it true? Tell me something real." And I should be glad to think that the fabric of your vision is not altogether baseless.

Squire. Yes, and no. And first, yes. Camelot itself, call it castle, or fortress, or camp, as you will, stands there with its smaller outlying forts in the forefront of my answer. It stands in the very place where you would draw the line at which the onward progress of the English towards the southwest was stopped for one hundred years after they had won the battle of Deorham in 577, and taken the cities of Sarum and Bath. Is it not clear, so far as reasonable inference can supply the lack of direct historical record, that it was this Camelot which stayed their advance,—a fortress formed and held by Freedom's hands? And if Arthur was a king of Britain or of the

British during part of that hundred years, it is not unreasonable to believe that it was at Camelot that he held his camp, if not his court.

Foster. But was there an Arthur at all? Milton, with all his admiration for Arthur and his knights as heroes of romance, did not believe in his historical existence; so you will hardly expect me to satisfy my doubts by the historical arguments by which Caxton tells us that many noble and divers gentlemen satisfied his doubts, nor even by the evidence which they called in of Gawain's skull, Cradock's mantle, and Launcelot's sword.

Squire. Though you took his word for it that Camelot was Winchester. But I can give you better authority than that of Caxton, or Milton, or any one else. Here (opening a drawer, and taking out a letter) is the last letter which I received from my old friend Edward Freeman. He writes:—

"Guest taught me to believe in Arthur, and there is a notice of him which, if not history, is at best very early legend, in the Life of Gildas. It proves a good bit, anyhow. Then R—— seemed to disbelieve in him, and now he seems to have taken to him again. I tell R—— that I live much too near to Avalon, which is Glastonbury, to give him up altogether, and that I can't part with him to them of Strathclyde."

But it is a very slight and dim existence at best. You just now compared the story of Arthur to that of Agamemnon; and I might add that Camelot is to Malory's Morte Darthur what Dr. Schliemann's Troy is to the Iliad.

Foster. Your answer to my question was to be "no" as well as "yes."

Squire. But I cannot say "no," after all. Those knights and ladies do live to me, as I trust that they will live to many an English-speaking boy and girl yet unborn. But I will answer your question in the best Dryasdust fashion that I can. I do not attempt to follow

up the old legends to those pre-Christian and even prehistoric sources of which some learned writers believe that they can get occasional glimpses. I am content to believe that in the ages in which war was more to men than peace, and imagination more than cool reason, the legends somehow grew up. The British bards termed the actual losses of their countrymen glorious gain and triumphs of poetry; and when they were driven back into Cornwall and Wales and Scotland, they found everywhere new Camelots and Round Tables at Tintagel, Caerleon, and Carlisle, and across the sea in Brittany. Mr. Symonds tells us that in the Middle Ages the legends of Arthur were greater favorites with the educated classes in Italy than the earlier ones of Charlemagne, which were left to the common people. And it is a curious fact that Gervase of Tilbury, writing early in the thirteenth century, gives a story of the discovery in the woods of Mount Etna, in Sicily, of King Arthur, there biding his time in solemn seclusion, which exactly corresponds with the like story which has been told of the Somersetshire Camelot by a peasant girl to a lady now living. The minstrel, or troubadour, wandered far; and he carried everywhere with him not only the name, but the local habitation of his hero.

Foster. Were not the Chivalry romances chiefly French?

Squire. If you except the greatest of all, that of Sir Thomas Malory, perhaps they were. He says there were in Welsh many, and in French many; and he also makes use of old English romances. But the Curate found in Don Quixote's library a pretty good number of Spanish romances. And you must remember that French was the language of the English Norman lords and ladies, and that England was first of the lands of chivalry, whatever was its chief language.

Foster. I think Southey says, in the preface either to his *Amadis* or *Palmerin*, that the Spanish and Portuguese ro-

mances bear evidence, in their references to England, that this was so.

Squire. I like to see significance in the fact, pointed out by Frederick Maurice, that the man whom the Germans, the French, the Italians, and the Spaniards honored as ritter, chevalier, cavaliere, caballero, the rider of the war horse, was to the English the knight, the knecht, the servant of all men.

Foster. Is not *Amadis* of Gaul the most perfect embodiment of the ideal of knighthood? He is as pure as *Perceval* or even *Galahad*, without their monk-like asceticism; and as true and ardent a lover as *Launcelot*, without his guilty "honor rooted in dishonor," as Tennyson calls it.

Squire. The loves of *Amadis* and *Oriana* are, indeed, charming. There is nothing in Malory like that description of them in Southey's translation:—

"*Oriana* was about ten years old, the fairest creature that ever was seen; therefore she was called the one 'without a peer.' The Child of the Sea (that is, *Amadis*) was now twelve years old, but in stature and size he seemed fifteen, and he served the queen; but now that *Oriana* was there, the queen gave her the Child of the Sea, that he should serve her, and *Oriana* said that 'it pleased her;' and that word which she said the Child kept in his heart, so that he never lost it from his memory, and in all his life he was never weary of serving her, and his heart was surrendered to her; and this love lasted as long as they lasted, for as well as he loved her did she also love him. But the Child of the Sea, who knew nothing of her love, thought himself presumptuous to have placed his thoughts on her, and dared not speak to her; and she, who loved him in her heart, was careful not to speak more with him than with another; but their eyes delighted to reveal to the heart what was the thing on earth that they loved best, and now the time came that he thought he could take

arms if he were knighted ; and this he greatly desired, thinking that he would do such things that, if he lived, his mistress should esteem him."

I often feel the force of the arguments of the worthy Ascham against the tales of chivalry, and wish that Malory had made Amadis, and not Launcelot, his principal hero. But then I recur to what Caxton had written long before, as if in anticipation of the charge, and how Tennyson has brought out, in full life and proportion as well as with the lineaments of the noblest poetry, this contrast between good and evil, and triumph of good over evil, which Caxton eulogizes in Malory's story.

Foster. Milton, too, while he expresses a pious and thankful wonder that his youthful footsteps should have been directed in the paths of chastity by the tales of chivalry, among which Malory's *Morte Darthur* no doubt found a chief place, seems to recognize that the moral effect on his young mind had been good, and not evil.

Squire. The growth and progress of moral life are as marked and worthy of notice in our tales of chivalry as in any other form of our civilization. And it was our happy lot that, just at the right time, a William Caxton was ready to print and publish the great national epic which he had found and encouraged a Sir Thomas Malory to write. Like the *Iliad*, it is partly of that lofty and serious kind in which the imagination can believe and find enjoyment. A little later, the old tales of chivalry could only have supplied the material for a moral allegory like that of the *Faerie Queene*, or a genial burlesque like that of *Don Quixote*, or a hard, cynical, political satire like that of *Hudibras*.

Foster. You have said nothing of Tennyson's revival, may I say, of the old faith in the old poems. It is true, they are idyls, little pictures, and you call Sir Thomas Malory's romance an epic. Do you hold to that eulogistic

designation of Malory's *Morte Darthur*, in face of the half-patronizing, half-contemptuous language in which the Caxtons of the present day have described the very book on which they have just lavished all the learning, labor, and cost of many years, — a work which very few will care for or appreciate at its proper value, though many may enjoy the popular fruits of it all?

Squire. So it is, and must be. I have the sincerest respect for a learning, industry, and generous self-devotion to the cause of letters such as I can make little pretension to. But while I know enough of these things to appreciate what these scholars have done for us, I see no proofs that I ought to submit myself to their authority on a question on which it contradicts my own literary judgment. Look at this book of Malory's *Morte Darthur* as it actually is, and not as the critics say it ought to have been, if he had properly followed his sources. You will find on every page the marks of a work of true though early and somewhat rude art ; and then, if you will look again with your own eyes, and not with those of the critics, you will see that his art is all his own, and not to be found in the older legends which he has used as materials. I do not know whether Malory had acquaintance with any of what have been called the masterpieces of antiquity, nor whether he was conscious at all that he was himself creating one of such masterpieces. But his work itself lies before us. He has taken the legends of an old national hero and fashioned them into a work of art, with the main characteristic features of the epic, or the drama, of all ages and countries. It is what Carlyle would have called the perennial battle between God and the devil, — the contest between man's free will and his circumstances ; the Nemesis which attends his way during that contest, and his triumph by help of a higher power than his own. $\Delta\iota\delta\varsigma\ \delta'\epsilon\tau\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\iota\epsilon\tau\omicron\ \beta\omicron\nu\alpha\lambda\acute{\eta}$. Arthur is born

into a world of anarchy, for which the lawlessness of his father is more or less responsible; Merlin watches over him, and, by help of his counsels, Arthur, on reaching manhood, is able to establish and consolidate his kingdom, and even to extend it over that of the Emperor of Rome; and the Round Table at which he sat as the centre and head of his knights was the sign and token of this world under kingship. But there was a canker at the root of all this glory. After many years of prosperity and of great deeds, both good and evil, the coming of the Holy Grail brought a test which could not be escaped; the fellowship of the Round Table was broken up, and Mordred, the child of the guilty loves of Arthur and Morgan le Fay long years before, became the instrument of divine judgment and retribution. Thus the personages of the story, through whose action its several threads are woven or unwound, are as artistically varied and distinguished as are the events. Both these points of the story and the characters are discussed at some length in the Introduction to the Globe Edition of *Morte Darthur*, to which I may refer you, if you care for more. Only for the humor of it, do read me the account of the Bishop of Canterbury's excommunication of Mordred. You will find a mark at the page.

Foster. "And then came the Bishop of Canterbury, the which was a noble clerk and an holy man, and thus he said to Sir Mordred: Sir, what will ye do, will ye first displease God, and sithen shame yourself and all knighthood? Is not King Arthur your Uncle, no further but your mother's brother, and are not ye his son, therefore how may ye wed your father's wife? Sir, saith the noble clerk, leave this opinion, or else I shall curse you with book, and bell, and candle. Do thy worst, said Sir Mordred, wit thou well I shall defy thee. Sir, said the Bishop, and wit you well I shall not fear me to do that me ought to do. Also

where ye noise where my lord Arthur is slain, and that is not so, and therefore ye will make a foul work in this land. Peace, thou false priest, said Sir Mordred, for and thou chafe me any more, I shall strike off thy head. So the Bishop departed, and did the curse in the most orgulous wise that might be done. And then Sir Mordred sought the Bishop of Canterbury for to have slain him. Then the Bishop fled, and took part of his goods with him, and went nigh unto Glastonbury, and there he was as priest hermit in a chapel, and lived in poverty and in holy prayers: for well he understood that mischievous war was at hand."

Squire. That touch of the bishop escaping into a humble and quiet hermitage, but prudently taking some of his goods with him, after he had done the cursing in the most orgulous manner, always strikes me as very happy. Sir Thomas Malory was a humorist; and his pathos is greater than his humor. Let us hear those last words of Sir Launcelot and Sir Ector. One can never be weary of them.

Foster (reads). "Truly, said Sir Launcelot, I trust I do not displease God, for He knoweth mine intent, for my sorrow was not, nor is not, for any rejoicing of sin, but my sorrow may never have end. For when I remember of her beauty and of her noblesse, that was both with her King and with her; so when I saw his corpse and her corpse so lie together, truly mine heart would not serve to sustain my careful body. Also when I remember me how, by my default, mine orgule, and my pride, that they were both laid full low, that were peerless that ever was living of Christian people, wit you well, said Sir Launcelot, this remembered, of their kindness and mine unkindness, sank so to my heart, that I might not sustain myself."

And again:—

"Ah, Launcelot, he said, thou were the head of all Christian knights; and now I dare say, said Sir Ector, thou Sir

Launcelot, there thou liest, that thou were never matched of earthly knight's hand ; and thou were the courtiest knight that ever bare shield ; and thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse, and thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman ; and thou were kindest man that ever strake with sword ; and thou were the goodliest person ever came among press of knights ; and thou was the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies ; and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest."

Squire. Here again I would refer you to the *Globe* Introduction for proof that in these and other instances the passages are either Malory's own, or have been converted by him into poetry out of mere prosaic materials. In his twenty-first, or last book, in which I think his art is at its highest, he frequently alters or changes the incidents from those in the French books which he is always quoting ; and in each case it seems to me that the variation has been made for the sake of artistic effect.

Foster. You call *Morte Darthur* a poem, then, and Malory a poet ?

Squire. He has the poet's eye to see into the life of things, and the poet's power to endow what he sees with outward form and color, but he wanted that essential qualification of the proper poet which Wordsworth calls the accomplishment of verse.

Foster. Did not Carlyle say that poetry would be better if it were written in prose instead of in verse, and that it might be hoped that the poetry of the future would be so written ?

Squire. I suppose we are all more ready to justify than to confess our mental deficiencies ; and though Carlyle had much poetic insight, he had not the poet's proper faculty of expression.

Foster. How would you define this poetical mode of expression ? It is something more or other than the skillful art

of making lines of ten syllables with or without rhymes at the end.

Squire. One characteristic — I had almost said *the* characteristic — of verse, in the highest meaning of the word, is its reticence. It was said of the great linguist, Cardinal Mezzofanti, that he could keep silence in forty languages ; and the poet is a man who can and does keep silence in the midst of his wealth of rushing thoughts and words ; and it is in this accomplishment of verse that he finds that the limitations of verse make this silence both proper and profitable. His words must be few while and because every one of them must be a creation, a cosmos, in itself, pregnant with life and meaning. Tennyson evidently saw and understood this in the formation of his style, — in part cultivated his poet's art which makes his style, in the highest sense of the word, and in which it has been well said to be the man himself. Mr. Knowles tells us¹ that he said "Wordsworth would have been much finer if he had written much less ;" and he told Browning in my presence that "if he had got rid of two thirds, the remaining third would be much finer." After saying that, and when Browning had left us, he enlarged on the imperative necessity of restraint in art. "It is necessary to respect the limits," he said. "An artist is one who recognizes bounds to his work as a necessity, and does not overflow illimitably to all extent about a matter. I soon found that if I meant to make any mark at all it must be by shortness, for all the men before me had been so diffuse, and all the big things had been done. To get the workmanship as nearly perfect as possible is the best chance for going down the stream of time. A small vessel on fine lines is likely to float further than a great raft."

Foster. And so you contrast these small vessels, the *Idylls*, with Malory's great raft of *Le Morte Darthur* ?

Squire. Yes. And if you like to shift

¹ *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1893.

the metaphor from the ship to the river, you may quote Denham and say : —

“Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example as it is my theme!

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet
not dull;

Strong without rage, without o’erflowing full.”

Each generation has its own authorities and teachers. I quote Tennyson now; fifty years ago I thought Coleridge’s distinctions of poetry and romance, prose and verse, the best possible; and indeed I think you will still find them worth reading.

Foster. I know them well, though I did not read them fifty years ago. Judged by Coleridge’s standard, is not Malory’s book a romance rather than a poem?

Squire. Perhaps it is. I am not at all willing, even for Malory’s sake, to break down the distinction between prose and verse which I think so real and so important. I will content myself with saying that it is a work of art, real though rude; and for this I have the voice of the world of letters, gentle and simple, on my side, the few and minute critics notwithstanding. Whatever side lights their learning may have supplied to Spenser, Milton, and Tennyson, there can be no reasonable doubt that the Arthur and his knights whom they knew are the king and knights of Malory. The popular voice of approval has never been silent since Caxton printed his first edition; and during the present century it has been raised, with an ever-increasing volume, to what Tennyson may be said to have given a not inappropriate expression when he said, “There is no grander subject in the world than King Arthur.”

Foster. The bibliography of the book is curious and interesting, especially as to Upcott’s very ingenious interpolations to supply the missing pages of the Althorp copy. It seems odd that the truth had remained undiscovered for fifty years till you told the story in the Introduction to the Globe Edition.

Squire. When I came to look into the

history of the text for myself, I was astonished at the inaccuracy and slovenliness of the professional critics, and their habit of putting second-hand guesses in the place of verified facts. But I venture to say that you may depend on the bibliography of the Globe Introduction and the Prolegomena of Dr. Somer. The work of Dr. Somer is, indeed, a wonderful monument of German learning, industry, and contentment with the reward of the approval and admiration of the few scholars competent to judge of its merits.

Foster. I am afraid that you cannot include the authorities of the British Museum among those who justly appreciate the worth of Malory’s book, when they allowed the one perfect copy of the original edition to go to America.

Squire. From what I have heard, I guess that they outwitted themselves by the overdone caution — not uncommon with buyers at auctions — of trying to make their purchase without giving their bidding agent a free hand. I was very sorry when I first heard that the precious volume which, when it lay in the Osterly Park library, had been seen by very few but myself, was gone to Brooklyn instead of to Bloomsbury. But I could no longer grudge the loss when I remembered that the treasure had only gone to our brothers — may I say our sister? — across the Atlantic, with whom, as its possessor, Mrs. Abby E. Pope, tells me, it is prized more than it was among ourselves. I could only wish that it may be as safe from risks of fire and other damage as it would have been in the British Museum. and that the present possessor of the Althorp copy will obtain — as would no doubt be allowed — a photograph facsimile of the missing pages, to be substituted for the very inaccurate though beautifully written transcript by Whittaker. But here comes tea. Queen Guenever and her ladies never poured out that at the Round Table, nor invited Arthur and his knights to “five o’clocker.”

Edward Strachey.

MARINA SINGS.

THIS is the song Marina sang

To forlorn Pericles :

Silver the young voice rang.

The gray beard blew about his knees,
And the hair of his bowed head, like a veil,
Fell over his cheeks and blent with it :

He knew not anything.

Above him the Tyrian fold
Of the curtain billowed, fringed with gold,
As might beseech a king.

Sunset was rose on every sail
That did along the far sea flit,
And rose on the cedarn deck
Of the ship that at anchor swayed ;
And the harbor was golden-lit.

He lifted not his neck

At the coming of the maid.
She swept him with her eyes,
As though some tender wing
Just touched a bleaching wreck
In sheeted sand that lies ;
Then she began to sing.

THE SONG.

Hush, ah hush ! the sea is kind !
Lullaby is in the wind ;
Grief the babe forgets to weep,
Lapped and spelled and laid to sleep :
His lip is wet with the milk of the spray ;
He shall not wake till another day.

Ah hush ! the sea is kind !

Who can tell, ah who can tell,
The cradling nurse's croonèd spell ?
While the slumber-web she weaves
Never nursing stirs or grieves :
The tears that drowned his sweet eye-beams
Are turned to mists of rainbow dreams.
Ah hush ! she charms us well !

"All thy hurts I balm and bind ;
All thy heart's loves thou shalt find !"
Yea, this she murmurs, best of all :
"It was not loss that did befall !
All thy joys are put away ;

They shall be thine another day!"

Ah hush! the sea is kind!

She sang; she trembled like a lyre;
Her pure eyes burned with azure fire;
About her lucent brow the hair
Played like light flames divine ones wear:

The maid was very fair.

But when she saw he gave no heed, —

Close-mantled up in ancient pain

As in some sad-wound weed,

Dumb as a shape of stone,

Being years past all moan, —

She tried no other strain,

But softly spake: "Most royal sir!"

He raised his head and looked at her.

So might a castaway, half dead,

Lift up his haggard head,

Waked by the swirl of sudden rain,

A cool, unhopèd-for grace,

Against his tearless face:

And see, with happy-crazèd mind,

Upon his raft a Bright One stand, —

His love of youth, her grave long left behind

In some sweet-watered land.

Helen Gray Cone.

TEN LETTERS FROM COLERIDGE TO SOUTHEY.

IN the autumn of 1798, shortly after the publication of *Lyrical Ballads*, which contained *The Ancient Mariner*, Wordsworth and Coleridge went to Germany. Wordsworth made a short stay, but Coleridge spent a year abroad, part of the time at Ratzeburg, in the house of the village pastor, and part at Göttingen. Shortly after his return to England, at the close of 1799, he settled in London, and made a connection with the *Morning Post*. Before the end of 1800 he had left London, and established himself in Keswick.

Saturday, *January 25*, 1800.

MY DEAR SOUTHEY, — No day passes in which I do not, as it were, yearn after

you, but in truth my occupations have lately swoln above smothering point. I am over mouth and nostrils. I have inclosed a poem which Mrs. Robinson gave me for your *Anthology*.¹ She is a woman of undoubted genius. There was a poem of hers in this morning's paper which both in metre and matter pleased me much. She overloads everything; but I never knew a human being with so full a mind, — bad, good, and indifferent, I grant you, but full and overflowing. This poem I asked for you, because I thought the metre stimulating, and some of the stanzas really good. The first line of the twelfth would of itself redeem a worse poem. I think you will agree with me;

¹ The *Bristol Anthology*, edited by Southey.

but should you not, yet still put it in, my dear fellow, for my sake and out of respect to a woman-poet's feelings.

Miss Hays¹ I have seen. Charles Lloyd's conduct has been atrocious beyond what you stated. Lamb himself confessed to me that, during the time in which he kept up his ranting, sentimental correspondence with Miss Hays, he frequently read her letters in company, as a subject for *laughter*, and then sate down and answered them quite *à la Rousseau*! Poor Lloyd! Every hour new-creates him; he is his own posterity in a perpetually flowing series, and his body unfortunately retaining an external identity, *their* mutual contradictions and disagreements are united under one name, and of course are called lies, treachery, and rascality! I would not give him up, but that the same circumstances which have wrenched his morals prevent in him any salutary exercise of genius; and therefore he is not worth to the world that I should embroil and embrangle myself in his interests. Of Miss Hays's intellect I do not think so highly as you; or rather, to speak sincerely, I think not contemptuously, but certainly *despectively* thereof. Yet I think you likely, in this case, to have judged better than I; for to hear a thing, ugly and petticoated, ex-syllogize a God with cold-blooded precision, and attempt to run religion through the body with an icicle, an icicle from a Scotch hog-trough. — *I* do not endure it! My eye beholds phantoms, and “nothing is, but what is not.”

By your last I could not find whether or no you still are willing to execute the History of the Levelling Principle. Let me hear. Tom Wedgwood is going to the Isle of St. Nevis. As to myself, Lessing out of the question, I must stay in England. . . . Dear Hartley is well

¹ Mary Hayes, a friend of Mary Wollstonecraft, whose opinions she advocated with great zeal, and whose death she witnessed. She wrote a novel, *Memoirs of Emma Courtney*.

and in high force. He sported of his own accord a theologico-astronomical hypothesis. Having so perpetually heard of good boys being put up into the sky when they are dead, and being now beyond measure enamoured of the lamps in the street, he said, one night, coming through the streets, “Stars are dead lamps; they be n't naughty; they are put up in the sky.” Two or three weeks ago he was talking to himself while I was writing, and I took down his soliloquy. It would make a most original poem.

You say I *illuminate*. I think that property will some time or other be modified by the predominance of intellect, even as rank and superstition are now modified by and subordinated to property. That much is to be hoped of the future; but first those particular modes of property which more particularly stop the diffusion must be done away as injurious to property itself: these are priesthood and the too great patronage of government. Therefore, if to act on the belief that all things are the process, and that inapplicable truths are moral falsehoods, be to *illuminate*, why, then I *illuminate*. I know that I have been obliged to *illuminate* so late at night, or rather mornings, that eyes have smarted as if I had *allum* in eyes. I believe I have misspelt the word, and ought to have written *Alum*; that aside, 't is a *humourous pun*.

Tell Davy² that I will soon write. God love him! You and I, Southey, know a good and great man or two in this world of ours.

God love you, my dear Southey, and your affectionate

S. T. COLERIDGE.

My kind love to Edith. Let me hear from you, and do not be angry with me that I don't answer your letters regularly.

² Afterward Sir Humphry Davy. He contributed some verses to Southey's *Anthology*. If De Quincey is to be trusted, Coleridge cooled toward Davy when the brilliant man of science became a great figure in London society.

[Early in 1800.]

MY DEAR SOUTHEY, — I shall give up this newspaper business; it is too, too fatiguing. I have attended the Debates twice, and the first time I was twenty-five hours in activity, and that of a very unpleasant kind, and the second time from ten in the morning till four o'clock the next morning. I am sure that you will excuse my silence, though indeed after two such letters from you I cannot scarcely excuse it myself.

First, of the book business. I find a resistance which I did not expect to the *anonymity* of the publication. Longman seems confident that a work on such a subject without a name would not do. Translations and perhaps satires are, he says, the only works that booksellers now venture on *without a name*. He is very solicitous to have your Thalaba, and wonders (most wonderful!) that you do not write a novel. That would be the thing! And truly, if, by no more pains than a St. Leon requires, you could get four hundred pounds, or half the money, I say so too. If we were together, we might easily *toss up* a novel, to be published in the name of one of us, or two, if that were all, and then christen 'em by lots. As sure as ink flows in my pen, by help of an amanuensis, I could write a volume a week. And Godwin got four hundred pounds for it! Think of that, Master Brook! I hope that some time or other you will write a novel on that subject of yours. I mean The Rise and Progress of a *Laughter*. Le Grice¹ in your eye, — the effect of laughing on taste, manners, morals, and happiness. But as to the Jacobin book, I must wait till I hear from you. Phillips would be very glad to engage you to write a school-book for him, — The History of Poetry in all Nations; about four hundred pages. But this, too, *must* have

your name. He would give sixty pounds. If poor dear Burnett were with you, he might do it, under your eye and with your instructions, as well as you or I could do it, but it is the *name*. Longman remarked, acutely enough, "The booksellers scarcely pretend to judge the merits of the book, but we know the *saleableness* of the name; and as they continue to buy most books on the calculation of a *first* edition of a thousand copies, they are seldom much mistaken, for the name gives them the excuse for sending it to all the Gemmen in Great Britain and the colonies, from whom they have standing orders for new books of reputation." This is the secret why books published by country booksellers, or by authors on their own account, so seldom succeed.

As to my schemes of residence, I am as unfixed as yourself, only that we are under the absolute necessity of fixing somewhere, and that somewhere will, I suppose, be Stowey. There are all my books and all our furniture. In May I am under a kind of engagement to go with Sara to Ottery. My family wish me to fix there, but *that* I must decline in the names of public liberty and individual free-agency. Elder brothers, not senior in intellect and not sympathizing in main opinions, are subjects of occasional visits, not temptations to a co-township. But if you go to Burton, Sara and I will waive the Ottery plan, if possible, and spend May and June with you, and perhaps July; but she must be settled in a house by the latter end of July or the first week in August. Till we are with you, Sara means to spend five weeks with the Roskillies, and a week or two at Bristol, where I shall join her. She will leave London in three weeks, at least, perhaps a fortnight, and I shall give up lodgings, and billet myself, free of expense, at my friend Purkis's at Brentford. This is

of his free opinions. He is the C. V. le G. of Elia's Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago.

¹ Valentine Le Grice, a Bluecoat boy, and friend of Lamb and Coleridge. He was a wit and scholar, who took orders, and acquired some note by being inhibited from preaching because

my present plan. O my dear Southey! I would to God that your health did not enforce you to migrate; we might most assuredly continue to fix a residence somewhere which might possess a sort of centrality. Alfoxden would make two houses sufficiently divided for unimpinging independence. . . .

Tell Davy that I have not forgotten him, because, without an epilepsy, I cannot forget him; and if I wrote to him as often as I think of him, Lord have mercy on his pocket!

God bless you again and again.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

I pass this evening with Charlotte Smith at her house.

[Postmark, *February 18, 1800.*]

MY DEAR SOUTHEY, — What do you mean by the words “it is indeed by expectation,” speaking of your state of health? I cannot bear to think of your going to a strange country without any one who loves and understands you. But we will talk of all this. I have not a moment’s time, and my head aches. I was up till five o’clock this morning. My brain is so overworked that I could doze troublously and with cold limbs, so affected was my circulation. I shall do no more for Stuart. Read Pitt’s speech in the Morning Post of to-day (February 18, Tuesday). I reported the whole with notes so scanty that — Mr. Pitt is much obliged to me. For, by Heaven, he never talked half as eloquently in his lifetime. He is a stupid, insipid charlatan, that Pitt. Indeed, except Fox, I, you, or anybody might learn to speak better than any man in the House. For the next fortnight I expect to be so busy that I shall go out of London a mile or so to be wholly uninterrupted. I do not understand the Beguinnings of Holland.¹ Phillips is a good-for-nothing fellow, but what of that? He will give

¹ Southey’s Letters contain a minute account of the Beguines at Ghent, but his visit was made in 1815.

you sixty pounds, and advance half the money now, for a book you can do in a fortnight, or three weeks at farthest. I would advise you not to give it up so hastily. Phillips eats no flesh. I observe wittily enough, that whatever might be thought of innate ideas, there could be no doubt to a man who had seen Phillips of the existence of innate beef. Let my Mad Ox keep my name. Fire and Famine do just what you like with. I have no wish either way. The Fears in Solitude, I fear, is not my property, and I have no encouragement to think it will be given up, but if I hear otherwise, I will let you know speedily; in the mean time, do not rely on it. Your review-plan *cannot* answer for this reason. It could exist only as long as the ononymous anti-anonymists remained in life, health, and the humour, and no publisher would undertake a periodical publication on so gossamery a tie. Besides, it really would not be right for any man to make so many people have strange and uncomfortable feelings towards him; which must be the case, however kind the reviews might be — and what but nonsense is published? The author of Gebir I cannot find out. There are none of his books in town. You have made a sect of Gebirites by your review, but it was not a fair, though a very kind review. I have sent a letter to Mrs. Fricker, which Sara directed to you. I hope it has come safe. Let me see, are there any other questions?

So, my dear Southey, God love you, and never, never cease to believe that I am

Affectionately yours,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Love to Edith.

No. 21, BUCKINGHAM STREET, Saturday.
[Early in 1800.]

MY DEAR SOUTHEY, — I will see Longman on Tuesday, at the farthest, but I pray you send me up what you have done, if you can, as I will read it

to him, unless he will take my word for it. But we cannot expect that he will treat finally without seeing a considerable specimen. Send it by the coach; and be assured that it will be as safe as in your own *escritoire*, and I will remit it the very day Longman or any bookseller has treated for it satisfactorily. Less than two hundred pounds I would not take.

Have you tried warm bathing in a high temperature? As to your travelling, your first business must of course be to *settle*. The Greek Islands, and Turkey in general, are one continued Hounslow Heath, only that the highwaymen there have an awkward habit of murdering people. As to Poland and Hungary, the detestable roads and inns of them both, and the severity of the climate in the former, render travelling there little suited to your state of health. Oh for peace and the south of France! What a detestable villainy is not the new Constitution! I have written all that relates to it which has appeared in the *Morning Post*; and not without strength or elegance. But the French are children. 'Tis an infirmity to hope or fear concerning them. I wish they had a king again, if it were only that Sieyès and Bonaparte might be *hung*. Guillotining is too republican a death for such reptiles!

You'll write another quarter for Mr. Stuart? You will torture yourself for twelve or thirteen guineas? I pray you do not do so! You might get, without the exertion and with but little more expenditure of time, from fifty to an hundred pounds. Thus, for instance, bring together on your table, or skim over successively, Brücker, Lardner's History of Heretics, Russell's Modern Europe, and Andrews' History of England, and write a history of levellers and the levelling principle under some goodly title, neither praising nor abusing them. Lacedæmon, Crete, and the attempts at Agrarian Laws in Rome, — all these you have by

heart. . . . Plato and Zeno are, I believe, nearly all that relates to the purpose in Brücker. Lardner's is a most amusing book to read. Write only a sheet of letter paper a day, which you can easily do in an hour, and in twelve weeks you will have produced (without any toil of brains, observing none but chronological arrangement, and giving you little more than the trouble of transcription) twenty-four sheets octavo. I will gladly write a philosophical introduction that shall enlighten without offending, and therein state the rise of property, etc. For this you might secure sixty or seventy guineas, and receive half the money on producing the first eight sheets, in a month from your first commencement of the work. Many other works occur to me, but I mention this because it might be doing great good, inasmuch as boys and youths would read it with far different impressions from their fathers and godfathers, and yet the latter find nothing alarming in the nature of the work, it being purely historical. If I am not deceived by the recency of their date, my Ode to the Duchess and my Xmas Carol will *do* for your Anthology. I have therefore transcribed them for you. But I need not ask you, for God's sake, to use your own judgment without spare.

February 28, 1800.

It goes to my heart, my dear Southey, to sit down and write to you, knowing that I can scarcely fill half a side — the postage lies on my conscience. I am translating manuscript plays of Schiller. They are *poems*, full of long speeches, in very polish'd blank verse. The theatre! the theatre! my dear Southey! it will never, never, never do! If you go to Portugal, your History thereof *will* do, but, for present money, novels or translations. I do not see that a book said by you in the Preface to have been written merely as a book for young persons could injure your reputation more than Milton's *Accidence* injured his. I

would do it because you can do it so easily. It is not necessary that you should say much about French or German literature. Do it so. Poetry of savage nations — Poetry of rudely-civilized — Homer and the Hebrew Poetry, etc. — Poetry of civilized nations under Republics and Polytheism — State of Poetry under the Roman and Greek Empires — Revival of it in Italy, in Spain and England — then go steadily on with England to the end, except one chapter about German Poetry to conclude with, which I can write for you.

In the Morning Post was a poem of fascinating metre by Mary Robinson; 't was on Wednesday, February 26, and entitled The Haunted Beach. I was so struck with it that I sent to her to desire that [it] might be preserved in the Anthology. She was extremely flattered by the idea of its being there, as she idolizes you and your doings. So, if it be not too late, I pray you let it be in. If you should not have received that day's paper, write immediately, that I may transcribe it. It falls off sadly to the last, wants tale and interest; but the images are new and very distinct; — that "silvery carpet" is so *just* that it is unfortunate it should seem so bad, for it is really good; but the metre, — ay! that woman has an ear. William Taylor,¹ from whom I have received a couple of letters full of thought and information, says what astounded me, that double rhymes in our language have always a *ludicrous* association. Mercy on the man! where are his ears and feelings? His taste cannot be *quite* right, from this observation; but he is a famous fellow — that is not to be denied.

Sara is poorly still. Hartley rampant, and emperorizes with your pictures. Harry is a fine boy. Hartley told a gentleman, "Metinks you are *like Southey*," — and he was not wholly un-

like you; but the chick calling you simple "Southey," so pompously!

God love you and your Edith.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Love to Davy.

GRETA HALL, KESWICK.

[May 6, 1801.]

MY DEAR SOUTHEY, — I wrote you a very, very gloomy letter; and I have taken blame to myself for inflicting so much pain on you without any adequate motive. Not that I exaggerated anything as far as the immediate present is concerned; but had I been in better health and a more genial state of sensation, I should assuredly have looked out upon a more cheerful future. Since I wrote you, I have had another and more severe fit of illness, which has left me weak, very weak, but with so calm a mind that I am determined to believe that this fit was *bonâ fide* the last. Whether I shall be able to pass the next winter in this country is doubtful, nor is it possible I should know till the fall of the leaf. At all events, you will (I hope and trust, and if need were *entreat*) spend as much of the summer and autumn with us as will be in your power; and if our *healths* should permit it, I am confident there will be no other solid objection to our living together in the same house, divided. We have ample room, room enough and more than enough, and I am willing to believe that the blessed dreams we dreamt some six years ago may be auguries of something really noble which we may yet perform together.

We wait impatiently, anxiously, for a letter announcing your arrival; indeed, the article Falmouth has taken precedence of the Leading Paragraph with me for the last three weeks. Our best love to Edith. Derwent is the boast of the county — the little River-God is as beautiful as if he had been the child of Venus Anaduomene previous to her emersion. Dear Hartley! we are at times alarmed by the state of his health,

¹ William Taylor, of Norwich, who did much to introduce the knowledge of German literature into England.

but at present he is well. If I were to lose him, I am afraid it would exceedingly deaden my affection for any other children I may have.

A little child, a limber elf
Singing, dancing to itself;
A faery thing with red round cheeks
That always *finds*, and never *seeks*,
Doth make a Vision to the Sight,
Which fills a Father's eyes with Light
And Pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his Heart that he at last
Must needs express his Love's Excess
In words of Wrong and Bitterness.
Perhaps it is pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other;
To mutter and mock a broken charm;
To dally with Wrong that does no Harm;
Perhaps 't is tender, too, and pretty
At each wild word to feel within
A sweet Recoil of Love and Pity;
And what if in a World of Sin
(O sorrow and shame, should this be true!)
Such Giddiness of Heart and Brain
Comes seldom, save from Rage and Pain,
So talks as it's most used to do!

A very metaphysical account of fathers calling their children rogues, rascals, and little varlets, etc.

God bless you, my dear Southey! I need not say, write.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

P. S. We shall have peas, beans, turnips (with boiled leg of mutton), cauliflowers, French beans, etc., etc., endless! We have a noble garden.

Wednesday, July 22, 1801.

MY DEAR SOUTHEY, — Yesterday evening I met a boy on an ass, winding down as *picturish* a *glen* as eye ever looked at, he and his beast no mean part of the picture. I had taken a liking to the little blackguard at a distance, and I could have downright hugged him when he gave me a letter in your handwriting. Well, God be praised! I shall surely see you once more, somewhere or other. If it be really impracticable for you to come to me, I will doubtless do anything rather than not see you, though in simple truth travelling in chaises or coaches even for one day is

sure to lay me up for a week. But do, do, for heaven's sake, come, and go the shortest way, however dreary it be, for there is enough to be seen when you get to our house. If you did but know what a flutter the old moveable at my left breast has been in, since I read your letter. I have not had such a fillip for a many months. My dear Edith! how glad you were to see old Bristol again!

I am again climbing up that rock of convalescence, from which I have been so often washed off and hurried back; but I have been so unusually well these last two days that I should begin to look the damsel Hope full in the face, instead of sheep's-eyeing her, were it not that the weather has been so unusually hot, — and that is my joy. Yes, sir! we will go to Constantinople; but as it rains there, which my gout loves as the devil does holy water, the Grand Turk shall shew the exceeding attachment he will no doubt form towards us by appointing us his Viceroys in Egypt. I will be Supreme Bey of that showerless district, and you shall be my supervisor. But for God's sake, make haste and come to me, and let us talk of the sands of Arabia while we are floating in our lazy-boat on Keswick Lake, with our eyes on massy Skiddaw, so green and high. Perhaps Davy might accompany you. Davy will remain unvitiated — his deepest and most recollectable delights have been in solitude, and the next to those — with one or two whom he loved. He is placed, no doubt, in a perilous desert of good things, but he is connected with the present race of men by a very awful tie, that of being able to confer immediate benefit on them; and the cold-blooded, venom-toothed snake that winds around him shall be only his coat of arms, as God of Healing.

I exceedingly long to see Thalaba, and perhaps still more to read Madoc over again. I never heard of any third edition of my poems, I think; you must have confused it with the L. B. Long-

man could not surely be so uncouthly ill-mannered as not to write to me to know if I wished to make any corrections or additions. If I am well enough, I mean to alter, with a devilish sweep of revolution, my tragedy, and publish it, in a little volume by itself with a new name, as a poem. But I have no heart for poetry. Alas! alas! how should I, who have passed nine months with giddy head, sick stomach, and swoln knees? My dear Southey, it is said that long sickness makes us all grow selfish, by the necessity which it imposes of continuously thinking about ourselves. But long and sleepless nights are a fine antidote.

Oh, how I have dreamt about you! Times that *have been*, and never can return, have been with me on my bed of pain, and how I yearned towards you in those moments I myself can know only by feeling it over again. But come "strengthen the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

I am here, in the vicinity of Durham, for the purpose of reading from the Dean and Chapters Library an ancient of whom you may have heard, Duns Scotus! I mean to set the poor old Gemman on his feet again; and in order to wake him out of his present lethargy, I am burning Locke, Hume, and Hobbes under his nose. They stink worse than feather or assafetida. Poor Joseph!¹ he has scribbled away both head and heart. What an affecting essay I could write on that man's character! Had he gone in his quiet way on a little poney, looking about him with a sheep's eye cast now and then at a short poem, I do verily think, from many parts of the Malvern Hills, that he would at last have become a poet better than many who have had much fame; but he would be an epic, and so

Victorious o'er the Danes, I Alfred preach,
Of my own Forces Chaplain-General!

¹ Joseph Cottle?

. . . Write immediately, directing, "Mr. Coleridge, Mr. George Hutchinson's, Bishop's Middleham, Rushford, Durham," and tell me when you set off, and I will contrive and meet you at Liverpool, where, if you are jaded with the journey, we can stay a day or two at Dr. Crompton's, and chat a bit with Roscoe and Curry, whom you will like as men far, far better than as writers.

O Edith! how happy Sara will be, and little Hartley, who uses the air of the breezes as skipping-ropes, and fat Derwent, so beautiful, and so proud of his three teeth that there's no bearing of him.

God bless you, dear Southey, and S. T. Coleridge.

P. S. Remember me kindly to Danvers and Mrs. Danvers.

DURHAM, Saturday, July 25, 1801.

MY DEAR SOUTHEY.—I do loathe cities, that's certain. I'm in Durham, at an inn—and that too I do not like—and have dined with a large parcel of priests, all belonging to the cathedral, thoroughly ignorant and hard-hearted. I have had no small trouble in gaining permission to have a few books sent to me eight miles from the place, which nobody has ever read in the memory of man. Now you will think what follows a lie, and it is not. I asked a stupid, haughty fool, who is the librarian of the Dean and Chapters Library in this city, if he had Leibnitz. He answered, "We have no museum in this library for natural curiosities; but there is a mathematical instrument setter in the town, who shews such animalcula through a glass of great magnifying powers." Heaven and earth! he understood the word "*live nits*." Well, I return early to-morrow to Middleham, to a quiet, good family that love me dearly—a young farmer and his sister; and he makes very droll verses in the northern dialects and in the metre of Burns, and is a great humorist, and the woman is so very good a woman

that I have seldom indeed seen the like of her. Death! that everywhere there should be one or two good and excellent people like these, and that they should not have the power given 'em to edit a crepitus strong enough to whirl away the rest to Hell!

I do not approve the Palermo and Constantinople scheme, to be secretary to a fellow that would poison you for being a poet, while he is only a lame versemaker. But verily, dear Southey, it will not suit you to be under any man's controll or biddances. What if you were a consul? 'T would fix you to one place, as bad as if you were a parson. It won't do. Now mark my scheme! St. Nevis is the most lovely as well as the most healthy island in the West Indies. Pinny's estate is there, and he has a country-house situated in a most heavenly way, a very large mansion. Now, between you and me, I have reason to believe that not only this house is at my service, but many advantages in a family way that would go one half to lessen the expences of living there; and perhaps Pinny would appoint us sine-cure negro-drivers, at a hundred a year each, or some other snug and reputable office; and perhaps, too, we might get some office in which there is quite nothing to do under the Governor. Now I and my family, and you and Edith, and Wordsworth and his sister, might all go there, and make the island more illustrious than Cos or Lesbos! A heavenly climate, a heavenly country, and a good house. The seashore so near us, dells and rocks and streams. Do now think of this. But say nothing about it on account of old Pinny. Wordsworth would certainly go if I went. By the living God, it is my opinion that we should not leave three such men behind us. N. B. I have every reason to believe Keswick (and Cumberland and Westmoreland in general) full as dry a climate as Bristol. Our rains fall more certainly in certain months; but we

have fewer rainy days, taking the year through. As to cold, I do not believe the difference perceptible by the human body. But I feel that there is no relief for me in *any part* of England. Very hot weather brings me about in an instant, and I relapse as soon as it coldens.

You say nothing of your voyage homeward, or the circumstances that preceded it. This, however, I [would] far rather hear from your mouth than your letters. Come! and come quickly. My love to Edith, and remember me kindly to Mary and Martha and Eliza and Mrs. Fricker. My kind respects to Charles and Mrs. Danvers. Is Davy with you? If he is, I am sure he speaks affectionately of me. God bless you! Write.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

SCARBOROUGH, August 1, 1801.

MY DEAR SOUTHEY,—On my return from Durham (I foolishly walked back) I was taken ill, and my left knee swelled “pregnant with agony,” as Mr. Dodsley says in one of his poems. Dr. Fenwick has earnestly persuaded me to try horse-exercise and warm sea-bathing, and I took the opportunity of riding with Sara Hutchinson to her Brother Tom, who lives near this place, where I can ride to and fro, and bathe with no other expence there than that of the bath. The fit comes on me either at nine at night or two in the morning: in the former case it continues nine hours, in the latter five. I am often literally *sick* with pain. In the daytime, however, I am well, surprisingly so, indeed, considering how very little sleep I am able to snatch.

Your letter was sent after me, and arrived here this morning; and but that my letter *can* reach you on the 5th of this month, I would immediately set off again, though I arrived here only last night. But I am unwilling not to try the baths for one week. If therefore you have not made the immediate pre-

parations, you may stay one week longer at Bristol; but if you have, you must look at the lake, and play with my babies three or four days, though this grieves me. I do not like it. I want to be with you, and to meet you — even to the very verge of the lake country. I would far rather that you would stay a week at Grasmere (which is on the road, fourteen miles from Keswick) with Wordsworth than go on to Keswick, and I not there. Oh, how you will love Grasmere!

All I ever wish of you with regard to wintering at Keswick is to stay with me till you find the climate injurious. When I read that cheerful sentence, “We will climb Skiddaw this year, and scale Etna the next,” with a right piteous and humorous smile did I ogle my poor knee, which at this present moment is larger than the thickest part of my thigh.

A little Quaker girl (the daughter of the great Quaker mathematician Slee, a friend of anti-negro-trade Clarkson, who has a house at the foot of Ulleswater — which Slee Wordsworth dined with, a pretty parenthesis), this little girl, four years old, happened after a very hearty meal to *eructate*, while Wordsworth was there. Her mother *looked* at her, and the little creature immediately and *formally* observed, “Yan belks when yan’s fu’ and when yan’s empty;” that is, “One belches when one’s full and when one’s empty.” Since that time this is a favourite piece of slang at Grasmere and Greta Hall, whenever we talk of poor Joey, George Dyer, and other perseverants in the noble trade of Scribbleism.

Wrangham, who lives near here, one of your Anthology friends, has married again, a Lady of a neat £700 a year. His living by the Inclosure will be something better than £600, besides what little fortune he had with his last wife, who died in the first year. His present wife’s cousin observed, “Mr. W. is a lucky man; his present lady is very weakly and delicate.” I like the idea of a man’s speculating in sickly

wives. It would be no bad character for a farce.

That letter 卅 was a kind-hearted, honest, well-spoken citizen. The three strokes, which *did* for him, were, as I take it, (1) the Ictus Cardiacus, which devitalized his moral heart; (2) the Stroke of the Apoplexy in his head; and (3) a stroke of the palsy in his right hand, which produces a terrible shaking and impotence in the very attempt to reach his breeches pocket. O dear Southey, what incalculable blessings, worthy of thanksgiving in heaven, do we not owe to our being and having been poor! No man’s heart can wholly stand up against property.

My love to Edith.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

NETHER STOWEY, BRIDGEWATER,
December 31, 1801.

DEAR SOUTHEY, — On Xmas day I breakfasted with Davy, with the intention of dining with you; but I returned very unwell, and in very truth in so utter a dejection of spirits as both made it improper for me to go anywhither, and a most unfit man to be with you. I left London on Saturday morning four o’clock, and for three hours was in such a storm as I was never before out in, for I was atop of the coach; rain, and hail, and violent wind with vivid flashes of lightning that seemed almost to alternate with the flash-like re-emersions of the waning moon from the ever-shattered, ever-closing clouds. However, I was armed cap-a-pie in a complete panoply, namely, in a huge, most huge Roquelaire, which had cost the Government seven guineas, and was provided for the emigrants in the Quiberon expedition, one of whom, falling sick, stayed behind, and parted with his cloak to Mr. Howel, who lent it me. I dipped my head down, shoved it up, and it proved a complete tent to me. I was as dry as if I had been sitting by the fire. I arrived at Bath at eleven

o'clock at night, and spent the next day with Warren, who has gotten a very sweet woman to wife, and a most beautiful house and situation at Whitcomb on the Hill over the bridge. On Monday afternoon I arrived at Stowey. I am a good deal better; but my bowels are by no means de-revolutionized. So much for me.

I do not know what I am to say to you of your dear mother. Life passes away from us in all modes and ways, in our friends, in ourselves. We all "die daily." Heaven knows that many and many a time I have regarded my talents and acquirements as a porter's burthen, imposing on me the capital duty of going on to the end of the journey, when I would gladly lie down by the side of the road, and become the Country for a mighty nation of Maggots.

For what is life, gangrened, as it is with me, in its very vitals, domestic tranquillity? These things being so, I confess that I feel for you, but not for the event, as for the event only by an act of thought, and not by any immediate shock from the like feeling within myself.

When I return to town I can scarcely tell. I have not yet made up my mind whether or no I shall move Devonward. My relations wish to see me, and I wish to avoid the uneasy feeling I shall have if I remain so near them without gratifying the wish. No very brotherly mood of mind, I must confess, but it is, nine-tenths of it at least, a work of their own doing.

Poole desires to be remembered to you. Remember me to your wife and Mrs. Lovell. God bless you, and
S. T. COLERIDGE.

FROM WINTER SOLSTICE TO VERNAL EQUINOX.

My first glimpse of the morning was through a loophole of the frosted window pane. I saw the morning star and a light at a neighbor's, both of which struck out a thousand sparkles on the frosted glass. I was reminded of saline flakes and spars in a white cavern suddenly illuminated by a torch.

How the air burns one's eyes on such a morning! The snow was everywhere bluish in its tint, or as though colored by the intervening air. Minute snowballs hung upon the sprays of privet, and looked like some sort of cool May bloom. An evergreen hedge rounded up with snow, without hollow or wrinkle anywhere, furnished a long, narrow pallet or couch where an anchorite might sleep, if it were not something too luxurious. The space between the banks of the creek, now at its lowest winter ebb, was smoothly spread with snow, yielding a

white, clean highway, or lowway, for invisible and unimagined travelers, — spirits of the keen and tenuous air. One tree, as I passed under, whispered with its dozen dry leaves, "Pity, oh, pity me!" For "pity," indeed, I would have plucked and thrown away its leaves, had they been within reach. But all its fellows slept, or dreamed, in seasonable quiescence.

To-day, the noise of the woods was twofold: the great wave or surge sound in the treetops as the wind swept through them; then, the fitful, cautionary, light whisper, the "sh" and "hist," that ran everywhere among the dry leaves. And what is the tragedy of the cast-off honors of the tree, that, as the feet stir the leafy drift, there go forth the syllables, "hor-ror, hor-ror"?

I was, indeed, admonished to leave

the woods, through the falling of a tree but a few yards away from where I sat at the roots of another tree. What a boon is life when Fate makes a feint of snatching it away from us, and then, with a grim, aboriginal humor, satisfied with having frightened us out of our wits, smilingly hands it back for us to keep a little longer! I might, then, come another year; I might again smell the sweet odor of the moist forest mould in that place, and gather the violets of a coming spring from the knoll near by, where they first peep forth. This and more, thus epitomized or symbolized, were yet in my portion. So it was not possible death, but potential life, with a warmer impetus in the currents of being, which in that moment surged into my quickened consciousness. How should we feel what death is, who can never taste the draught without quite draining the cup? But hint at death, merely, and the experience of life runs the deeper, awaking a stronger cry of inalienable possession.

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Most haunting of all are those morn-
ing visions which the dream-artist fails
to finish.

A sleeper awakes with the dream of a voice
 Enchaining the ear;
Not a tone, not a word, yet there is no choice
 All day but to hear.
 O voice of Fate,
Out of dreams be fulfilled or early or late!

A sleeper awakes with the dream of a face,
 Wavering, fair;
And all day long its shadowy grace
 Follows everywhere.
 O face of Fate,
Out of dreams be fulfilled or early or late!

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Fog and frost. — a weather antago-
nism, a meeting of elements phlegmatic
and fiery, since frost is the fire that burns
by freezing.

Though it was still twilight, I could
see that all exposed surfaces, as the
trunks of trees and fences, were coated

with frost, which seemed to shine by its
own light. Each blade of grass would
have been found to be striped with white,
and resembling the variegated or ribbon
grass of the old-fashioned garden. All
was soil for this hibernal vegetation,
which, like true mosses and fungi, seemed
preying upon the irresolute and passive
life of nature. And as I stepped upon
the planks of the bridge, it was as though
sugar was crushed underfoot, so thick
and crisp was the frost. One set of
tracks only preceded mine. He who left
them upon the frosty planks appeared
to be a genuine *matutinus homo*, all in
gray, as an early-morning man should be;
yet his garments had not been selected
with reference to the morning gray, but
to his business of dealer in flour! A
span of bay horses passed. These had
their plushy winter coats well mixed with
the tingling gray of the frost; or rather,
it was suggested that they were slowly
undergoing transformation into horses of
snow.

About turning home, I heard a high,
quavering note, apparently uttered by
some bird on the wing, possibly a be-
lighted owl. The note died so gradually
away, the attentive silence of the hour
retained it so long, that I could not be
sure when I actually ceased to hear it.

It continued growing cold. The sun,
though shining without let or hindrance
of any cloud, was feeble and ineffectual,
only serving to make cold visible as well
as sensible to the touch. A glittering
ricochet of beams was flashed back from
every pool of ice; lending the impres-
sion that there may be reflected cold as
well as reflected heat. A glassy trail of
light extended from the gate to the door,
like the trail of light upon wrinkled
waters.

Looking off to the distant woods, my
attention was attracted by the mysteri-
ous play of two wind-blown smoke-plumes
proceeding from farmhouse chimneys.
Against the sombre background of the
woods, these two jets of smoke seemed

like white waving flames impaled at some point and struggling to wrest themselves free. In a mythological view, these might have been regarded as signals raised by the *genii loci* inhabiting the woody bound of earth, — Homeric tokens and messages, as when Simois lifted a crystal billow to call a brother river to his aid. Or say so much fog was compressed into two spiral moulds, and that the houses whence these proceeded were reservoirs of solid brume and cold weather.

A field of old snow harrowed by the winds, it appeared. All recent loose snow had been blown away, and the surface thus left had the look of having been trodden by innumerable feet of herds; no single track showing plainly, but track upon track, in rugged confusion. Fine, light snow driving over the field might have been clouds of miraculously bleached and sifted summer dust; or smoke or steam exhaling from the ground was suggested. Sweeping along the surface of roadside pools, the whited gust lent the apparent motion of swiftly running water seen through transparent ice.

To the lake this afternoon, by the Jericho road. As we approached, it was impossible, at a half mile's distance, to determine where the shore left off and the water began, so monotonous was the prevailing dead whiteness of the prospect. A few rods out from the beach was a line of ice upheaval. The great boulder-like masses thus formed sloped towards the shore, but were jagged and abrupt on the north or lake side, rising to perhaps eight feet in height, and appearing to have been rent up from the level by the wind from that quarter. There was some resemblance in their shape to the rooty masses of upturned forest trees, — the ascribed origin of the "cradle-knolls" of the farmer's parlance. Between these solidly strenuous waves there was, in one place, a small cave or

passageway, roofed with a pendent arabesque, which, when broken off, simulated crystal pipes and trumpets, — the pieces of a hyperborean orchestra to discourse a "frozen music"! Beyond this line of rough ice the lake looked like a level field with slightly harrowed clods and small stones. Far on the horizon was a formation of ice that vaguely suggested the piers of a bridge or a viaduct.

I was told that these glacial masses are sometimes thrown up to the height of twelve feet; and illustrating how treacherous is this architecture of the ice-king, I heard the account of a man who had scaled the side of one of these masses, and at the top had broken through and fallen into the water. The roofing ice was but a thin film caused by the washing of the water up the side of the frozen wave. Thus there was produced an air-hole on a large scale, a pit-fall in the shape of an ice-pen.

I have often wondered how much the clouds passing over the lake have to do with the mobile streakings of its summer waters, — how much of this variability in color is due to the clouds, how much to the motion and to the differing depth of the water. To-day, standing on a high bluff overlooking the hollow of the frozen lake, I was greatly impressed, seeing the shadow of a cloud (and that but a small one) move slowly over the desolate white plain. The progress of the cloud was marked by a dark streak extending from east to west, just as in the summer, only now there was neither color nor motion of waves. How that slim, traveling shadow accentuated the dreary void and savageness of the scene, as though it had been the phantom epitome of some caravan that once had attempted to cross that bleak Sahara!

Returning, I read the fable of a show-er of gold, — read it rather by means of fancy than by the natural eye. Particles of snow, light and fine, like dust motes, kept falling through the sunny air; or rather, every atom wavered and

floated and scintillated, as though buoyed up by an electric current. Only in the sunlight could this fine, glancing snow-dust be seen. The shadows showed no least trace of it.

What liberality of affection in the universal have we if we do not love the life of all nature, including dumb animals, which, for all we may know, are endued with a portion of the same spirit as ourselves? To love humanity alone, to have no compassionate interest in these unlanguageed ones, is like loving the members of our own house and family, merely, with no feeling to spend on any unrelated individual. Humanity is our own immediate family; but, not to be clan-nish, let us make friends with the blameless good citizens outside this kinship bond. I would enter by sympathetic imagining into the life of bird and beast; would try to resolve their possible questionings, reminiscences, hopes, and fears.

What are the winter cogitations of the little brown bat that lives in the closet, and is called their "familiar" by the N—— family? They brought the creature out for my inspection. Its hair, or fur, of a medium shade of brown, is soft and fine. Its upright, rather large ears, yet of a membranous delicacy and thinness, give their owner an expression of alertness and sagacity. Its face is long, and narrows towards the nose, suggesting the pig's physiognomy. The eyes, round, scarce a pin-head in size, are like black diamond points. Its mouth, when open, shows a pink interior; teeth white and tiny; and the tongue, a bit of pink tape or ribbon, is wonderfully dexterous in its motions. The "familiar," when a toy saucer of water was placed before it, drank, or lapped, with a kind of dog-day thirst. The toed and fingered wings (why not *pterodactyl*?), when spread out, were half transparent in their thinness, the underside color being reddish in spots. A little water was poured into the box inhabited by the bat, who there-

upon sat up nearly erect, deliberately bent its head around between body and outspread wing, and proceeded to lick off the water, very much after the fashion of puss when surprised by a sudden shower bath.

It is a distress siege for the sparrows and other small birds. Opening the door this morning, I picked up, on the step, a dead sparrow, frozen, like a pebble with feathers fastened to it. If these small mites were human, I can guess what their reflections would be in this trying time; they would question, what offense had they ever committed, that Heaven should inflict such punishment? But the sparrows, as if they accepted once and for all the parable which mercifully mentions them, enter into no discriminations arraigning Providence. If they survive the freezing night, their spirits and hopes suffer no visible diminution.

This morning, a downy woodpecker, after tapping about the posts that support the clothesline, and finding small entertainment there, flew to the ground, where crumbs from the table had been thrown and frozen under, unluckily, by the dripping of the eaves. With hammer-like blows, how vigorously he pecked at the stubborn ice! I did not remember that I had ever before seen a woodpecker alight upon the ground. And now the dear little chickadee sits on his bone (tacked by careful hands to the plum-tree for his sole benefit), sits, and sings, and says most enchanting things, in the intervals between nipping and picking. He has one note which sounds like the human voice practicing *mi, re, mi, re*, — a clear musical note, filled with sentiment, and somewhat unlike the piquant conversation usually exchanged by a flock of his merry fellows.

What a very gymnast is the typical chickadee! As he twists himself on his perch, bringing his head under his feet, I

am reminded of similar grotesque actions in the parrot. How tame and curious, hopping down through the branches, until just above one's head! There is a winnowing sound in the flight of the chickadee which recalls the rustling noise of the humming-bird's wings, or the night-moth hovering over flowers, in the far-away antipode of the season. Responsive to this sweetest note heard in all winterdom comes the terse staccato "yah, yah," of the fellowshipping nuthatches. This sharp note, sounded from so many different places, might be paralleled by the going off of firecrackers, one after another, here and there, at random.

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A young farmer tells me a good story about a woodpecker. While chopping in the woods, he observed one of these birds perseveringly boring in one particular spot high on the trunk of a tree. As the bird kept up this industry all the forenoon, in the afternoon the farmer, out of curiosity, and with the prodigality of our Western woodsmen, cut the tree down, and proceeded to investigate by deepening the hole already made by the persistent woodpecker. Finally, there was laid bare a large white grub, which rolled out and fell to the ground. The best part of the story is this: the woodpecker, which had all the time remained on the field of action, now came and devoured the grub. I dare say the woodpecker innocently thought that the man had seen its honest effort to secure food, and had generously come to its assistance.

.
Watched the morning star out of the sky. It stood forth, sparkling and clear, in color between gold and silver, foiled by the pale sapphire of the sky. I thought it would be a short and easy thing to see the end of the chase, with the sun so close upon the star's track, so I proposed a walk towards the east, keeping the bright fugitive in view until

it should disappear. It was almost a thrilling chase; for, as I walked, the star, to all intents and purposes of the eye, also hurried along, seeming to thread in and out among the treetops, like a very firefly of the morning! Finally, I took up a stationary watch. The star, too, kept watch of the sun, showing some tremulous apprehension; yet it stayed, growing all the time finer and mistier, till one who had not watched it from the start could scarcely have detected its form or place. Looking away, I was able to find it again only by tracing its position with reference to a certain roof and treetop. To the tense nerve of vision, the sky became alive with phantasmal stars; these, however, quite separable from the real star. Once, as a light cloud of chimney smoke went up, the star was more definitely seen, as when the sun is looked at through smoked glass. The red orb of the sun soon pushed up between two bands of dark cloud; and yet the star would not out! It was not until fifteen minutes later that its bright ore sank to rise not again, in the broad flow of daylight. Quite as I expected: I did not see the star *disappear*; while I was looking, behold, there was no star there, but the instant of its withdrawal was not marked. We never see the stars come into the sky, or vanish out of it. Presto, they are there, or they are absent, without warning!

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What pleasure the eye finds in discovering sharp antitheses, even of the most trivial nature! Looking across the snowy roof just now, I observed a pleasing effect produced by a sooty chimney against the pale blue sky as background. Encouraged by that delicate, faint-tinted foil, the chimney soot insists upon looking like some sort of rich brown-black efflorescence or rust, a velvety growth of mould, or a minute black fungus. The chimney becomes, at this moment, as piquing to my fancy as if it were some storied tower or column. I am

aware that this is "all in my eye," as the common saying is. But, more than this, the eye is a great autocrat, and will not be denied; if it seeks luxury, grandeur, adventure, out of the simplest elements, it will itself construct all these.

It is surely not well to look back repiningly, to trouble ourselves with the sorrowful enumeration of what the individual lot has foregone or has failed to achieve; yet a sort of generous disquiet may haunt us on this subject of losses. And not from altruism, merely, but from a kind of sublimated economics, which desires the conservation of blessings, we may fairly enough, if vainly also, wish that others might grasp the opportunity we failed to grasp, that some one shall win where our speed and strength fell short.

"Thus Nisus stumbled on the slippery place

While his young friend performed and won
the race."

Would we might each know our Euryalus!

Hast thou found what I have lost,
All among the wild days tossed?
Alien, outlaw, slave, or thief,
Or of rogues the very chief, —
Care I not, if any one
Of my kind beneath the sun
Might but follow, might but find
What the wave and what the wind,
Ever beating on my track,
Made me leave, and ne'er look back!
Hast thou found what I have lost,
Any of Earth's motley host?

A star, or the light of a lamp with a dark space about it, to the eye takes the shape of a three-pointed star; one pencil of rays vertical, the other two drawn obliquely from the common centre downwards. Some slight variation from this figure occurs by bending the head to left or right; but the three divisions are still sufficiently indicated.

The evening is one of unusual beauty in respect to frost scintillations. Patches of snow here and there sparkle as though nothing less precious than diamond dust had been sprinkled abroad, or, to seek a homelier comparison, as

though the whole body of snow, like the fur of some animals, were charged with electricity. Dark places, bare of snow, dry blades of grass, also, twinkle with pin-points of keen, clear light, as they might if sprinkled with a more vivid dew. This is, indeed, winter dew; and the effect of the frost is all the more enchanting and unaccountable because of the complete silence. The faint, occasional glitter of the dew in summer nights appears half to proceed from the motion of insect life hidden under the grass blades. Besides, the wind and all leafy stirrs seem to help account for the flickering changes of the dew. But this frozen dew, the frost, glints elfishly along the still surface of the winter-bound earth, and, by a twinkling pantomime, appears to keep up communication with those greater frost crystals overhead, the stars and planets of the December night.

The moon this evening is not queen in an absolute monarchy; all the eminent stars keeping their places and shining splendidly with live fire of silver beams. How different always is the light of the stars from that of the moon, which is surely the lamp of the dead, throwing a dead planet's lack-lustre eye-beams! And to-night the stars appear not very far away.

"The black elm-tops among the freezing stars,"

says one. Yonder bevy of beauties gazes out through a lattice work of lithe maple.

The circumpolar movement of the stars, in these jocund clear nights of the winter, suggests a familiar and perhaps too trivial comparison. I think of the whole sparkling company as of a ring of children moving with hands joined about one of their own number placed in the centre of the circle. They dance on and on, around and around, disappear, return, disappear. I could fancy the sky swims giddily with their changeful splendors.

Last night when I stretched the thread

of enchantment between the sashes of the window, Day-before-Yesterday and Day-after-To-Morrow immediately met in the caressing sound that arose from the windswept chord. Again, as always before, the sound seemed such as I might at any time have heard, had I but listened for it. And to-night there comes a sound faintly tentative, more like a low, deep note from a horn than the vibration of a chord. The very window, where the slight thread is stretched between wooden keys, seems to me haunted; to the ear a strange, solemn, mournful apparition coming and going, now advancing, now retiring. What does it seek? A brave trumpeter! Where fell the legion which its fanfare incited? And do they not fight the fatal fight over again to-night in the windy fields of heaven?

Examining the wind-harp later in the evening, I find that it has, instead of keys of wood at each end of the crevice, two drops of ice, holding the thread between them, some ten inches apart. Thus Nature has far more to do with this simple instrument than have mortal hands. I provide the silken string only; Ice keys it and gives the pitch, and Wind plays upon it at will.

The wind-harp is not so unlike other searchers and singers of the unknown. Always uprises the strain bravely through the first, third, and fifth of the scale, but the ear waits in vain to hear the key-note reached; only the wailing seventh is achieved. But one poor half-tone is wanting; yet great Æolus himself cannot overcome the law which governs the chord. So likewise fail of completion the ascending thought and utterance of the artist whom the winds of imagination and emotion sway as they list. How seldom is the cadence satisfied!

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This slender homesick tree that died
Set in an alien soil unkind,
Uptorn in autumn, cast aside,
Lay bare to winter's frost and wind.

I brought it to my hearth last night;
I said, "Thy gardener will I be!"
And in a bed of coals so bright
I planted there the young dead tree.

"Now live, and bloom a little span."
The kindly flames compliant laughed:
They bathed its roots, and blithely ran
Along the bare and piteous shaft.

Then fiery buds did deck the tree
That never one green leaf had graced.
O Gardener, do the same by me,
Not leave me blanching on the waste!

.

Remembering Milton's requirement that he who would write an heroic poem should lead an heroic life, I am persuaded that he who would write lyrics must lead a lyrical life. He must in his thoughts be buoyant, impressible, keenly alive in all the senses; answering, as an echo, the music of many-voiced nature and human life. He must not suffer himself to be dulled, though in contact with dullness; must not be made poor, though keeping Poverty's company in an attic; must not be piqued into sordid curiosity; must not fret at time's deceitful slipping away, or at opportunity's non-arriving. Light, light, light must be his step, and list, list for all sweet and stirring sounds of the way. Whatever is met therein, he must, as a stranger, give it welcome.

NO NEW WAYS OF GRIEF.

Think not that thou wast set apart
Past touch of all relief.
Remember, O sad heart,
Thou shalt not taste untasted smart,
Nor strike an unknown reef;
Remember, thou sad heart,
That there are no new ways of Grief.

Grief long ago tried all her art;
No strange shaft leaves her sheaf.
Remember, O sad heart,
Of those she sets to ply the dart
Still Love and Death be chief;
Remember, thou sad heart,
That there are no new ways of Grief.

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When "commonplace" becomes an admitted grievance, it may be suspected

that the perfectly insulating quality of one's enthusiasm is deteriorating; that one is one's self becoming dull to those finer sights and sounds, those luminous impressions, which are not the prize of all, nor perhaps of any at all times. In genuine and unalloyed rapture one does not question whether he sees and hears more than others may see and hear. The vision being reality to him who has it, it does not profit to quarrel with those who may not entertain the same. It is only when the visionary faculty departs or weakens that we perceive the wretchedness and vacuity of life without it, and that we question curiously how they manage to live who have no use of this faculty.

A savage Western blizzard fanning boreal frosty fire from its wings. The rudest, if not the coldest day of the season thus far. Looking out on the white gale, it seemed to us that we were in the very mill of the storm, — the place where the chaff was winnowed and where the grist was ground, to be distributed by revolutions of the wind every whither over the face of the earth! A few steps taken out of doors in such a storm lend the excitement and sense of adventure of an arctic expedition compressed into minutes instead of months; while the knowledge that home is close by, though sheeted by the wrath of the storm to invisibility, piques and comforts with the contrast presented. Out of the west comes a wild raid of wind lifting the snow around us. These are the driving sands of the White Desert. These deserted ways are streets of that City of Desolation wherein dwell, according to the Swedish seer, the thrice inane shades of those who were esteemed wise on the earth, but who loved and benefited none of their fellow-beings.

The trees are not proof to such rigor, if one may judge by the voice of protest which arises from them in the dead

stillness of the keen night. One maple creaks like an old wellsweep in a summer drought. A deep fissure in its bark extends several feet downwards from the forking of the trunk, showing how frost has already driven an entering wedge.

The cracking of timbers in the house is a sound rather of the night than of the day. Although the added stillness of the night might seem to explain the phenomenon, it can more easily be accounted for on a mythological basis; say there is a lurking, mischievous Norse spirit who, when sober householders are sound asleep, delights, with great double fist, to smite the timbers, and terrify slumbering mortals in their puny dwellings.

The chosen articulation of cold weather is a fine falsetto, or the utterance of a tense, well-rosined string. How shrill, though small, the sound of bits of icicles clashing and falling together! The snow squeaks underfoot with the peevish cry of a bat; or the noise might be likened (since we are fond of making extremes meet in our weather characterizations) to the hissing of a hot iron when water is poured upon it.

In walking over slippery ground, the muscles in the soles of the feet involuntarily contract, as though, for security's sake, a sort of suction process were employed; perhaps similar to that which enables a fly to make the tour of the ceiling overhead. There is a prehensile effort on the part of the foot, the toes endeavoring, as it were, to make of themselves fingers, the better to take hold of the ground.

A Silver Day. Since morning the trees and the grass have been thickly hung with ice. Nothing could be more pleasing in its way than this flashing garniture draped over the dissoluteness and general squalor of the half-melted old snow. The trees, covered, limb, branch, and twig, with ice, were, to the eye, of the density which the first leafage imparts in May. They looked as though

they were indeed budding a crystal foliage, — a springtime thought in the deep heart of winter. The sun, coming out upon these laden trees, showed them to be clothed as with the lightning. On the east side of each twig the ice had gathered in the form of a cord as thick as the twig itself; and the tops of all the trees were bent somewhat towards the east. The crust of the snow was here and there glazed with ice, lending the suggestion that oil had been poured abroad at random, to assuage the storm, and had afterwards settled in puddles.

When at last it begins to rain, there is a curious crackling sound in the stiffened treetops, reminding one of the crepitation of breaking wave-crests; or one might fancy that in some aerial street the constant passing of feet is to be heard.

Later, when the rain from heaven has ceased, the thawing trees rain lesser showers of their own, from time to time casting off resounding links and plates of their glacial armor; and even the window panes are pelted with this "elfin storm from fairyland." The evening is musical with the clatter of the running eaves; just as though the house were islanded in the silver arms of some pleasant mid-air brook.

My daily walk has come to be bounded by that limit where, with delicate laughter and prattle, little Lalage slips under the sidewalk and the road, and takes her way to the great sea. When I listen to her thus sweetly speaking, sweetly laughing, I seem more *en rapport* with the old inland surrounding than anywhere else in this seaboard world. She runs to the great sea. But all small streams the world over talk as if they expected to run together into one eventual river. They speak the language of childhood, which can never be alien to the heart, whatever its adult tongue shall prove to be. And hearken how the voice of the water continues the same, summer

or winter. Once set free, it awakes with the same word and tone with which it fell asleep in December. To-day, closing my eyes, and listening to the soft *palabra* of the little brook, I could have believed the season to be June.

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Goes on forever with its infinitesimal pretty babbling and gossip.

At times we seem to be merely hoarding life; not living very much on some days, in order that we may live redundantly on others. It is winter sleep at the bottom of a dark, safe hibernaculum. Like the jelly-fish in the descriptions, we too have our periods of "rhythmical propulsion" followed by "intervals of exhaustion." Or say that these dull and ineffectual seasons are as a sort of moist rich mould, in which germs of luxuriant plants are sinking ever deeper, their dry husks finally to burst asunder and let a new life of thought up and out to the daylight. The unfruitful season, — when is it? Harvesting is a kind of preparation towards squandering or consuming. All the growing and quietly ripening time preceding the ingathering is perhaps the fruitful season preeminently. Yet deep snows, also, are not unfruitful; for by them the ground and its seed-vested hopes are protected and treated with a kind of brooding tenderness. Why should we be any more troubled by the lets and interruptions the spirit meets in its perverse moods than is the grass that a little while ago caught rumor of the spring and grew apace, but is now under the snow again with all its forward blades? If not those very blades, others will hasten up to the sun, when the snow is gone; and this will be repeated with every relaxing of wintry influence, until the winter has power no longer. Besides, I suspect, when we most bitterly complain of torpor, it is no sign that we

are mentally enchained. How should we know it, if we were indeed sunk in apathy? What sleeper ever dreamed that he was asleep? The man who froze both hands, lately, on the coldest day of the year, had not *felt* any great degree of cold, and was surprised at finding out his calamity. Conversely, it may be no sure token of most vigorous life and activity when to ourselves we seem most energized and effective.

Ay, brave he is! Such fire is in his eyes
 Its darted fervor chases frosty fear;
 And trembling ones that listen to his cheer
 Take heart, and to strange deeds of prowess
 rise.
 Yet doubt not that he heeds where safety lies,
 For none holds this delightful life more
 dear,
 And none has read life's worth in lines so
 clear;
 Doubt not that spirit brave is also wise!

Why moves he, then, where densest fly the
 darts?
 Why sets his sails, to cleave the wintry sea?
 Because where ease and quiet lap our hearts,
 Where Fortune of her softening gifts is free,
 There ever must his thick of peril be:
 He's only safe where strife a deathless zeal
 imparts!

What endless exhortations to be spun from the old, strong, if time-worn lines of Chapman for text! —

"There is no danger to a man
 Who knows what life and death is."

The most delicate kind of flattery is that which refrains from all flattery when it is perceived that no obvious and expressed measures are acceptable. In the midst of much uttered and perhaps sincere approbation, the silence of one person may be the sweetest pæan of all.

How dost thou make me rich, thou bounteous
 one,
 Who, when the world its various gifts would
 reach
 To these desirous hands, dost smile on each,
 And give best gifts although thou givest none!
 How dost thou praise what hand or heart hath
 done,

Who dost each careless praiser's tongue im-
 peach!
 Thou Golden Silence to his Silver Speech,
 Still warn me what to seek and what to shun!
 Bitter the praise bestowed like scattered alms,
 But sweet the praise that meets the heart's de-
 sire
 When joined with heart's desert in one strong
 plea;
 And sweet the censure that with caustic fire
 First sears, then laves with comfort-dropping
 balms.
 Such censure and such praise be mine from
 thee.

The scent of the thaw precedes the actual process. I should think that the snow must soon be swept away, by the flavor of the air, which tastes of the leaven of spring distributed through the wintry mass. And yet the spring is still far distant.

Sap flowing, resinous bark, breathing buds, all are suggested in the fragrant draught of the moist air. In years gone I have been much puzzled to trace to its origin this compound perfume sprinkled upon the keen breath of winter. I have at last tracked it to its source in the evergreens. Though the fragrance is to be noticed at other seasons, it is never so marked as in the winter time. Is it possible that the odor is enhanced by the shedding of the leaves, now going on? There was a touch of extra refinement to-day when, as I passed under their swinging boughs, the old fir-trees shed the breath of the hyacinth upon my path.

The lingering snow, to which partial thawings have given an icy grain, though stained with wear and weather, does not offend the eye's sense for purity as when a new-fallen snow is subject to rough usage. Mixed with mud, the snow has now a flinty, durable look, as of crystal flakes and spars mingled with earth, — a firm conglomerate. Each drift suggests a change to some mineral substance, granite boulder, or loose shale.

As the thaw proceeds, the snow takes on a darkish tint, just as when a snow-

ball is dipped in and out of the water. In the partial thawing that goes on from day to day, I notice that the icy roads are marked by serpentine channelings or grooves, forming a pleasing arabesque. If some warmth-absorbing substance lay in sinuous lines directly beneath the surface, the snow would melt in just such patterns. The gradual wasting of the drifts produces certain curious effects. Sometimes, for instance, where but a little frozen snow remains, it lies in notched oblique planes, in the figure of a skeleton leaf, with serrate edges. Such drifts might be fancied to be the anatomy or framework upon which the whole architecture of the great snow had rested; now its ruined and crumbling beams and rafters.

The season had not seemed intolerably long until, the other day, my eye fell upon a spot of uncovered turf where already the grass looked as if it had some faint thoughts springward. That tuft of faded grass, with its gray-brown blades, ever so scantily threaded with anxious green, seemed to set a period, and to lengthen wonderfully the retrospective time. Long winter lay behind us.

THE GIFT OF THE MAPLE.

Lo! I, the dryad
Guarding this tree,
From its warm heart-blood
Drained this for thee;
Clear-dropping ichor
Drawn from deep wells,
Trickling in sunshine
Through the white cells!

Southern winds fanned it,
Sipped its mild wine;
Sacred fire brewed it,
Nectar divine;
Last, the rich fluid,
Poured in a mould,

Bodies in amber
Virtues untold.

Happy, O taster,
Happy art thou,
In the sweet tribute
Root, branch, and bough
Spare from their pleasures
In summer to-be!
Lo! I, the dryad
Guarding this tree,
Bid thee in tasting
Be mindful of me!

The curling smoke from the sugar-bush proclaims the initial industry of a new season. Heard or unheard, there is now a drop in the woods which wears away the stone heart of winter. Where the drop falls, from woody fibre to wooden receptacle, resorts a more conscious awakening life: there drink the first returning birds, the wintering chipmunk, and perchance the field-mouse, too,

"Meagre from its cellèd sleep."

Nature occasionally puts on an unwonted *supernatural* look. The air, the common daylight, fills with fables. So looked the earth, the sky, or the waters to some dreamer in pagan times. I should not find it easy to define the impression that came upon me to-day when walking, as I looked up at the sky, which was clouded halfway to the zenith with gray vapor softening to white at the edges, and thinly veiling the sun. It was the appearance of the orb itself that made the moment an enchanted one, shaping forth pictures of the Iliad and the masking deities of the heathen heavens. The day-god showed no radiating light; only a flat white disk, rather larger to the eye than usual, gliding through diaphanous gray cloud. It was the silver sun of March, and the winged herald of the lengthening day.

Edith M. Thomas.

HELEN.

SHE sits within the wide oak hall,
Hung with the trophies of the chase, —
Helen, a stately maid and tall,
Dark-haired and pale of face;
With drooping lids and eyes that brood,
Sunk in the depths of some strange mood,
She gazes in the fireplace, where
The oozing pine logs snap and flare,
Wafting the perfume of their native wood.

The wind is whining in the garth,
The leaves are at their dervish rounds,
The flexile flames upon the hearth
Hang out their tongues like panting hounds.
The fire, I deem, she holds in thrall;
Its red light fawns as she lets fall
Escalloped pine cones, dried and brown,
From loose, white hands, till up and down
The colored shadows dye the dusky wall.

The tawny lamp flame tugs its wick;
Upon the landing of the stair
The ancient clock is heard to tick
In shadows dark as Helen's hair;
And by a gentle accolade
A squire to languid silence made,
I lean upon my palms, with eyes
O'er which a rack of fancy flies,
While dreams like gorgeous sunsets flame and fade.

And as I muse on Helen's face,
Within the firelight's ruddy shine,
Its beauty takes an olden grace
Like hers whose fairness was divine;
The dying embers leap, and lo!
Troy wavers vaguely all aglow,
And in the north wind leashed without,
I hear the conquering Argives' shout;
And Helen feeds the flames as long ago!

Edward A. Uffington Valentine.

WOLFE'S COVE.

THE cannon was for the time silent, the gunners being elsewhere, but a boy's voice called from the bastion : —

"Come out here, mademoiselle. I have an apple for you."

"Where did you get an apple?" replied a girl's voice.

"Monsieur Bigot gave it to me. He has everything the king's stores will buy. His slave was carrying a basketful."

"I do not like Monsieur Bigot. His face is blotched, and he kisses little girls."

"His apples are better than his manners," observed the boy, waiting, knife in hand, for her to come and see that the division was a fair one.

She tiptoed out from the gallery of the commandant's house, the wind blowing her curls back from her shoulders. A bastion of Fort St. Louis was like a balcony in the clouds. The child's lithe, long body made a graceful line in every posture, and her face was vivid with light and expression.

"Perhaps your sick mother would like this apple, Monsieur Jacques. We do not have any in the fort."

The boy flushed. He held the halves ready on his palm.

"I thought of her. But the surgeon might forbid it, and she is not fond of apples when she is well. And you are always fond of apples, Mademoiselle Anglaise."

"My name is Clara Baker. If you call me Mademoiselle Anglaise, I will box your ears."

"But you are English," persisted the boy. "You cannot help it. I am sorry for it myself; and when I am grown I will whip anybody that reproaches you for it."

They began to eat the halves of the apple, forgetful of Jacques's sick mother, and to quarrel as their two nations have

done since France and England stood on the waters.

"Don't distress yourself, Monsieur Jacques Repentigny. The English will be the fashion in Quebec when you are grown."

It was amusing to hear her talk his language glibly while she prophesied.

"Do you think your ugly General Wolfe can ever make himself the fashion?" retorted Jacques. "I saw him once across the Montmorenci, when I was in my father's camp. His face runs to a point in the middle, and his legs are like stilts."

"His stilts will lift him into Quebec yet."

The boy shook his black queue. He had a cheek in which the flush came and went, and black sparkling eyes.

"The English never can take this province. What can you know about it? You were only a little baby when Madame Ramesay bought you from the Iroquois Indians who had stolen you. If your name had not been on your arm, you would not even know that. But a Le Moyne of Montreal knows all about the province. My grandfather, Le Moyne de Longueuil, was wounded down there at Beauport, when the English came to take Canada before. And his brother Jacques that I am named for — Le Moyne de Sainte-Hélène — was killed. I have often seen the place where he died when I went with my father to our camp."

The little girl pushed back her sleeve, as she did many times a day, and looked at the name tattooed in pale blue upon her arm. Jacques envied her that mark, and she was proud of it. Her traditions were all French, but the indelible stamp, perhaps of an English seaman, reminded her what blood was in her veins.

The children stepped nearer the par-

apet, where they could see all Quebec Basin, and the French camp stretching its city of tents across the valley of the St. Charles. Beneath them was Lower Town, a huddle of blackened shells and tottering walls.

"See there what the English have done," said Clara, pointing down the sheer rock. "It will be a long time before you and I go down Breakneck Stairs again to see the pretty images in the church of Our Lady of Victories."

"They did that two months ago," replied Jacques. "It was all they could do. And now they are sick of bombarding, and are going home. All their soldiers at Montmorenci and on the point of Orleans are embarking. Their vessels keep running around like hens in a shower, hardly knowing what to do."

"Look at them getting in a line yonder," insisted his born enemy.

"General Montcalm is in front of them at Beauport," responded Jacques.

The ground was moist underfoot, and the rock on which they leaned felt damp. Quebec grayness infused with light softened the autumn world. No one could behold without a leap of the heart that vast reach of river and islands, and palisade and valley, and far-away melting mountain lines. Inside Quebec walls the children could see the Ursuline convent near the top of the slope, showing holes in its roof. Nearly every building in the city had suffered.

Drums began to beat on the British ships ranged in front of Beauport, and a cannon flashed. Its roar was shaken from height to height. Then whole broadsides of fire broke forth, and the earth rumbled with the sound, and scarlet uniforms filled the boats like floating poppies.

"The English may be going home," exulted Clara, "but you now see for yourself, Monsieur Jacques Repentigny, what they intend to do before they go."

"I wish my father had not been sent with his men back to Montreal!" ex-

claimed Jacques in excitement. "But I shall go down to the camps, anyhow."

"Your mother will cry," threatened the girl.

"My mother is used to war. She often lets me sleep in my father's tent. Tell her I have gone to the camps."

"They will put you in the guard-house."

"They do not put a Repentigny in the guard-house."

"If you will stay here," called the girl, running after him towards the fortress gate, "I will play anything you wish. The cannon balls might hit you."

Deaf to the threat of danger, he made off through cross-cuts toward the Palace Gate, the one nearest the bridge of boats on the St. Charles River.

"Very good, monsieur. I'll tell your mother," she said, trembling and putting up a lip.

But nothing except noise was attempted at Beauport. Jacques was so weary, as he toiled back uphill in diminishing light, that he gratefully crawled upon a cart and lay still, letting it take him wherever the carter might be going. There were not enough horses and oxen in Canada to move the supplies for the army from Montreal to Quebec by land. Transports had to slip down the St. Lawrence by night, running a gauntlet of vigilant English vessels. Yet whenever the intendant Bigot wanted to shift anything, he did not lack oxen or wheels. Jacques did not talk to the carter, but he knew a load of king's provisions was going out to some favorite of the intendant's who had been set to guard the northern heights. The stealings of this popular civil officer were common talk in Quebec.

That long slope called the Plains of Abraham, which swept away from the summit of the rock toward Cap Rouge, seemed very near the sky. Jacques watched dusk envelop this place. Patches of faded herbage and stripped corn, and a few trees only, broke the

monotony of its extent. On the north side, overhanging the winding valley of the St. Charles, the rock's great shoulder was called Côte Ste. Geneviève. The bald plain was about a mile wide, but the cart jogged a mile and a half from Quebec before it reached the tents where its freight was to be discharged.

Habit had taken the young Repentigny daily to his father's camp, but this was the first time he had seen the guard along the heights. Montcalm's soldiers knew him. He was permitted to handle arms. Many a boy of fifteen was then in the ranks, and children of his age were growing used to war. His father called it his apprenticeship to the trade. A few empty houses stood some distance back of the tents; and farther along the precipice, beyond brush and trees, other guards were posted. Seventy men and four cannon completed the defensive line which Montcalm had drawn around the top of the rock. Half the number could have kept it, by vigilance. And it was evident that the officer in charge thought so, and was taking advantage of his general's bounty.

"Remember I am sending you to my field as well as to your own," the boy overheard him say. Nearly all his company were gathered in a little mob before his tent. He sat there on a camp stool. They were Canadians from Lorette, anxious for leave of absence, and full of promises.

"Yes, monsieur, we will remember your field." "Yes, Captain Vergor, your grain as soon as we have gathered ours in." "It shall be done, captain."

Jacques had heard of Vergor. A few years before, Vergor had been under arrest for giving up Fort Beauséjour, in Acadia, to the English without firing a shot. The boy thought it strange that such a man should be put in charge of any part of the defensive cordon around Quebec. But Vergor had a friend in the intendant Bigot, who knew how to reinstate his disgraced favorites. The

arriving cart drew the captain's attention from his departing men. He smiled, his depressed nose and fleshy lips being entirely good natured.

"A load of provisions, and a recruit for my company," he said.

"Monsieur the captain needs recruits," observed Jacques.

"Society is what I need most," said Vergor. "And from appearances I am going to have it at my supper which the cook is about to set before me."

"I think I will stay all night here," said Jacques.

"You overwhelm me," responded Vergor.

"There are so many empty tents."

"Fill as many of them as you can," suggested Vergor. "You are doubtless much away from your mother, inspecting the troops; but what will madame say if you fail to answer at her roll call to-night?"

"Nothing. I should be in my father's tent at Montreal, if she had been able to go when he was ordered back there."

"Who is your father?"

"Le Gardeur de Repentigny."

Vergor drew his lips together for a soft whistle, as he rose to direct the storing of his goods.

"It is a young general with whom I am to have the honor of messing. I thought he had the air of camps and courts the moment I saw his head over the side of the cart."

Many a boy secretly despises the man to whose merry insolence he submits. But the young Repentigny felt for Vergor such contempt as only an incompetent officer inspires.

No sentinels were stationed. The few soldiers remaining busied themselves over their mess fires. Jacques looked down a cove not quite as steep as the rest of the cliff, yet as nearly perpendicular as any surface on which trees and bushes can take hold. It was clothed with a thick growth of sere weeds, cut

by one hint of a diagonal line. Perhaps laborers at a fulling mill now rotting below had once climbed this rock. Rain had carried the earth from above in small cataracts down its face, making a thin alluvial coating. A strip of land separated the rock from the St. Lawrence, which looked wide and gray in the evening light. Showers raked the far-off opposite hills. Leaves showing scarlet or orange were dulled by flying mist.

The boy noticed more boats drifting up river on the tide than he had counted in Quebec Basin.

"Where are all the vessels going?" he asked the nearest soldier.

"Nowhere. They only move back and forth with the tide."

"But they are English ships. Why don't you fire on them?"

"We have no orders. And besides, our own transports have to slip down among them at night. One is pretty careful not to knock the bottom out of the dish which carries his meat."

"The English might land down there some dark night."

"They may land; but, unfortunately for themselves, they have no wings."

The boy did not answer, but he thought, "If my father and General Levis were posted here, wings would be of no use to the English."

His distinct little figure, outlined against the sky, could be seen from the prisoners' ship. One prisoner saw him without taking any note that he was a child. Her eyes were fierce and red-rimmed. She was the only woman on the deck, having come up the gangway to get rid of habitantes. These fellow-prisoners of hers were that moment putting their heads together below and talking about Mademoiselle Jeannette Descheneaux. They were perhaps the only people in the world who took any thought of her. Highlanders and seamen moving on deck scarcely saw her. In every age of the world beauty has

ruled men. Jeannette Descheneaux was a big, manly Frenchwoman, with a heavy voice. In Quebec, she was a contrast to the exquisite and diaphanous creatures who sometimes kneeled beside her in the cathedral, or looked out of sledge or sedan chair at her as she tramped the narrow streets. They were the beauties of the governor's court, who permitted in a new land the corrupt gallantries of Versailles. She was the daughter of a shoemaker, and had been raised to a semi-official position by the promotion of her brother in the government. Her brother had grown rich with the company of speculators who preyed on the province and the king's stores. He had one motherless child, and Jeannette took charge of it and his house until the child died. She was perhaps a masculine nourisher of infancy; yet the upright mark between her black eyebrows, so deep that it seemed made by a hatchet, had never been there before the baby's death; and it was by stubbornly venturing too far among the parishes to seek the child's foster mother, who was said to be in some peril at Petit Cap, that Jeannette got herself taken prisoner.

For a month this active woman had been a dreamer of dreams. Every day the prison ship floated down to Quebec, and her past stood before her like a picture. Every night it floated up to Cap Rouge, where French camp fires flecked the gorge and the north shore stretching westward. No strict guard was kept over the prisoners. She sat on the ship's deck, and a delicious languor, unlike any former experience, grew and grew upon her. The coaxing graces of pretty women she never caricatured. Her skin was of the dark red tint which denotes a testy disposition. She had fierce one-sided wars for trivial reasons, and was by nature an aggressive partisan, even in the cause of a dog or a cat. Being a woman of few phrases, she repeated these as often as she had occasion for speech, and divided the world

simply into two classes: two or three individuals, including herself, were human beings; the rest of mankind she denounced, in a voice which shook the walls, as spawn. One does not like to be called spawn.

Though Jeannette had never given herself to exaggerated worship, she was religious. The lack of priest and mass on the prison transport was blamed for the change which came over her. A haze of real feminine softness, like the autumn's purpling of rocks, made her bones less prominent. But the habitantes, common women from the parishes, who had children and a few of their men with them, saw what ailed her. They noticed that while her enmity to the English remained unchanged, she would not hear a word against the Highlanders, though Colonel Fraser and his Seventy-Eighth Highland regiment had taken her prisoner. It is true, Jeannette was treated with deference, and her food was sent to her from the officer's table, and she had privacy on the ship which the commoner prisoners had not. It is also true that Colonel Fraser was a gentleman, detesting the parish-burning to which his command was ordered for a time. But the habitantes laid much to his blue eyes and yellow hair, and the picturesqueness of the red and pale green Fraser tartan. They nudged one another when Jeannette began to plait her strong black locks, and make a coronet of them on her sloping head. She was always exact and neat in her dress, and its mannishness stood her in good stead during her month's imprisonment. Rough wool was her invariable wear, instead of taffetas and silky furs, which Quebec women delighted in. She groomed herself carefully each day for that approach to the English camp at Point Levi which the tide accomplished. Her features could be distinguished half a mile. On the days when Colonel Fraser's fezlike plumed bonnet was lifted to her in the camp, she went up the

river again in a trance of quiet. On other days the habitantes laughed, and said to one another, "Mademoiselle will certainly break through the deck with her tramping."

There was a general restlessness on the prison ship. The English sailors wanted to go home. The Canadians had been patient since the middle of August. But this particular September night, as they drifted up past the rock, and saw the defenses of their country bristling against them, the feeling of homesickness vented itself in complaints. Jeannette was in her cabin, and heard them abuse Colonel Fraser and his Highlanders as kidnappers of women and children, and burners of churches. She came out of her retreat, and hovered over them like a hawk. The men pulled their caps off, drolly grinning.

"It is true," added one of them, "that General Montcalm is to blame for letting the parishes burn. And at least he might take us away from the English."

"Do you think Monsieur de Montcalm has nothing to do but bring you in off the river?" demanded Jeannette.

"Mademoiselle does not want to be brought in," retorted one of the women. "As for us, we are not in love with these officers who wear petticoats, or with any of our enemies."

"Spawn!" Jeannette hurled at them. Yet her partisan fury died in her throat. She went up on deck to be away from her accusers. The seamed precipice, the indented cove with the child's figure standing at the top, and all the panorama to which she was so accustomed by morning light or twilight passed before her without being seen by her fierce red-rimmed eyes.

Jeannette Descheneaux had walked through the midst of colonial intrigues without knowing that they existed. Men she ignored; and she could not now account for her keen knowledge that there was a colonel of the Seventy-

Eighth Highlanders. Her entanglement had taken her in the very simplicity of childhood. She could not blame him. He had done nothing but lift his bonnet to her, and treat her with deference because he was sorry she had fallen into his hands. But at first she fought with silent fury the power he unconsciously held over her. She felt only the shame of it, which the habitants had cast upon her. Nobody had ever called Jeannette Descheneaux a silly woman. In early life it was thought she had a vocation for the convent; but she drew back from that, and now she was suddenly desolate. Her brother had his consolations. There was nothing for her.

Scant tears, oozing like blood, moistened her eyes. She took hold of her throat to strangle a sob. Her teeth chattered in the wind blowing down river. Constellations came up over the rock's long shoulder. Though it was a dark night, the stars were clear. She took no heed of the French camp fires in the gorge and along the bank. The French commander there had followed the erratic motions of English boats until they ceased to alarm him. It was flood tide. The prison ship sat on the water, scarcely swinging.

At one o'clock Jeannette was still on deck, having watched through the midnight of her experience. She had no phrases for her thoughts. They were dumb, but they filled her to the outermost layer of her skin, and deadened sensation.

Boats began to disturb her, however. They trailed past the ship with a muffled swish, all of them disappearing in the darkness. This gathering must have been going on some time before she noticed it. The lantern hanging aloft made a mere warning spot in the darkness, for the lights on deck had been put out. All the English ships, when she looked about her, were to be guessed at, for not a port-hole cast its cylinder of radiance on the water. Night muffled

their hulls, and their safety lights hung in a scattered constellation. In one place two lanterns hung on one mast.

Jeannette felt the pull of the ebbing tide. The ship gave way to it. As it swung, and the monotonous flow of the water became constant, she heard a boat grate, and directly Colonel Fraser came up the vessel's side, and stood on deck where she could touch him. He did not know that the lump of blackness almost beneath his hand was a breathing woman; and if he had known, he would have disregarded her then. But she knew him, from indistinct cap and the white pouch at his girdle to the flat Highland shoes.

Whether the Highlanders on the ship were watching for him to appear as their signal, or he had some private admonition for them, they started up from spots which Jeannette had thought vacant darkness, probably armed and wrapped in their plaids. She did not know what he said to them. One by one they got quickly over the ship's side. She did not form any resolution, and neither did she hesitate; but, drawing tight around her the plaidlike length of shawl which had served her nearly a lifetime, she stood up ready to take her turn.

Jeannette seemed to swallow her heart as she climbed over the rail. The Highlanders were all in the boat except their colonel. He drew in his breath with a startled sound, and she knew the sweep of her skirt must have betrayed her. She expected to fall into the river; but her hand took sure hold of a ladder of rope, and, creeping down backward, she set her foot in the bateau. It was a large and steady open boat. Some of the men were standing. She had entered the bow, and as Colonel Fraser dropped in they cast off, and she sat down, finding a bench as she had found foothold. The Highland officer was beside her. They could not see each other's faces. She was not sure he had detected her. The hardihood which had

taken her beyond the French lines in search of one whom she felt under her protection was no longer in her. A cowering woman with a boatload of English soldiers palpitated under the darkness. It was necessary only to steer; both tide and current carried them steadily down. On the surface of the river, lines of dark objects followed. A fleet of the enemy's transports was moving towards Quebec.

To most women country means home. Jeannette was tenaciously fond of the gray old city of Quebec, but home to her was to be near that Highland officer. Her humiliation passed into the very agony of tenderness. To go wherever he was going was enough. She did not want him to speak to her, or touch her, or give any sign that he knew she was in the world. She wanted to sit still by his side under the negation of darkness and be satisfied. Jeannette had never dreamed how long the hours between turn of tide and dawn may be. They were the principal part of her life.

Keen stars held the sky at immeasurable heights. There was no mist. The chill wind had swept the river clear like a great path. Within reach of Jeannette's hand, but hidden from her, as most of us are hidden from one another, sat one more solitary than herself. He had not her robust body. Disease and anxiety had worn him away while he was hopelessly besieging Quebec. In that last hour before the 13th of September dawned, General Wolfe was groping down river toward one of the most desperate military attempts in the history of the world.

There was no sound but the rustle of the water, the stir of a foot as some standing man shifted his weight, and the light click of metal as guns in unsteady hands touched barrels. A voice, modulating rhythm which Jeannette could not understand, began to speak. General Wolfe was reciting an English poem. The strain upon his soul was more than he could bear, and he relieved it by those low-uttered rhymes. Jeannette did

not know one word of English. The meaning which reached her was a dirge, but a noble dirge; the death hymn of a human being who has lived up to his capacities. She felt strangely influenced, as by the neighborhood of some large angel, and at the same time the tragedy of being alive overswept her. For one's duty is never all done; or when we have accomplished it with painstaking care, we are smitten through with finding that the greater things have passed us by.

The tide carried the boats near the great wall of rock. Woods made denser shade on the background of night. The cautious murmur of the speaker was cut short.

"Who goes there?" came the sharp challenge of a French sentry.

The soldiers were silent as dead men.

"France!" answered Colonel Fraser in the same language.

"Of what regiment?"

"The Queen's."

The sentry was satisfied. To the Queen's regiment, stationed at Cap Rouge, belonged the duty of convoying provisions down to Quebec. He did not further peril what he believed to be a French transport by asking for the password.

Jeannette breathed. So low had she sunk that she would have used her language herself to get the Highland colonel past danger.

It was fortunate for his general that he had the accent and readiness of a Frenchman. Again they were challenged. They could see another sentry running parallel with their course.

"Provision boats," this time answered the Highlander. "Don't make a noise. The English will hear us."

That hint was enough, for an English sloop of war lay within sound of their voices.

With the swift tide the boats shot around a headland, and here was a cove in the huge precipice, clothed with sere herbage and bushes and a few trees; steep, with the hint of a once-used path

across it, but a little less perpendicular than the rest of the rock. No sentinel was stationed at this place.

The world was just beginning to come out of positive shadow into the indistinctness of dawn. Current and tide were so strong that the boats could not be steered directly to shore, but on the alluvial strip at the base of this cove they beached themselves with such success as they could. Twenty-four men sprung out and ran to the ascent. Their muskets were slung upon their backs. A humid look was coming upon the earth, and blurs were over the fading stars. The climbers separated, each making his own way from point to point of the slippery cliff, and swarms followed them as boat after boat discharged its load. The cove by which he breached the stronghold of this continent, and which was from that day to bear his name, cast its shadow on the gaunt, upturned face of Wolfe. He waited while the troops in whom he put his trust, with knotted muscles and panting breasts, lifted themselves to the top. No orders were spoken. Wolfe had issued instructions the night before, and England expected every man to do his duty.

There was not enough light to show how Canada was taken. Jeannette Descheneaux stepped on the sand, and the single thought which took shape in her mind was that she must scale that ascent if the English scaled it.

The hope of escape to her own people did not animate her labor. She had no hope of any sort. She felt only present necessity, which was to climb where the Highland officer climbed. He was in front of her, and took no notice of her until they reached a slippery wall where there were no bushes. There he turned and caught her by the wrist, drawing her up after him. Their faces came near together in the swimming vapors of dawn. He had the bright look of determination. His eyes shone. He was about to burst into the man's arena of glory. The woman, whom he drew up because she was

a woman, and because he regretted having taken her prisoner, had the pallid look of a victim. Her tragic black eyes and brows, and the hairs clinging in untidy threads about her haggard cheeks instead of curling up with the damp as the Highlandman's fleece inclined to do, worked an instant's compassion in him. But his business was not the squiring of angular Frenchwomen. Shots were heard at the top of the rock, a trampling rush, and then exulting shouts. The English had taken Vergor's camp.

The hand was gone from Jeannette's wrist, — the hand which gave her such rapture and such pain by its firm fraternal grip. Colonel Fraser leaped to the plain, and was in the midst of the skirmish. Cannon spoke, like thunder rolling across one's head. A battery guarded by the sentinels they had passed was aroused, and must be silenced. The whole face of the cliff suddenly bloomed with scarlet uniforms. All the men remaining in the boats went up as fire sweeps when carried by the wind. Nothing could restrain them. They smelled gunpowder and heard the noise of victory, and would have stormed heaven at that instant. They surrounded Jeannette without seeing her, every man looking up to the heights of glory, and passed her in fierce and panting emulation.

Jeannette leaned against the rough side of Wolfe's Cove. On the inner surface of her eyelids she could see again the image of the Highlandman stooping to help her, his muscular legs and neck showing like a young god's in the early light. There she lost him, for he forgot her. The passion of women whom nature has made unfeminine, and who are too honest to stoop to arts, is one of the tragedies of the world.

Daylight broke reluctantly, with clouds mustering from the inverted deep of the sky. A few drops of rain sprinkled the British uniforms as battalions were formed. The battery which gave the first intimation of danger to the French gen-

eral, on the other side of Quebec, had been taken and silenced. Wolfe and his officers hurried up the high plateau and chose their ground. Then the troops advanced, marching by files, Highland bagpipes screaming and droning, the earth reverberating with a measured tread. As they moved toward Quebec they wheeled to form their line of battle, in ranks three deep, and stretched across the plain. The city was scarcely a mile away, but a ridge of ground still hid it from sight.

From her hiding-place in one of the empty houses behind Vergor's tents, Jeannette Descheneaux watched the scarlet backs and the tartans of the Highlanders grow smaller. She could also see the prisoners that were taken standing under guard. As for herself, she felt that she had no longer a visible presence, so easy had it been for her to move among swarms of men and escape in darkness. She never had favored her body with soft usage, but it trembled now in every part from muscular strain. She was probably cold and hungry, but her poignant sensation was that she had no friends. It did not matter to Jeannette that history was being made before her, and one of the great battles of the world was about to be fought. It only mattered that she should discern the Fraser plaid as far as eye could follow it. There is no more piteous thing than for one human being to be overpowered by the god in another.

She sat on the ground in the unfloored hut, watching through broken chinking. There was a back door as well as a front door, hung on wooden hinges, and she had pinned the front door as she came in. The opening of the back door made Jeannette turn her head, though with little interest in the comer. It was a boy, with a streak of blood down his face and neck, and his clothes stained by the weather. He had no hat on, and one of his shoes was missing. He put himself at Jeannette's side without any hesitation, and joined her watch through the broken

chinking. A tear and a drop of scarlet raced down his cheek, uniting as they dripped from his chin.

"Have you been wounded?" inquired Jeannette.

"It is n't the wound," he answered, "but that Captain Vergor has let them take the heights. I heard something myself, and tried to wake him. The pig turned over and went to sleep again."

"Let me tie it up," said Jeannette.

"He is shot in the heel and taken prisoner. I wish he had been shot in the heart. He hopped out of bed and ran away when the English fired on his tent. I have been trying to get past their lines to run to General Montcalm; but they are everywhere," declared the boy, his chin shaking and his breast swelling with grief.

Jeannette turned her back on him, and found some linen about her person which she could tear. She made a bandage for his head. It comforted her to take hold of the little fellow and part his clotted hair.

"The skin of my head is torn," he admitted, while suffering the attempted surgery. "If I had been taller, the bullet might have killed me; and I would rather be killed than see the English on this rock, marching to take Quebec. What will my father say? I am ashamed to look him in the face and own I slept in the camp of Vergor last night. The Le Moynes and Repentignys never let enemies get past them before. And I knew that man was not keeping watch; he did not set any sentry."

"Is it painful?" she inquired, wiping the bloody cut, which still welled forth along its channel.

The boy lifted his brimming eyes, and answered her from his deeper hurt:—

"I don't know what to do. I think my father would make for General Montcalm's camp if he were alone and could not attack the enemy's rear; for something ought to be done as quickly as possible."

Jeannette bandaged his head, the rain spattering through the broken log house upon them both.

"Who brought you here?" inquired Jacques. "There was nobody in these houses last night, for I searched them myself."

"I hid here before daybreak," she answered briefly.

"But if you knew the English were coming, why did you not give the alarm?"

"I was their prisoner."

"And where will you go now?"

She looked towards the Plains of Abraham and said nothing. The open chink showed Wolfe's six battalions of scarlet lines moving forward or pausing, and the ridge above them thronging with white uniforms.

"If you will trust yourself to me, mademoiselle," proposed Jacques, who considered that it was not the part of a soldier or a gentleman to leave any woman alone in this hut to take the chances of battle, and particularly a woman who had bound up his head, "I will do my best to help you inside the French lines."

The singular woman did not reply to him, but continued looking through the chink. Skirmishers were out. Puffs of smoke from cornfields and knolls showed where Canadians and Indians hid, creeping to the flank of the enemy.

Jacques stooped down himself, and struck his hands together at these sights.

"Monsieur de Montcalm is awake, mademoiselle! And see our sharpshooters picking them off! We can easily run inside the French lines now. These English will soon be tumbled back the way they came up."

In another hour the group of houses was a roaring furnace. A detachment of English light infantry, wheeled to drive out the bushfighters, had lost and retaken it many times, and neither party gave up the ready fortress until it was set on fire. Crumbling red logs hissed in the thin rain, and smoke spread from

them across the sodden ground where Wolfe moved. The sick man had become an invincible spirit. He flew along the ranks, waving his sword, the sleeve falling away from his thin arm. The great soldier had thrown himself on this venture without a chance of retreat, but every risk had been thought of and met. He had a battalion guarding the landing. He had a force far in the rear to watch the motions of the French at Cap Rouge. By the arrangement of his front he had taken precautions against being outflanked. And he knew his army was with him to a man. But Montcalm rode up to meet him hampered by insubordinate confusion.

Jeannette Descheneaux, carried along, with the boy, by Canadians and Indians from the English rear to the Côte Ste. Geneviève, lay dazed in the withered grass during the greater part of the action which decided her people's hold on the New World. The ground resounded like a drum with measured treading. The blaze and crash of musketry and cannon blinded and deafened her; but when she lifted her head from the shock of the first charge, the most instantaneous and shameful panic that ever seized a French army had already begun. The skirmishers in the bushes could not understand it. Smoke parted, and she saw the white-and-gold French general trying to drive his men back. But they evaded the horses of officers.

Jacques rose, with the Canadians and Indians, to his knees. He had a musket. Jeannette rose, also, as the Highlanders came sweeping on in pursuit. She had scarcely been a woman to the bushfighters. They were too eager in their aim to glance aside at a rawboned camp follower in a wet shawl. Neither did the Highlanders distinguish from other Canadian heads the one with a woman's braids and a faint shadowing of hair at the corners of the mouth. They came on without suspecting an ambush, and she heard their strange cries — "Catli-

Shairm!" and "Caisteal Duna!" — when the shock of a volley stopped the streaming tartans. She saw the play of surprise and fury in those mountaineer faces. They threw down their muskets, and turned on the ambushed Canadians, short sword in hand.

Never did knight receive the blow of the accolade as that crouching woman took a Highland knife in her breast. For one breath she grasped the back of it with both hands, and her rapt eyes met the horrified eyes of Colonel Fraser. He withdrew the weapon, standing defenseless, and a ball struck him, cutting the blood across his arm, and again he was lost in the fury of battle, while Jeannette felt herself dragged down the slope.

She resisted. She heard a boy's voice pleading with her, but she got up and tried to go back to the spot from which she had been dragged. The Canadians and Indians were holding their ground. She heard their muskets, but they were far behind her, and the great rout caught her and whirled her. Officers on their horses were borne struggling along in it. She fell down and was trampled on, but something helped her up.

The flood of men poured along the front of the ramparts and down to the bridge of boats on the St. Charles, or into the city walls through the St. Louis and St. John gates.

To Jeannette the world was far away. Yet she found it once more close at hand, as she stood with her back against the lofty inner wall. The mad crowd had passed, and gone shouting down the narrow streets. But the St. Louis gate was still choked with fugitives when Montcalm appeared, reeling on his horse, sup-

ported by a soldier on each side. His white uniform was stained on the breast, and blood dripped from the saddle. Jeannette heard the piercing cry of a little girl: "Oh, heavens! Oh, heavens! The marquis is killed!" And she heard the fainting general gasp, "It is nothing, it is nothing. Don't be troubled for me, my children."

She knew how he felt as he was led by. The indistinctness of the opposite wall, which widened from the gate, was astonishing. And she was troubled by the same little boy whose head she had tied up in the log house. Jeannette looked obliquely down at him as she braced herself with chill fingers, and discerned that he was claimed by a weeping little girl to whom he yet paid no attention.

"Let me help you, mademoiselle," he urged, troubling her.

"Go away," said Jeannette.

"But, mademoiselle, you have been badly hurt."

"Go away," said Jeannette, and her limbs began to settle. She thought of smiling at the children, but her features were already cast. The English child held her on one side, and the French child on the other, as she collapsed in a sitting posture. Tender nuns, going from friend to foe, would find this stoical face against the wall. It was no strange sight then. Canada was taken.

Men with bloody faces were already running with barricades for the gates. Wailing for Montcalm could be heard.

The boy put his arm around the girl and turned her eyes away. They ran together up towards the citadel: England and France with their hands locked; young Canada weeping, but having a future.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

SAMUEL CHAPMAN ARMSTRONG.

It was, I think, in the winter of 1860, when I was rooming in East College at Williams, that into my introspective life nature flung a sort of cataclysm of health named Sam Armstrong. He came, like other cyclones, from the South Seas, — was a Sandwich Islander, son of a missionary. Until Miss Murfree wrote her *Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains* it would have been impossible to describe Armstrong's immediate personal effect. There was a quality in it that defied the ordinary English vocabulary. To use the eastern Tennessee dialect, which alone could do him justice, he was "plumb survigrous." To begin with, as Mark Twain might express it, he had been fortunate in the selection of his parents. The roots of his nature struck deep into the soil of two strong races. He bore the stamp of both Saxon and Scot. Then, too, he was an islander: his constitution smacked of the seas; there was about him something of the high courage and the jollity of the tar; he carried with him the vitalities of the ocean. Like all those South Sea Islanders, he had been brought up to the water; it had imparted to him a kind of mental as well as physical amphibiousness. It seemed natural for him to strike out in any element. But what impressed one most was his schooling. Not but that it was in unison with the man; it was, in fact, remarkably so; but it was so entirely out of the common, so free-handed and virile. His father had been minister of public instruction at Hawaii. The son had accompanied him on his official tours, and had been let into the business. He could manage a boat in a storm, teach school, edit a newspaper, assist in carrying on a government, take up a mechanical industry at will, understand natives, sympathize with missionaries, talk with profound theorists, recite well in Greek or

mathematics, conduct an advanced class in geometry, and make no end of fun for little children. In short, he was a striking illustration of that Robinson-Crusoe-like multiformity of function that grows up perforce under the necessities of a missionary station. New England energy, oceanic breeziness, missionary environment, disclosed themselves in him. Such was Armstrong as he first came into my life, bringing his ozone with him.

Williams College was at that time a remarkable place. Nature seemed to have made preparations for greatness. The mountains compassed it about, forming a giant amphitheatre. The buildings were few and poorly fitted up, the apparatus was meagre, the faculty small in numbers. I doubt, however, if there were many institutions where so much thought-stuff was generated. True, our teachers did not represent metropolitan culture, nor was the mass of knowledge which they communicated prodigious; they were, however, good drill masters, and, still better for those under their care, they were men of mental and moral muscularity. Two or three were of that highly organized New England type, original in their thought, and impetuous as a Berkshire torrent. It is said that the most important agent in the cultivation of the soil is the microbe that sets free the nitrogen. In the process of intellectual cultivation, those men do most who set thought free. Far at the head of all such was President Hopkins. He was a man of undoubted genius, and, happily for his students, that genius had specialized itself on teaching. Furthermore, his genius was fed by a great overshadowing personality. He was a philosopher from sheer love of nature: therefore his philosophy was not of the dryly intellectual kind; it was filled with life, and was deep rooted in the man's heart. He stood

always face to face with nature ; he felt her mystery, he caught her spiritual import ; his soul was full of wonder and inquiry ; he cared more for life than for his theory of it, more for men than for institutions, more for an individual student than for his own success ; he first loved, then thought, then taught. His recitation room was more entertaining than a play ; the textbook was a starting-point, — no man could shirk that, — but it was soon left far behind ; the method was conversational, Socratic, and spiced with humor. He drew out the thought of each student in turn, and gently compelled each member of the class to wrestle with him ; extending the utmost hospitality to his peculiar views, meeting his arguments with perfect fairness, encouraging him to free his mind and to differ with his teacher, but compelling him at last to face the remorseless logic of his chosen position in a manner sometimes most ludicrous. He was peculiarly gentle, also, toward the weak-minded, keeping them on their intellectual legs as long as he could, and letting them down as easily as possible. The whole process was exciting, amusing, and stimulating to the last degree ; and when it was over, the student knew that free thought meant the power to think rationally, and that the power to think rationally was not the inalienable endowment of every American citizen. Over and above the dialectic skill and the mental vitality communicated by such a process was a profound impression regarding the truth itself, its reality, its transcendence above all human conceptions of it, and its nutritive value to the human mind. In fact, while Dr. Hopkins taught a most original and valuable philosophy, it was not this which was the aim or principal result of his teaching. It was rather to make his students themselves citizens of that realm of thought, and to enable them to read the book of life at first hand, and particularly to see the commonly misunderstood relationship between the

natural and the spiritual world. The curriculum was organized upon his plan. Without pretending to be so, it really was socialistic in the best sense. The theory was to acquaint the student with man, and thus to put him in working relations with the race to which he belonged.

Armstrong gravitated to Williams College by a social law : it was the resort for missionaries' sons ; there was the haystack at which the missionary enterprise was started ; it was a kind of sacred soil, a rendezvous for spiritual knight-errants, and Armstrong, though not very spiritual, was a knight-errant to the core. Like other missionaries' sons, he poked fun at natives, and entertained small circles with the ridiculous phases of missionary life ; yet he was a kind of missionary in disguise, always ready to go out of his way for the purpose of slyly helping somebody up to a better moral or physical plane. His "plumb survigrouness" gave him an eternal effervescence ; in fact, his body was a kind of catapult for his mind ; it was forever projecting his mental force in some direction, so that he was continually carrying on intellectual "high jinks," going off into extravaganzas, throwing every subject into a grotesque light : as a result, he was never serious, though always earnest. He took to Williams College as to a natural habitat ; he enjoyed the extra molecules of free thought in the atoms of the college atmosphere ; he reveled in the class room discussions ; he bristled with arguments and swarmed with new ideas ; he lifted up his "plumb survigrou" voice and made intellectual pandemonium at the dinner table.

He was a trifle above middle height, broad-shouldered, with large, well-poised head, forehead high and wide, deep-set flashing eyes, a long mane of light brown hair, his face very brown and sailor-like. He bore his head high, and carried about an air of insolent good health. He was unconventional in his notions, Shake-

spearean in sympathy, wished to see all sides of life, yet he never formed affiliations with the bad side. If he touched pitch, he got rid of it as soon as he could; pleasantly if possible, but at all events decidedly. He had a robust habit of will, and laid hold always of the best in his environment.

Intellectually he was a leader. Spiritually he was religious; that is, he had a profound faith in God, and a deep reverence for his father's life and work, as appears in his *Reminiscences*, a delightful little book, full of the rarest humor and tenderness. Yet everybody felt he was under tremendous terrestrial headway. Sometimes he seemed to have little respect for the spiritual: he shocked people by his levity; he was irreverent in speech. But there was about him at all times a profound reverence of spirit for God, manhood, womanhood, and all sacred realities. Indeed, with him reverence and religion alike were matters not of form, but of an inward principle whose application he had not yet mastered. Other men were original in thought; he was original in character; but above all there was an immediacy of nature. His greatest tendency seemed to be to go ahead; he has, in fact, often reminded me of Harry Wadsworth, the hero of E. E. Hale's *Ten Times One Are Ten*. He was the most strenuous man I ever saw. Naturally he was a problem to us, — what would he come to? Dr. Arnold said of himself, "Aut Cæsar, aut nullus." Armstrong said of himself, "Missionary or pirate."

He joined us in the junior year. With the senior year began the war. Its tumultuous scenes penetrated by report into our cloisters. Armstrong was more patriotic than many native-born Americans; he had a stronger intellectual estimate of our country's worth. As soon as he graduated he helped form a regiment. "I thought I had seen energy before," said one of his soldiers, "but I never did till I saw him." It needed

little to turn him into a veritable Mars, but he did not at once "drink delight of battle with his peers." Instead of that, he ate salt pork, and slept in the mud in a little hole in Virginia; thence came letters in which Hotspur, Artemus Ward, and the Hebrew prophets seem strangely commingled. Armstrong was uncomfortable, plainly. He writes: "I am on pins. I am tired of this puttering round in Virginia mud. Why live I here? Here's to the heathen; rather, here's to the nigger. I wish there were fewer girls, no devil, and a sweet valley like Typee for every mortal. The great conflagration cannot be averted much longer. The cry of the poor is so piteous, of the good so imploring and just, and of the persecuted and enslaved so terrible that it seems as if the fullness of time were accomplished already, and that a devouring fire was needed to quench the wrong and restore the right. I hope that until the slave, and every slave, can call himself his own, and his wife and children his own, the sword will not cease from among us; and I care not how many the evils that attend it. — it will all be just. The above will do. I feel better."

Nonsense was Armstrong's relief from hard work and strong feeling; it was the escape valve of his brains. He soon had a happier time; there was plenty of fighting even for him. At Gettysburg he distinguished himself for bravery. His own account of it was that, knowing a moving target was the hardest to hit, he tore up and down the lines like a madman, shouting to his men to come on, which seemed to onlookers the height of gallantry, but was to him the height of prudence. Before long he accepted the command of a colored regiment. Here he first learned the sterling qualities of that race, noting particularly how it was capable of being lifted above the fear of death. A friend who went to see him in camp near Petersburg found the regiment safely quartered in a ra-

vine, while the colonel's tent was pitched on a little elevated plateau, across which the enemy's cannon shot were continually ricocheting, after a manner which, according to the narrator's account, "turned his liver to water." He remonstrated with Armstrong on living in a place where, day and night, he was liable to be disemboweled; but he replied that the morale of the colored troops required it, and that they would do anything for a man who showed himself superior to fear. At the close of the war, he had, without assistance, risen to the rank of brevet brigadier general, but he had not attained to his best manhood. Militarism was not his field; he was essentially constructive; he was not made to smash things, but to build them.

Thrown in with General Howard, he was led by the influence of that philanthropist to take charge of the Freedmen's Bureau at Hampton, Virginia. Some ten thousand black refugees were there huddled together, mostly in wretched hovels, on confiscated land. The United States government issued them rations, the American Missionary Association sent them missionaries. Their condition was incoherent and miserable.

Armstrong was always "helping lame dogs over stiles." He gathered about him a staff composed of broken-down classmates and war comrades, — I was one of the lot. I was ill on my bed one day, when the door was flung open, and in came Armstrong, his head up in the air, his military cap on one side, and flourishing a rattan cane in his hand. Four other young fellows were following him, and all were roaring out at the top of their lungs, "Hinky, dinky, darby, ram! hinky, dinky, da!"

Yet that roistering militarism was mere blowing off of steam; underneath it there lay the germ of a profoundly great and sympathetic manhood. The destructives mature young, smashers of armies, creeds, and the like. But Armstrong did not belong to that class; his

powers were of the highest order, his development had just begun. There were no holes in his mind; everything good he had kept. In the mud, by the camp fire, the great ideas of the class room had recurred to him. Amid the wild scenes of the war, he had been putting together the elemental principles of human life; he had studied human nature profoundly, and had critically sifted a wide range of facts. He was not emotional nor sentimental; was inclined to take a ludicrous view of the "darky," as he called him; was not unconscious of the fact that he had made a brilliant record. Glory tasted good in his mouth; furthermore, he was offered a brilliant position in the business world. But he had carried away, like others of us, from Dr. Hopkins's class room a touchstone by which to test glory and all other things, and deep within him there was a principle of which he had never let go, but which was ever coming more and more to the front. What it was appears between the lines in his *Reminiscences*. As one reads the description of his boyhood's home in Honolulu, taking in as it does both the noble and the droll side of mission life; as one sees how he dwells on the sacrifices of his father and mother, one thing becomes clear, — the standpoint of his life. He never ceased to look at things from the doorway of that missionary home. Fundamental in him, inmost treasure of his heart, was that principle of sacrifice and service for the race, for any and every kind of man, because he was a man, and because Christ had died for him, putting on him a divine valuation; and along with this principle there was at his heart's core the germ of that kind of faith that obtains promises and stops the mouths of lions.

At this very time, writing to his old college chum, he says: "Well, chum, I'm rolling over lots of wild schemes in my head, and one of these days I'll strike out. I want you along. But mind,

effort leads to success. There is a point where one ends and the other begins, and here lies the difference in men: one man will not do a thing till he shall see exactly where this point shall be; another cares not if between where effort stops and success begins there is a gulf, be it ever so wide. Such are the extremes; men are ranged all along between. I rather lean to the latter extreme, where the eye of sense sees no continuity, but labor and its results widely separate. A certain faith steps in and binds them together; and trusting to this faith, some men will go forward as freely as if there were no break, no doubt; for just here is the place of doubt." The after story of his life was a commentary on these words.

So, in the midst of the hard work of the bureau, jolly times with his old comrades, and harmless flirtations with pretty teachers, he was revolving the question how the sacrifices that were being made for the negro might be made practical. The result, as every one knows, was the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. That belongs to history, but three things ought to be said about it here: (1.) It was like the colored regiment in the ravine, with the colonel's tent on the hill, under fire. Armstrong's own soul hovered over it, transfused it, and was given for it, life for life. Never in modern times did a heroic personality give a more wondrous perpendicular lift to other souls. Not for one instant would I minimize the skillful and self-denying work of that noble band who toiled by his side; nevertheless Armstrong himself was the institution and the education. It could not be otherwise. As he himself once said, the greatest institution is a man. (2.) Allowing a large percentage of dead materials, Hampton has sent out into the world hundreds of students, each one of whom, in whatever little dark community he may be, bears the stamp of Armstrong's character, and shares in the work of putting men thereabouts

en rapport with what is best and most practical in human life. (3.) The institution has survived financially by the unparalleled struggles of Armstrong himself. The whole of that gigantic educational industry was created and sustained by a man who never had a penny beyond his salary. There was no accident in this. Armstrong's constructive qualities were of the highest order, his executive ability was immense. He had a creative imagination, and not only the kind of intellect that sees the means to an end, but that naturalistic turn of mind which comprehends instinctively nature's organism for producing results. With astute insight, Armstrong not only saw exactly the character and function of the African nature; he took in the organic value of a New England deacon, a Boston millionaire, a Quaker philanthropist, and a Virginia legislature; he understood the gearing by which they could be united; he understood the relation of Providence to organisms of all kinds. Speaking of the original bill by which Virginia gave her scrip to her educational institutions, he said to me, "It will pass, because it is God's movement, and there are so many rascals in the legislature."

He had, too, another essential characteristic of every great constructive mind: he saw things in broad relations, he was loyal to his own principles, but he did not needlessly collide with other people; he made the wolf to lie down with the lamb, he combined the energies of the skeptic and of the believer. To some this seemed a want of genuineness on his part. The fact simply was that he saw and made for those broader unities in which all good men stand together. This clear perception not only of wide unities, but of different fields of unity, is in fact the most important quality of the true up-builder; for to build is really to coordinate. He had, too, that quality of getting along with things, that patience with existing conditions, so wittily described by Dr. Holmes in his *Over the*

Teacups. He was emphatically an "As," not an "If." When Academic Hall burned, he said it was the best thing that could have happened.

When certain persons reviled the Scriptures, in which he believed, he said, "So much the worse for them, but it will do the Scriptures good." In short, he was at all times a buoyant optimist. Then there was about him the unfailing genial play of humor, by which he subdued the tone of both sacrifices and cares. When reproached by a ministerial friend for the old slouch hat he wore, his reply was, "We are different; you need a hat to walk round the walls of Zion with."

One day, after he had been paralyzed, he reverently bowed his head at dinner to ask the usual blessing, but instantly afterwards burst into a hearty laugh, and said, "I could n't shut but one eye." The ludicrous side even of the sharpest distress struck him at once, and when he felt the worst he laughed.

It was a great sight to see him, in the prime of his manhood, sitting clad in his school uniform, with his short jacket just like the boys, in his little dry-goods box of an office, — an embodiment of business and dispatch; a great sight to see him in Virginia Hall on a Sunday evening, his sturdy form erect, his head thrown back, leading the school, at the top of his voice, in some old plantation song, or, with one hand in his pocket, talking to them about hard facts, with something of the kindness of a father, the directness of an army officer, and the hard-headed sagacity of an old slaveholding Virginia planter.

It was a greater sight to see him teach Dr. Hopkins's Outline Study of Man to his own senior class of colored boys and girls. The task would have daunted most college professors, but Armstrong, like his beloved teacher, had a profound belief in the capacity of the humblest soul to receive the greatest truth, provided that truth were properly

put. At it, therefore, he went, with all the enthusiasm of his nature; and he invariably declared that it was the thing which of all things he most enjoyed. He had two rare points as a teacher: with all his powerful originality, he could shut himself up to the patient teaching of another man's book; and he understood the fact that because of some personal hitch a large percentage of every class fails to catch the educational movement. He never raved at dull students; it no more angered him when one did not take hold than it irritates a good fisherman when a particular trout will not rise to the conventional brown hackle. It is that particular trout whose personal equation the good angler enjoys studying. Armstrong always prepared the way for the coming lesson; reading it over to the class sentence by sentence, stopping at every difficult word, drawing out the mind of the class as to its meaning, conversing shrewdly with them about it, bringing out their peculiarities, and so finding the personal hitch of each member.

Like many of the most original and successful thinkers, Armstrong reached his important conclusions from the study of a concrete fact. That fact was, in his case, the missionary history of the Sandwich Islands. It was to him an absorbingly interesting problem in social science. It was also the problem of his father's life, and of the New Testament as related to modern times. He published a little pamphlet on the subject. It was a hurriedly constructed thing, thrown out in the midst of pressing cares, its ideas half formulated; yet it is educationally of the highest value. It shows how important it is for us that the ages do not all go tandem. Happily, *some* of the savage ages are abreast of us.

Armstrong fully realized the value of this little segment of history, and his pamphlet shows what a perfectly fair and sympathetic yet acutely critical intellect could do with it. He could not

bear to call Hawaiian Christianity a failure; still his judgment compelled him to do so. What was the trouble? Clearly it did not lie in the religion itself; this was obvious to his mind from what he saw in cases which he cites. Where the religion had a chance, it showed itself the same transcendently glorious thing that it was in the apostolic days. It performed moral miracles. Where then lay the trouble? Evidently with the conditions of the social and industrial structure. To this Armstrong was himself an eye-witness. It precluded morality, he declared. The Christian native struggled vainly with it. The best that could be expected from him was faith's struggle, not faith's victory. The only thing that could possibly help him was to teach him so to build the social and industrial edifice that it should harmonize with Christianity. A hut with only one room and a race with no fixed habit of industry are not unitable with Christianity. What was the meaning of this, then? That Christianity could not stand alone? Precisely. It never was meant to stand alone. It was meant to take its place in a world of reciprocal organisms among which it is the supreme organism. Education, religion, industry, are different departments of one great process, which he called the building of manhood. It is impossible that one should advance well in any one of these departments without its correlatives. "We have learned," he says, "how to make money, but not how to build men." From this solution of the problem comes his idea of education. It is easy to talk about Armstrong having devised a good scheme of education for the negro and Indian. It is a grave question whether he has not solved the whole problem of education. Strip his system of its external form, and the principle is this: Take what force the man has and put it to practical use at once. First make him a useful organ of humanity, then give him humanity's knowledge. It is the completion of Dr.

Hopkins's idea. If it could be carried out, it is possible that the educative process now going on in a good many young gentlemen might be almost as much improved as was the education of the negro and Indian when Armstrong took hold of it.

It would be no fair assessment of his work if I closed without saying a word about his religion. He was not naturally religious; there was about him too much of earthly interest, science, combativeness, and general absorption in the world; besides, he was keenly critical and alive to the ridiculous, singularly destitute of fear, and not at all inclined to be anxious about his sins or anything else. Yet he saw the worth of religion; and though mystified by its apparent conflict with science, and also by its spiritual processes, he, with his sturdy practical sense and a conviction that it was meant for him as he was, laid hold of the side that was handiest to him and held on. It proved to be, "Teneo et teneor." In his earlier days he said to me, "Work is the best prayer." In his later days he reversed that saying. In fact, he became a kind of saint. Spiritual things were those on which he had strongest hold. When under terrible pressure, he was in the habit of devoting a tenth of his time to devotional reading, at one time using Thomas à Kempis, his robust spiritual digestion receiving no harm from its asceticism, while he took great delight in its spiritual revelations. I judge he had by no means reached the maximum of his powers; he still seemed full of undeveloped potentiality. With his wondrous physique, at the time of his death he should have been in the prime of life. As a matter of fact he died from exhaustion, worn out, not by his legitimate function of education, but by his unexampled labors in securing money for his institution.

If Lincoln stood for the emancipation of the negro's body, no less did Armstrong stand for the emancipation of his

mind. The former represented the conduct of the war; the latter, its tremendous issues. The life of a free people is centred not so much in its political as in its educational organs. The death of a great popular educator in the midst of his work is an exceedingly critical event. It would seem, therefore, that in their failure to support such a God-given leader the American people may have inflicted upon themselves a grievous blow; nor can a nation more than an individual expect that Providence or good luck will mend such mistakes. As for Armstrong himself, it is not wonderful that, seeing the fortunes amassed by many of his countrymen, and the relative pittance doled out to meet the moral and educational necessities of the nation, he was carried away by a scorn of what he called hoarding, and that when he received a personal gift he flung it into the treasury of the institution. His death was, to the minds of some, a martyrdom; others criticised the struggle that led to it as a rash expenditure of power. If there be truth in the latter view, it becomes us to be gentle in our judgment. Probably he could not help it. Every man has his necessities, some noble, some ignoble. A certain excess was perhaps a necessity of his profoundly impassioned nature. When he took the cup of sacrifice, he could but drink deep of it, and he was satisfied.

A friend who was his guest during the naval review, April 22, 1893, writes, in a private letter, of his last days:—

“Sunday morning, the 23d, he seemed very weary and feeble, but in the evening walked laboriously up all those stairs to Virginia Hall, and spoke to the students for half an hour. It was a singularly dramatic sight, all those dark faces looking toward him, as he stood leaning on his cane, with his drawn white face and almost white hair and those wonderful deep-set eyes, talking to them as only he could talk; impressing upon them, whatever they did, no matter how

trivial, to do it well and with their whole heart.

“They sang ‘They look like men of war,’ one of his favorite hymns, and marched out to ‘Jerusalem the golden,’ and I thought I could almost wish he might die then, among them.

“It was his last Sunday in Virginia Hall. After that, he went in a boat through the fleet, with the choir, to serenade the flagships, and did n’t get back till twelve o’clock. Monday, he went with us to see the fleet sail. We climbed on to the outer ramparts, leaving him in the carriage; but he could n’t see there, so he climbed the lighthouse stairs and watched the ships. He seemed fairly well when we left, that night; but the heart-failure attack came Tuesday, and though he pulled through it, he never really rallied, and suffered terribly: every breath was anguish, night and day, in spite of everything love and science could suggest or do. At the last the end came very suddenly: he had a suffocating turn, — no worse than others, — and then was gone. . . .

“The whole front of the platform of that beautiful great church, flooded with sunshine, was lined with potted lilies and plants; the pulpit had a fringe of bridal wreath, and above were massed roses of all colors, — in the centre the splendid Jacques that grow on his own house, — and just in front of it he lay in his coffin, with the heavy folds of a splendid flag covering it. Two negroes stood at the head, and two Indians at the foot, with their furled flags draped in black. The plate on the coffin said fifty-four years; but it was hard to believe he was only fifty-four, when one looked from it to that worn, tired face, the face in whose drawn lines and sunken, tired eyes was seen the weight of the burden that had killed him. A few hours after his death, the commanding officer at Fortress Monroe sent, asking the honor of giving the general a funeral of full military honors (an absolutely unheard-of thing for an

ex-officer), sending the garrison of the fortress, and he came himself as a member of the Loyal Legion. . . .

"They carried him out through the main door, the bells tolling, and the splendid fort band playing a Dead March. He was borne by the ten school captains, five negro, five Indian, with the coffin covered with the flag, and his hat and the sword he carried at Gettysburg laid over him. Every head was bared and bent, as, very slowly, they bore him to the caisson. The troops fell into line, then the caisson drawn by twenty stu-

dents, then the four clergymen, the generals and the eight Loyal Legion men, the three carriages with family friends, and then the entire school. He was buried, at his own request, in the school cemetery; and as the caisson could not go in, he was carried on the shoulders of the ten captains. The grave was lined with locust blossoms, which also covered the earth. The service was short, and the students sang the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, 'Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,' and then we left."¹

John H. Denison.

¹ After his burial, these Memoranda, from which I am allowed to make extracts, were found among his papers.

HAMPTON, VA., December 31, 1890,
New Year's Eve.

MEMORANDA. — Now when all is bright, the family together, and there is nothing to alarm and very much to be thankful for, it is well to look ahead, and perhaps to say the things that I would wish to have known, should I suddenly die.

I wish to be buried in the school graveyard, among the students, where one of them would have been put had he died. . . .

Next, I wish no monument or fuss to be made over my grave, and only a simple headstone; no text or sentiment inscribed, only my name and date. I wish the simplest funeral service, without sermon or attempt at oratory, — a soldier's funeral. . . .

I hope that there will be enough friends to see that the work continues; unless some one makes sacrifices for it, it cannot go on. A work that requires no sacrifice does not count for much, in fulfilling God's plans; but what is commonly called sacrifice is the best natural use of one's self and one's resources, the best investment of time, strength, and means. He who makes no such sacrifice is most to be pitied; he is a heathen, because he knows nothing of God. In the school, the great thing is, not to quarrel, to pull together, to refrain from hasty, unwise words or actions, to unselfishly and only seek the best good of all, and to get rid of workers whose temperaments are unfortunate, whose heads are not level, no matter how much knowledge or culture they may have. Cantankerousness is worse than heterodoxy.

I wish no effort at a biography of myself made. Good friends might get up a pretty

good story, but it would not be the whole truth. The truth of a life usually lies deep down. We hardly know ourselves. God only does. I trust his mercy.

The shorter one's creed, the better. "Simply to thy cross I cling," is enough for me.

I am most thankful for my parents, my Hawaiian home, my war experiences, my college days at Williams, and for life and work at Hampton. Hampton has blessed me in so many ways. Along with it have come the choicest people in the country for my friends and helpers, and then such a grand chance to do something directly for those set free by the war, and indirectly for those who were conquered. And Indian work has been another great privilege. Few men have had the chances I have had. I never gave up or sacrificed anything in my life; have been seemingly guided in everything.

Prayer is the greatest power in the world; it keeps us near to God. My own prayer has been most weak, wavering, inconstant, but it has been the best thing I have ever done. I think this a universal truth; what comfort is there except in the broadest truths!

I am most curious to get a glimpse of the next world. How will it all seem? Perfectly fair and perfectly natural, no doubt. We ought not to fear death; it is friendly. . . .

Hampton must not go down; see to it, you who are true to the black and red children of the country and to just ideas of education.

The loyalty of my old soldiers and of my students has been an unspeakable comfort to me. It pays to follow one's best light, — to put God and country first, and ourselves afterwards.

S. C. ARMSTRONG.

Taps have just sounded.

Memoranda of S. C. Armstrong, to be read immediately on my death.

HIS VANISHED STAR.

XIV.

LORENZO TAFT'S arrival at his home, that afternoon, might have seemed to the casual observer an event of the simplest significance. It is true, a country trader, on his return from a bout of barter at that emporium the cross-roads store, seldom casts about him so vigilant an eye, or sustains so controlled and weighty a manner, or wears a countenance of such discernment, its alert sagacity hardly at variance with certain predatory suggestions,—on the contrary, finding in them its complement of expression. But these points might only have argued ill for the profits of the bargainer with whom he had dealt. As the great lumbering canvas-hooded wagon came to a halt in the space beneath the loft of the log barn, under partial shelter, at least, and he began to unharness and turn out the two mules, the anxious glances he cast toward the house might have betokened impatient expectation of assistance in unloading the ponderous vehicle, and carrying into the store the cumbersome additions to its stock represented in saddles, cutlery, sugar, bolts of calico, stacks of hats,—the integrity of all more or less endangered by the weather. But no one emerged from the house, and after feeding the mules he turned hastily, took his way in great strides through the rain across the yard, which was half submerged in puddles and running water, and unlocked the door. As he entered, big, burly, and dripping with rain, prophetically at odds with the falling out of the yet unknown events, he gazed about the dim interior with a dissatisfied, questioning eye. All was much as usual, save dimmer and drearier for the storm without. Here the unseen rain asserted its presence by the fusillade on the roof and the plashing from the eaves. The wind rushed

furiously in recurrent blasts against the windowless walls. Since the denizens within could not mark how it bent the greatest tree, they might thus judge of its force, and quake beneath its tempestuous buffets. Now and again the writhen boughs of the elm just outside beat as in frantic appeal on the clapboards. The chimney piped a tuneless, lifelike note, and occasional drops fell a-sputtering into the dull blaze of the fire. Cornelia Taft herself was dull and spiritless of mien, as she sat on a low stool on the hearth knitting a blue yarn stocking. The room, lurking in a state of semi-obscurity, seemed the dreariest possible expression of a dwelling; only as the fitful blaze flared and fell were distortions of its simple furniture distinguishable,—the table with its blue ware, the bed and its gaudy quilt, the spinning-wheel, and the old warping-bars, where now merely skeins of cobwebs were wont to hang from peg to peg, since Cornelia Taft's precocity did not extend to weaving. A black cat sat blinking her yellow eyes before the fire. She had so conversational an aspect that it might seem that Taft had interrupted some conference,—of a dismal nature, doubtless, for there were traces of recent tears on the little girl's face, and a most depressed expression.

"Whar's Copley? Whar's yer uncle Cop?" he demanded, looking hastily about the shadowy place.

She paused to roll up her work methodically, and thrust the knitting needles through the ball of yarn.

"He ain't hyar," she said, lifting reproachful eyes; "an' he ain't been hyar since ye been gone."

He stared down at her in silent surprise.

"Ye jes' went off an' lef' me an' Joe hyar by ourse'fs, an' we been mos'

skeered ter death," she added, with a sob.

A sudden apprehension crossed Taft's face.

"I lef' Cop hyar. Ain't he been in ter git his vittles?"

She shook her head.

"Did ye call him in the store?"

She nodded.

"Mebbe he war in the barn."

"I blowed the hawn fur him; he ain't eat a mite sence ye been gone."

Taft turned hastily toward the door, his florid face paling. Then he turned back. "Whar's Joe?"

"He hev runned away!" cried Sis, with a burst of sobs. "Las' night we-uns hearn sech a cur'ous hurrah — some-whar — I dunno — sech cur'ous talk an' hollerin' 'way down in the groun' — an' — an' — diggin' — an' —"

He had paused, looking amazed at her. Then his face changed, aghast with a sort of certainty upon it. "Jes' some boys diggin' in the Lost Time mine," he urged, however, plausibly.

"But — but" — she protested — "Joe, he say, they — they air — dead."

She looked at him, hoping for some sufficient adult denial of this terrible fantasy; but his face betokened only its confirmation, and she fell to shivering and sobbing afresh.

"Whenst it got so turrible in the middle o' the night, Joe, he looked out'n the winder upsteers, an' the moon hed riz. An' he clomb down by the tree. He 'lowed he would n't bide no mo' an' listen. So he jes' skun the cat out'n the winder. He war 'feared."

And once more she covered her face with her hands and wept. Nevertheless, between her fingers, as the tears trickled down them, she furtively surveyed him.

"Wunst," she said tentatively, "I 'lowed 't war revenuers. An' then I wisht 't war. I hed ruther hev hearn them 'n — 'n — dead ones."

His countenance did not change a muscle.

"Revenuers arter what?" he demanded.

She was now alarmed by her own temerity. In the long ordeal of solitude and fright she had lost control of her small nerves, or she would not have overstepped her habitual caution so far. Her father's incidental, unconcerned manner reassured her.

"Arter the 'wild-cat,' I reckon," she hazarded.

He affected to consider the suggestion.

"Some boys *mought* be talkin' 'bout startin' a still down thar in the Lost Time mine. I'll roust 'em out mighty quick, ef they do! Ef thar's enny whiskey sold round hyar, I'm countin' on doin' it out'n my store, sure. I got a license ter sell."

She looked at him narrowly, suspiciously, hardly more credulous than he himself.

"I won't hev *my* profits sp'iled. Whiskey 's the best trade I got," he added, as he turned about. "Waal, I 'lowed Copley would be in hyar ter help me tote the truck in; but, howsever, set a rock afore the door ter hold it open, Sis, whilst I make a start, ennyhow."

His show of industry as he toiled across the rainy yard, now with a keg, now with a box, on his shoulder, of anxiety for the safety of his goods, his sedulous care in displaying them to the best advantage on the shelves to lure customers, might have deceived a wiser head than Cornelia Taft's. Her long-cherished suspicions were gradually dispelled, as she ran hither and thither, carrying the lighter packages in her arms, eagerly helping to bestow them, making place for them when she could do no more. It was not until she had gone back briskly to her task of preparing an early supper that he ventured to descend from the store to the room below, and take his way along the dark tunnel to the still in the recess of the mine. He paused surprised at the disordered and careless disarray about the entrance to the tun-

nel: some of the boards of the partition were on the ground, others aslant, none as they were habitually adjusted. With a steady hand he rectified this, and went forward forthwith, his lantern swinging in his grasp. Once he paused to listen: no voice, no stir; only the heavy windless silence. As he progressed, the faint tinkling of the running water smote his ear, and presently he had crossed it. No sound came from about the still; there was no suffusion of red light on the terracotta walls that sometimes glowed at the terminus of the tunnel when the furnace door stood open. He could hardly be said to have had a premonition. He was prepared for disaster by the previous events; but he could scarcely realize its magnitude, its conclusiveness, when the timid flare of the lantern illumined the dreary walls of the moonshiners' haunt, the dead cold furnace, the tubs of mash, — on the margin of one of which a rat was boldly feeding, scarcely pausing to look around with furtive, sinister bright eyes, — and his two lieutenants, whom he had left to guard Larrabee, bound and gagged upon the floor.

The craft which characterized Lorenzo Taft was hardly predicable of so massive an organization. It was an endowment of foxlike ingenuity, sinuous, lithe, suggestive of darting swiftness and of doubled tracks. The expression of blunt dismay on his big jowl dropping visibly beneath his broad yellow beard, the widening stare in his round blue eyes as he gazed about the dismal place, his heavy, lumbering motion as he carefully set the lantern down upon the cold masonry of the fireless furnace, gave no intimation of the speed with which his mind had canvassed the situation, accepted the inevitable, and fixed upon his future course. It was hardly a moment before he was on one knee beside the prostrate form of the elder moonshiner, and had drawn from over his head the grain sack that had served both to gag him and to obscure his coun-

tenance. The glimmer of the lantern, like a slow rill of light trickling feebly through the darkness, illumined the expression of eager appeal in the haggard wild face and eyes of Copley. An instant longer was too long to wait, yet wait he must! Taft's thumb jerked over his shoulder at the other prostrate form, convulsed now in a frenzied effort to attract the attention of the new-comer, whose footsteps had brought the only hope of speedy deliverance.

"Drunk agin?" he asked, in a low voice.

Copley made shift to nod his head affirmatively. Then again that frantic plea for release illumined his eyes and contorted his anxious features.

Taft, regardless, rose, with the slow swinging motion common to many bulky men, and, with the lantern swaying in his hand, made his way to the opposite side of the furnace, where the young drunkard lay — very sober now, in good truth — cramped in every hard-bound limb, racked with the tortures of thirst, and half famished. Taft had partly unbound the ropes from about the furnace and cut them in twain, thus dissevering the companions in misery; he swiftly knotted those that held the elder moonshiner, while the ends of Dan Sykes's bonds lay loose along the floor.

"Why, Dan," he cried roughly, "what sort'n caper is this?"

The prostrate young fellow made an effort to rise, so strong that the already loosened cords relaxed; and as Taft emphasized his demand by a sharp kick in the ribs, and an urgent exhortation to the young sot to "quit this damned fooling," the sack which Sykes had worn some twenty hours as hood and gag, and which, since his wakening from his long drunken sleep, he had strained in every fibre by his mad lurches of fright and efforts for freedom, rolled off, his pinioned arms were at liberty, and it seemed he had naught to do but to sit up and untie his craftily bound feet and legs.

"Ye demented gopher!" cried Taft angrily, as Sykes stupidly sat up, blinking in the gleam of the lantern. "What ails ye? Drunk agin?"

If his bursting skull were admissible testimony, — but he shook his head stoutly in pious negation. Taft kicked him once more in the side with a scornful boot.

"Then the worst fool you-uns! Look-a-hyar!" he cried furiously, as he caught the young man by the collar and pulled him to his staggering feet, cutting with one or two quick passes with the knife the ropes about his legs. "Look-a-hyar, ye gallus-bird, what ye hev done in yer drunken tantrums! Murder! murder! or mighty nigh it!"

He swung the lantern round, so that its flickering gleams might rest on the figure of Copley, whose genuine bonds so closely resembled the plight which Sykes had thought his own. His blood-shot eyes distended, as he groped bending toward it in the darkness.

"Who's that? Lar'bee?" he said.

"Lar'bee!" exclaimed Taft scornfully. "Lar'bee's been out'n the still ever since yestiddy evenin'."

It was Sykes's drunken recollection that Larrabee was here when Taft departed; but alack! in a cranium which is occupied by a headache of such magnitude, memory has scarce a corner to be reckoned on. Nevertheless he blurted out: —

"Ye tole me ter watch him," — he set his teeth in a sort of snarl, and glanced up under his eyebrows with a leer still slightly spirituous, — "ter gyard him like a dog. 'Hold fast!' ye said, 'hold fast!'"

Taft suddenly shifted the lantern, to throw its full glare upon his own serious, grim, threatening face as he loomed up in the shadows.

"Sykes," he said, "this is a bad business fur you, an' ye'll swing fur it, I'm a-thinkin'. Nobody never set sech a besotted cur ez ye ter watch nobody.

I let Lar'bee out myse'f. Ye an' Copley war lef' hyar ter keep sober an' run the still; an' what do ye do? Ye murder him!"

As he lowered his big, booming, dramatic voice, the young fellow's blood ran cold.

"Ye murder him, an' tie him up like that, an' then do yerse'f up sorter faucy with bags an' a rope. Ye'll hev closer dealin's with a rope yit; I kin spy out that in the day that's kemin'." His eyes gleamed with a sinister smile.

Sykes's knees shook.

"Oh, my Lord!" he exclaimed wildly. "Air — air he dead? 'T war n't me! God A'mighty knows 't war n't me!" The ready tears rushed to his eyes. "'T war Lar'bee! 'T war Lar'bee!"

"Shucks!" Taft turned wearily away. "Ain't I tole ye I seen Lar'bee set out 'fore I did? Blackenin' Lar'bee won't save ye, Dan! *Drink — drink!* I tole ye drink would ruinate ye; always brings a man to a bad e-end. Pity ye hed n't put some water in the jug before-hand, stiddier all them tears in the dregs o' yer spree." He shook his head. "So it is! So it is!"

"Oh, is he dead, — air ye sure he is dead?" cried the young fellow in a heart-rending voice of appeal, flinging himself upon his knees beside the still, stark, motionless form of the elder moon-shiner.

Taft swung the lantern slightly, and its lurid gleams played over the haggard, cadaverous face, ghastly with fatigue and the pallor of anxiety.

The boy drew back, with a shudder of repulsion. "Oh, I never went ter do it! I never went ter do it! I war drunk! crazy drunk! devil drunk! Oh" —

"They say," Taft interrupted suddenly, — "leastwise the lawyers do, — ez a man bein' drunk in c'mittin' a crime ought n't ter influence a jury, — the law makes no allowance; but," with an encouraging nod, "they say, too, ez it *do* influence the jury *every time*. An' the

court can't help it. The jury *will* allow suthin' fur a man bein' drunk."

The white face of the boy, imposed against the darkness with all the contour of youth, had hardly a characteristic that was not expressive of age, so pinched, so lined, so drawn, so bloodless, was every sharpened feature. The natural horror of his supposed deed, his simple, superficial repentance of the involuntary crime, were suddenly expunged; his whole being was controlled by a single impulse; a passion of fear possessed him. Jury, crime, lawyer, — these words looking to a legal arraignment first brought to his horror-stricken mind the idea of a responsibility other than moral for his deed. What slight independence of thought he had, what poor capacity for sifting and judging and weighing the probabilities his easily influenced mind might have exerted as he more and more recovered from his recent inebriation, became nullified upon the instant. He did not look once again back to the past, but to the future, wild, quaking, frenzied, as Taft elected to foretell the event.

"That's why," Taft coolly said, nodding sagely, and inclining his head toward the breathless, frantic, almost petrified creature, "I'd leave it ter men."

Sykes recoiled, with a shudder.

"Yes," reiterated Taft, weightily and slowly. "The jury would take yer drunk inter account; an' on the witness-stand I'd testify ez ye war gin over ter the failin'."

The young fellow's gray, stony face did not change as Taft ceased to speak. Taft felt its fixed look upon him as he stood, his head bent, his big hat thrust back on his yellow hair; one hand was laid meditatively on his long beard, as he gazed down on the prostrate figure of Copley; with the other hand he held the lantern, whose spare white glimmers of light out into the surrounding obscurity seemed so meagre in the darksome place, never cheerful at best, but without the roar and heat of the furnace, the

keen, brilliant glinting from the crevice of the door when closed or the red suffusive flare when it was swung ajar, the dreariest presentment of subterranean gloom.

"Yes," Taft continued thoughtfully, "I'd ruther leave it ter men — ter the courts, ye know — 'n ter hev the folks round hyar ez war frien'ly ter Copley undertake ter settle ye fur it; they'd — Hey?" he interrupted himself.

For the young fellow had reached out his arm and laid his hand with a vise-like grip upon Taft's wrist. His head was thrust forward; he seemed about to speak, but his parted lips, drawn tight across his large, prominent teeth, emitted not a sound, although his wild, dilated, bloodshot eyes looked an eager protest. His voice had failed in framing the obnoxious words, which, however, Taft spoke patly enough.

"Why, ye know, they would, they would. Jedge Lynch is the only court fur this kentry. What sati'faction is it ter the folks hyarabouts ter hev a man kerried ter jail, thirty mile away, ter stan' his trial in the courthouse year arter nex', mebbe, an' then arter all's come an' gone cheat hemp at las'? Yes, that's yer bes' chance; set out fur Colbury straight, an' s'render yerse'f thar."

He paused, apparently thinking deeply. "Ef ye hed enny kin, though, in enny out'n-the-way place, my advices ter ye would be ter cut an' run, an' bide along o' them; fur this hyar air a mighty bad job, an' it's goin' ter go hard with the man ez done it."

Once more the pallid, evasive light flickered in feeble vibrations across the long, motionless, rope-bound figure, and the stark face curiously distorted and painfully repulsive with the gag in its stretched jaws.

"Ye ain't got no kin in no'th Georgy, say?" Taft demanded.

"Naw," replied the boy huskily.

The suggestion seemed to have restored his voice, albeit muffled and shaken; into

his eyes, staring, wide and bloodshot, into the gloom, was creeping a definiteness of expression, as if he beheld, instead of the vacant black darkness, some scene projected there as a possibility and painted by his expectation. His grip on Taft's arm had relaxed. It had been close and hard, and Taft rubbed the wrist a trifle with the hand that still held the lantern, setting the feeble glimmer a-swinging swiftly about the dark walls.

"That's a pity, — that's a tur'ble pity," Taft averred gloomily; then, with an air of rousing himself, "Waal, ye'll jes' hev ter leave it ter men. That's the bes' ye kin do." He was turning briskly toward the tunnel. "I'll undertake ter gin ye the matter of a two hours' start of the folks 'bout hyar by not tellin' 'bout old Copley till then. But ye hed bes' ride with speed, fur they'll be hot shod on yer tracks, sure."

As he went forward with his swinging, elastic stride, swaying the lantern back and forth, according to his wont, to illumine the path, his manner, his words, his expression, so tallied with the situation he had invented and the rôle he had played that even the most discerning might have descried no discrepancy in point of fact. The young moonshiner, barely sobered and wholly frightened, was easily to be deluded by a verisimilitude far less complete. He followed, his clumsy feet stumbling and stepping awry, as if his gait were still subject to spirituous influences from which his brain was freed. His cramped limbs yet felt the numbness of their long constraint and the pain of his bonds, for Larrabee's ropes had not been adjusted with due regard to the free circulation of the blood. His progress was far slower than his host's, who paused from time to time and waited to be overtaken. On these occasions it soon became apparent that there was something in his mind on which he had begun to ponder deeply; for whereas at first he had visibly hastened to join Taft on seeing him whirl

around, the lantern describing in the distance a wheel of pallid white light against the dense blackness of the tunnel, he now continued to plod heavily, slower and slower, even when the light settled to a shining focus, again motionless. Taft lifted it once as Sykes approached, throwing its force full upon the swollen, mottled, absorbed face, the fixed introspective eyes, the heavy slouching shoulders and bent head. At that moment of careful reconnoitre a genuine expression was on Taft's face, keen, furtive, triumphant; it passed unobserved. He whirled around again, leading the way with the lantern, and it was with a perfectly cloaked satisfaction that he began to observe the young fellow's convulsive haste to depart as they neared the exit from the tunnel, his flimsy pretense of heed to his elder's advice, and finally his heedlessness altogether, no longer able to maintain attention or its semblance.

He was gone at last, and Taft, returning to his prostrate comrade in the still, dismissed him from his mind, and thenceforward from his life, with a single comment. "That drunken shoat hev got an uncle in north Texas," he said, as he placed the lantern on the cold brickwork of the dead and fireless furnace. "I knowed that, so I fixed it so ez he'd light out fur them furrin parts d'rec'ly. He ain't dawdlin', I'm thinkin'."

Then, as he addressed himself to removing the gag and cutting the bonds of the elder distiller, his brow darkened.

"That cuss Lar'bee's work, hey?" he demanded gruffly; and as the liberated Copley gasped out an assent he growled a deep oath, his face scarlet, his hands trembling with rage, his anger unleashed, and his whole nature for the nonce unmasked.

"That kems from sparin' powder an' lead," he declared vindictively. "Why n't ye or Sykes shoot him?"

"He war too suddint," gasped Copley. "Ye never see a painter so suddint an' sharp."

"An' why n't ye be suddint, too?" retorted Taft aggressively.

Copley might have protested that in his own interest he had been as "suddint" as he could, and had done his best. He evidently felt, however, much in fault, and as, in silence, he ruefully rubbed his numbed limbs, just free from their ligatures, tingling painfully with the renewal of the circulation of the blood, he gazed about, crestfallen and humbled, and even grief-stricken, at the scene of his wonted labors. It was but faintly revealed by the lantern on the masonry of the furnace, — the dimly white focus with divergent filaments of rays weaving only a tenuous web of light in the darkness which encompassed all. The great burly forms of tubs and barrels were but vaguely glimpsed as brownish suggestions in the blackness; a yellow gleam from the copper still gave the effect of an independent illumination rather than the resources of reflection, so dull and unresponsive was all else upon which the lantern cast its glimmer. Taft sat, according to his habit, upon the side of a barrel, his legs crossed, his elbow on one knee, his head bowed upon his hand, his big hat intercepting all view of his face. Copley gave a long sigh, as his spiritless glance noted the dejection of his friend; but his grooved and wrinkled face seemed as incapable of expressiveness as before, and, with its tanned tints and blunt, ill-cut features, resembled some unskillful carving in wood or a root. His thoughts swerved presently, almost with the moment of reattaining his liberty, from the immediate disaster to the details of his drudgery which so habitually occupied his every waking faculty.

"That thar mash must be plumb ripe by this time," he remarked, his eyes fixed upon a spot in the darkness where presumably the tub in question was situated. "T war nigh ripe whenst Lar'bee jumped up demented, it 'peared like, an' tuk arter we-uns."

Taft lifted a red face and a scowling brow. With an air of reckless desperation he strode to the tub, and the next moment Copley heard the splash as the contents were poured out down the shaft.

"Laws-a-massy, 'Renzo!" with the decisive ring of anger in his voice and all the arrogations of the expert, "why n't ye let me examine it? Ye ain't got my 'speriunce; ye ain't ekal ter jedge like me. Why n't ye" —

"Ye miser'ble mole!" Taft retorted angrily. "Ye may be a jedge o' fermentin' an' stillin' an' sech like, but ye hev got powerful leetle gumption 'bout'n the signs o' the times. Thar ye sit, a-yawpin' away 'bout yer mash, ripe or raw, an' I'm lookin' fur the shootin' iron o' the marshal's men under my nose every time I turn my head."

He suited the action to the word at the moment, looking down with a sudden squint which gave a frightfully realistic suggestion of the muzzle of a weapon held at his very teeth.

"The thing's busted!" Taft cried desperately. "It's done! Kin ye onderstan' that? We-uns hev got ter the jumpin'-off place!"

The bewildered Copley looked vaguely at the verge of the deep shaft, perilously near.

"That Lar'bee's loose now, full o' gredges fur bein' helt hyar. We-uns oughter shot him, or let him shoot himself. An' the dep'ty sher'ff's on his track, 'lowin' *he* be Espey, an' s'picion-in' moonshinin'. The dep'ty sher'ff ain't got nuthin' ter do with sech ez moonshinin' hisse'f, but he air tryin' ter find Espey, an' settle his gredges with him; so he 'll gin the revenue dogs the word 'bout Lar'bee an' distillin', an' whenst Lar'bee's tuk he 'll take a heap o' pleasure in guidin' 'em hyar, I'll be bound. He mought even turn informer hisse'f, ter git even."

He sunk down suddenly on the barrel.

"It's powerful hard on me!" he cried. "I hev treated them boys like they war my own sons." He had forgotten, in this arrogation of age and paternal feeling, his recent youthfulness of matrimonial pretensions. "I hev tuk 'em in," — he did not say in what sense, — "an' divided fair with 'em; an' they hev gotten mo' money out'n me than they'd ever elsewise view in thar whole lifetime. An' I hev been keeful an' kep' the place secret an' quiet. I hev tuk good heed ter all p'int's. An' we-uns mought hev gone on peaceful an' convenient till the crack o' doom, ef it hed n't been fur them. Oh, thar never war sech a place!" He looked round with the eyes of gloating admiration on the gruesome, shadowy den about him, so singularly suited to his vocation. "An' even the danger 'bout'n the hotel is done with, an' the lan' percessioned by now, I reckon, an' thar won't be no mo' packs o' strangers in the Cove; an' yit — an' yit — all fur nuthin'!"

He took off his hat, and rubbed his corrugated brow with his hand with a gesture of desperation.

It is a singular trait of what might perhaps be called sentimental economy that every individual in this world should be the object of the hero worship of some other. It may be submitted that there are no conditions so sterile as to induce a dearth of this perfectly disinterested, unrewarded admiration and acceptance of some embodied ideal. It is familiar enough in the higher walks of life and with worthy objects. But there may be a champion among beggars. It is a potent agent. Its purblind flatteries have advanced many a dullard to a foremost place. The plainest face has some devotee of its beauty; and even the most unpromising infant is a miracle of grace and genius to a doting grandmother. Hardly a hero of the world's history is more dignified on his elevated plane than was Lorenzo Taft in the eyes of his humble coad-

jutor. His wiliness was wisdom; his domineering spirit, his dictatorial aggressiveness, the preëminence of a natural captaincy; his self-seeking a cogent prudence; and his natural courage — with which, indeed, he was well endowed — the finest flower of the extravaganza of valor.

Copley looked at him now with the respectful sympathy which one might well feel in witnessing the fall of a very great man. He scarcely remembered his own interests, inextricably involved. Every inflection of the mellow, sonorous voice raised to a declamatory pitch found a vibrating acquiescence in chords of responsive emotion. Every unconscious gesture of the massive and imposing figure, as histrionically appropriate as if acquired by labor and tuition, since it was indeed the nature that art simulates, was marked with appreciative eyes. A rat in a trap is hardly esteemed a fit object of sympathy by civilized communities, but consider the aspect and magnitude of the catastrophe to his friends and neighbors, the emotional melodrama within the small circuit of the wires!

"Don't take it so tur'ble hard, 'Renzo," expostulated Copley, still seated on the floor.

For Taft was standing motionless, his eyes staring and fixed, his hat far back on his head, exposing his set, drawn face with its teeth hard clenched, one hand mechanically clutching his flowing yellow beard, the other continually closing and unclosing on the handle of a pistol which he had half drawn from his pocket, — a habit of his in moments of mental perplexity, as if he instinctively appealed to this summary arbiter to decide on questions far enough removed from its jurisdiction.

"Don't be so tur'ble desolated; some way out'n it, sure ez ye air born," urged Copley in a consolatory wheeze.

The sound of his voice seemed to rouse Taft. He caught himself with a

start and turned hastily away, looking about as if in search of something. He took the lantern presently to aid him in this, and when it came back, glimmering through the dusk, he carried a box of tools in the other hand.

"Thar 's one way out'n it, sure," he said in a muffled, changed voice, "though it 's gone powerful hard with me ter git my own cornsent ter take it."

He placed the lantern upon the furnace, and, as he went vigorously to work, the astounded Copley, still upon the ground, began to perceive that he was taking the apparatus carefully apart; he was disconnecting the worm from the neck, when his amazed coadjutor found his voice.

"Hold on, 'Renzo," he remonstrated; "ye ain't a-goin' ter take the contraption down, surely" —

"Ruther hev the revenueurs do it?" said Taft, showing his teeth in a sarcastic smile as he looked up. "They 'll make wuss slarter with the worm 'n I will." Then, pausing, with a frown of rancorous reminiscence, "I hed a still o' bigger capacity 'n this one over yander in Persimmon Cove, an' they cut it up in slivers, an' the worm war lef' in pieces no longer 'n that," measuring with both hands, "an' the furnace all tore up. I never seen sech a sight ez whenst I croiped back ter view the wreck. I 'lowed I'd never git forehanded enough ter start ter manufacture sperits agin in this worl'."

He stood idly gazing down these vistas of memory grimly enough for a moment; then, turning back to the still, "I 'll make a try ter save the property this time, so when the storm blows over we kin git started agin another way an' another day. I 'll fix it so ez when Lar'-bee tells, his words will be cast back in his teeth fit ter knock 'em all down his own throat. He 'll be sorry enough, sure 's ye air born. They 'll be hard swallowin'."

The natural fortitude of Taft's character, the elastic quality of his strength,

his big, bluff mental methods, combined to support him in this ordeal to a degree which contrasted advantageously with the weak, almost supine grief that Copley manifested. Perhaps, too, Taft's dinner was a material element which gave cohesion and decision to his mental resolves. Now, Copley, half starved, nervous, wild with anxiety, dread for the future, regret for the past, doubt of the present, would angrily protest, even while he aided in dismantling the apparatus; and then, after a word or two of argument, would admit its necessity, its urgency, and again lament it as futile. He almost wept when the object of his solicitude, which he had served as if it were a fetich, was finally dismembered, and he found only a partial consolation in being himself permitted to pack it, secure from injury, in boxes which Taft brought down from the store. This scanty satisfaction was short-lived, for, despite his objection, Taft poured out upon the ground the liquor which remained after the shipment of the two barrels to the cross-roads. The tubs were cut into pieces in true "revenueur" fashion, the mash was poured out, the furnace was demolished out of all semblance to its former proportions and uses, before Taft began to lay the train to blow the place up, and thus effectually silence its testimony forever.

"S'pos'n' — s'pos'n'" — Copley shivered — "s'pos'n' somebody war in the Lost Time mine, down thar" —

Taft paused, with a lot of tow in his hands which he was arranging for a fuse; he glanced around, the lantern swinging on his arm, as if waiting for the sequel to the unfinished sentence; then, as Copley remained vaguely staring as if at a vision of possible laborers in Lost Time mine, "Skeer 'em powerful, I reckon," he said casually, and bent once more to his work.

"But — but" — Copley recommenced, in a tone so urgent that Taft once more desisted to listen, with an inquiring look

on his half-turned face — “but — but — s’pos’n’ the — a — ’slosion o’ the powder war — war ter bring down the rocks an’ the timbers in some o’ them tunnels an’ open shafts, an’ somebody war in thar, hey? hey?” with eager insistence.

“Shut ’em in thar fur good an’ all, I reckon, — git buried a leetle before thar time, that’s all,” said Taft coolly, and went on with his work as before.

Perhaps some vague premonition, perhaps an intuition of subterranean proximity to an unsuspected wanderer in the Lost Time mine, perhaps only a morbid aversion to the whole project, induced by the lack of that conscience-fortifying force, dinner, actuated Copley, but for the third time he sought to disaffect Taft’s mind toward it.

“Mebbe somebody mought be passin’ an’ hear the ’slosion; mought n’t they ’low ’t war cur’us? What would they make of it?”

Taft did not now pause in his work; he answered still bending down to the ground laying the train.

“Yearthquake,” he said composedly, “or else jes’ some o’ the rottin’ timbers o’ the mine settlin’ an’ givin’ way. Besides,” he added, straightening himself up, “nobody’s passin’ at this time o’ night, nohow.”

“Night!” exclaimed Copley. “Is it night?”

“Midnight,” replied Taft laconically.

He stood silent, thinking, a moment, and resting after the labor of cautiously adjusting the charges; and then, so quiet it all was, not the stir of a breath, not the whisper of a word, not the silken rustle of a ribbon of flame in the demolished furnace, he heard, what he had never before heard so far as here in the still-room, the regular stroke of a pickaxe sounding down the tunnel, and cleaving the ground with the regularity of a practiced workman. He said not a word to Copley; he walked along the tunnel toward it, a chill thrill stealing over him despite the fact that his temerity was a

trifle more pronounced than usual because he was about to leave the place forever. The strokes continued, now growing louder, now more muffled, always accurately timed; and suddenly the faint clamors of that high, queer, false-ringing voice that seemed to seek out and shock every nerve within him. He recoiled with fright and an unreasoning anger. He turned himself about, and swiftly changed the position of a can filled with powder which was to aid in the demolition of the place, arranging it in a niche in the earth close to the wall whence the sound came.

“I make ye my partin’ compliments,” he said, with a sarcastic smile and a mocking wave of the hand to the gruesome unknown. The next moment his expression changed to a frightened gravity, and he ran through the black tunnel as if he consciously had the devil at his heels, pausing not until he was safe in the cellar beneath the store.

The paroxysm, if so it might be called, passed in a moment, and he was laughing as he stood at the aperture of the tunnel, holding the lantern, red-faced and a trifle shamefaced, when Copley, left far behind, came hobbling up slowly and painfully. Taft was quite restored; it was with his own assured, definite manner and elastic stride that he presently took his way along the tunnel again and applied the match to the fuse. He evidently accomplished his work thoroughly, for he had no doubts of its efficacy when he returned and stood leaning against a pile of boxes, waiting quite carelessly as here and there tiny stellar lights sprang up along that darksome way that was not wont to blossom out such constellations.

Stars? No; lines of fire, vermicular, writhing, growing, serpentine, swiftly gliding, armed with venom, with destruction, under their forked tongues; for suddenly a flare, a frightful clap as of thunder, a wrench as if the foundations of the earth were torn asunder, and the

two men were thrown to the ground and the lantern extinguished in the jar.

The reverberations were slow to die away; only gradually quiet came. A stillness ensued, stifling with dust, and with such strong sense of alternation with that moment of deafening detonation that the pulses quivered with expectancy, and the slightest movement set the nerves to jarring. Taft had groped for a light, and as the faint coruscation of a match, then the steadier gleam of the lantern, pierced the darkness, the nearest results of the explosion were open to view. The timbers roofing the tunnel had been shaken down, and close at hand masses of earth had fallen with them and lay banked at the very door. If Taft had been warned in a dream, he could hardly have made his defense more perfect. He and his one trusted adherent worked there the rest of the night. The old original timbers of the house, partly rotten and time-stained, were replaced as formerly, leaving no trace that there had ever been a door into the abandoned mine; and when at last Taft clambered through the aperture of the counter into the store, he left the door broadly flaring after him.

"Trust Sister notice it," he remarked. "She'll git used ter it in ten minits, an' it'll 'pear like she always knowed 't war thar."

The still was conveyed some miles away and buried in a marked spot, and thus the business of moonshining was abandoned at the moment when the project of the summer hotel, from which it had so much to fear, was pretermitted amidst its varied entanglements, and the Cove, which certainly could not have comfortably contained both, was left without either for the nonce.

XV.

As Julia entered her father's house, quite fresh and dry after the tumults of

the storm, each of the group gathered about the fireside was too insistently preoccupied at the moment to notice the discrepancy between her spotless attire and the aspects of the weather, except indeed Luther. The details of their attire she marked at once, and dimpled at the sight. These rain-lashed victims of the processioning had hustled into their cast-off gear; and albeit the fashions of the day were not exigent in the Cove, very forlorn appeared these ancient garments, having long ago seen the best of their never very good days. Captain Lucy's brown coat was like a russet old crinkled leaf, as it clung, out of shape and ruffled by unskillful folding, about him; Luther wore one of his own of former years, far too small now for his burly shoulders that threatened to burst out of it at every seam, and his long arms that protruded their blue shirt sleeves, only half covered from the elbow. He met her glance with a resentful glare, as if he could imagine now no cause for mirth, which was untimely in its best estate. His Sunday coat graced the form of Jasper Larrabee, who sat on the other side of the fire, and who, albeit not of the processioning party, had been caught in the rain in coming hither. Although as tall as Luther, he was much more slender, and he seemed to have shrunk, somehow, in the amplitude of his host's big blue coat. He gave Julia a formal greeting, and was apparently much perturbed by the untoward state of mind in which he found Captain Lucy. And indeed Captain Lucy's face seemed to have adopted sundry wrinkles from his coat, so old, so awry, so crinkled, so suggestive of better days, had it suddenly become. Julia was reminded all at once of the business interests at stake.

"How did the percessionin' turn out, dad?" she inquired, as she stood with her hand on the back of a chair, and looked across the fire at him.

If any eyes might watch Fortune's wheel undismayed, whether it swing

high or low, one might deem them these, surely, with perpetual summer blooming there, as if there were no frosts, no winter's chill, no waning of time or love or life. What cared she for land or its lack?

The forelegs of Captain Lucy's chair came to the floor with an irascible thump. He turned and surveyed the room; then, looking at her, "Air yer eyesight good?" he demanded.

"Toler'ble," she admitted.

"D' ye see that thar contraption?" he continued, leaning forward, and pointing with great *empressement* at a spinning-wheel in the corner.

"I see it," she said, meeting his keen return glance.

"D' ye know what it's made fur?" he inquired, dropping his voice, and with an air of being about to impart valuable information.

"Fur spinnin'," she answered wonderingly.

"Oh, ye know, do ye? Then — mind it."

And thus he settled the woman question, in his own house at least, and repudiated feminine interest and inquisitiveness in his business affairs, and spurned feminine consolation and rebuke as far as he could, — poor Captain Lucy!

Larrabee had that sense of being ill at ease which always characterizes a stranger whose unhappy privilege it is to assist at a family quarrel. He was divided by the effort to look as if he understood nothing of ill temper in the colloquy, and the doubt as to whether he did not appear to side with one or the other, — to relish Julia's relegation to the spinning-wheel, or to resent Captain Lucy's strong measures; or perhaps he might seem lightly scornful of both.

He gazed steadily out of the open door, where a great lustrous copper-tinted sky glassed itself in myriads of gleaming copper-tinted ponds made in every depression by the recent rains; between

were the purplish-black mountains cut sharply on the horizon. He heard a mocking-bird singing, and what a medley the frogs did pipe! Then rushed out into the midst the whirl of Julia's spinning-wheel, that made all other songs of the evening only its incidental burden. She sat near the door, her figure imposed upon those bright hues of sky and water as if she were painted on some lustrous metal. Their reflection was now and again on her hair; she might have seemed surrounded by some glorious aureola. Not that he definitely discerned this. He only felt that she was fairer than all women else, and that the evening gleamed. The bird's song struck some chord in his heart that silently vibrated, and the whirl of her wheel was like a hymn of the fireside. He wished that he had never left it for Taft and his gang, and the hope of making money for a home of his own, of which his mother's hospitality had well-nigh bereft him. The thought roused him to a recollection of his errand.

"I kem hyar ter git yer advices, Cap'n Lucy," he began.

Captain Lucy turned upon him a silent but snarling face. He needed all his "advices" for himself.

"I ain't got nuthin' ter hide from you-uns," Larrabee continued, after a pause for the expected reply. "Ye know all I do," — a fleeting recollection of the still came over him, — "that I'm able ter tell," he added; for the idea of betraying the secrets involving Taft and the other moonshiners had never entered his mind.

Captain Lucy's scornful chin was tossed upward.

"We-uns feel toler'ble compliminted," he averred, "ter hev it 'lowed ez we-uns knows *all* you-uns do, fur that's a heap, ez ye air aimin' ter tell."

"I mean — I went ter say, Cap'n Lucy" — Jasper Larrabee's words, in their haste, tripped one over the other,

as they sought to set their meaning in better array.

"He jes' means, uncle Lucy, ez it ain't no *new* thing," Adelicia interposed to expound, touched by the anxious contrition of the younger man, who was leaning eagerly forward, his elbow on his knee, toward the elder, and to allay the contrariety of spirit of "uncle Lucy."

"An' meddlin' ain't no new thing, nuther, with you-uns, Ad'licia," snarled Captain Lucy, much overwrought. "I wish ter Gawd, with all the raisin' an' trainin' I hev hed ter gin ye, I could hev larnt ye ter hold yer jaw wunst in a while whenst desir'ble, an' show sech manners ez — ez T'bithy thar kin." He pointed at the cat on the hearth, and gave a high, fleering laugh, in which the sarcastic vexation overmastered every suggestion of mirth.

A slight movement of Tabitha's ears might have intimated that she marked the mention of her name. Otherwise she passed it with indifference. With her skimpy, shabby attire, — her fur seemed never to flourish, — her meek air of disaffection with the ways of this world, her look of adverse criticism as her yellow eyes followed the movements of the family, her thankless but resigned reception of all favors as being less than she had a right to expect, her ladylike but persistent exactions of her prerogatives, gave her, somehow, the style of a reduced gentlewoman, and the quietude and gentle indifference and air of superiority of the manners on which Captain Lucy had remarked were very genteel as far as they went.

Adelicia seemed heedless of the mentor thus pointed out. She noisily gathered up her work, somewhat cumbrous of paraphernalia, since it consisted of a small cedar tub, a large wooden bowl, and a heavy sack of the reddest of apples which she was paring for drying, and carried it all around the fireplace to seat herself between the two parties to this controversy.

"Now, uncle Lucy, ye jes' got ter gin Jasper yer advices, an' help him out'n whatever snap he hev got inter."

Her deep gray eyes smiled upon the young man, as the firelight flashed upon her glittering knife and the red fruit in her hand, although her delicate oval face was grave enough. Ever and again she raised her head, as she worked, to toss back the tendrils of her auburn hair which were prone to fall forward as she bent over the task. There was a moment's silence as Jasper vainly sought to collect his ideas.

"Tell on, Jasper," she exhorted him. "I'm by ter pertect ye now. An' enny-hows, uncle Lucy's bark is a long shakes wuss 'n his bite."

She smiled encouragingly upon the suppliant for advice; her own face was all unmarred by the perception that matters had gone much amiss with the processioning of the land, for uncle Lucy was a man often difficult to please, and sometimes only a crumple in his rose leaf was enough to make him condemn the queen of flowers as a mere vegetable, much overrated. The girl's aspect was all the brighter as she wore a saffron-tinted calico blouse and apron with her brown homespun skirt, and she seemed, with her lighted gray eyes, her fair, colorless face, and her ruddy auburn hair, a property of the genial firelight, flickering and flaring on the bright spot of color which she made in the brown shadows where she sat and pared the red apples. She reverted in a moment to that proclivity to argue with Captain Lucy which was so marked in their conversation.

"An' who is the young men ter depend on in thar troubles, uncle Lucy, ef not the old ones?" she demanded.

"On the young gals, 'pears like," promptly retorted "uncle Lucy," pertinently and perversely.

Then he caught himself suddenly. In the impossibility, under the circumstances, to concentrate his mind exclu-

sively on his own affairs, his interest in correlated matters was reasserted. It occurred to him that it behooved him to foster any predilection that Adelia might show for any personable man other than the fugitive Espey. He could see naught but perplexity and complication of many sorts to ensue for himself and his household should Espey return; and although Captain Lucy selfishly hoped and believed that this was, in the nature of things, impossible, still he had reluctantly learned by bitter experience the fallibility of his own judgment. It seemed to him a flagrant instance of inconstancy on Adelia's part, but Captain Lucy gave that no heed. Few men truly resent a woman's cruelty to another man. Adelia might have brought all the youth in the county to despair, for all hard-hearted Captain Lucy would have cared. And thus her appeal for Jasper Larrabee was not altogether disregarded.

"Goin' ter set thar an' chaw on it all day, Jasper?" he demanded acridly. "Why n't ye spit it out?"

"Why," said Larrabee, "it's 'bout this hyar Jack Espey."

The apple dropped from Adelia's hand, and rolled unheeded across the hearth; the spinning-wheel was suddenly silent, and Julia, all glorified in the deeply yellow glare about her, sat holding it still with one hand on its rim. Captain Lucy's head was canted to one side, as if he were prepared to deliberate impartially on some difficult proposition.

"This Jack Espey, — I met up with him at the cross-roads store, an' struck up a likin' fur him, an' brung him home an' tuk him in, an' he hev been thar with me fur months an' months — an' — an' he never tole me ez he hed enny cause ter shirk the law."

"He war 'feared ter, I reckon, Jasper," said Adelia.

"He never meant no harm, Jasper," the silent Julia broke in from where she

sat in her dull red dress and the tawnily gilded glories of the western sky.

Beyond a mechanical "Hesh up, Adelia," Captain Lucy gave them no heed, but Luther glanced sharply from one to the other.

Jasper Larrabee replied in some sort: "Then he never treated me with the same confidence I done him. An', Cap'n Lucy," he continued, "ye yerse'f seen the e-end o' it. He purtended ter the sher'ff ter be *me*, an' tuk advantage o' my mother's callin' him 'sonny,' an' wore my name, an' went with 'em a-sarchin' fur hisse'f; an' whenst he got skeered, thinkin' ez they knowed him, he resisted arrest, an' kem nigh ter takin' the off'cer's life, whilst purtendin' ter be *me*, in my name!"

"He never meant no harm," faltered Adelia, aghast at this showing against her absent lover.

"None in the worl'; he never went ter harm nuthin'," protested Julia's flute-like tones.

"Did ye kem hyar ter git my advices fur Jack Espey?" demanded Captain Lucy sourly. "He needs 'em, I know, but" —

"Naw, Cap'n Tems. I kem ter git it fur myse'f, fur I don't know which way ter turn. You-uns hyar saw the e-end o' it, — the night the dep'ty kem a-sarchin' fur Jasper Lar'bee, who he 'lowed he hed flung over the bluffs, an' I went along at his summons, knowin' 't war Espey ez hed got away from him, purtendin' ter be *me*."

Captain Lucy nodded.

"Now I hev hearn that dep'ty air in the Cove agin."

Captain Lucy remembered the dark, facetious, malicious face that the officer had borne as a spectator of the processioning of the land. He nodded again. "I hev seen him hyar ter-day."

"Ef I war knowed ez Lar'bee, I mought be 'rested fur harborin' a fugitive, ez holpin' out the murder arter the fac' — an' — an' my mother — Espey

gin me no chance, no ch'ice! Would n't ye 'low ez ennybody — *ennybody* — would hev tole me that, Cap'n Lucy, ter gin me the ch'ice o' dangerin' myse'f afore he tuk so much from me an' mine?"

Captain Lucy changed countenance. This was a new view of the matter. He had not judged from Larrabee's standpoint; for he himself had had full knowledge of the circumstances and the fact that they were withheld from Espey's entertainer. This was made suddenly manifest.

"Why, Jasper," expostulated Adelia, her eyes full of tears, her vibrant tones tremulous with emotion, "he 'lowed ter we-uns ez he war sure the man would n't die o' the gunshot wound, bein' powerful big an' hearty; but he tuk out an' run, bein' tur-r'ble 'feared o' the law — arrest an' lyin' in jail fur a long time, waitin', an' uncle Lucy said" —

She paused suddenly, for Jasper Larrabee had leaned forward in his chair, scanning the faces about him with a blank amazement so significant that it palsied the words on her tongue.

"Espey tole *you-uns*! An' Espey tole yer *uncle Lucy*! Why, then ye all knowed him ter be a runaway, an' ye knowed ez he war a-playin' his deceits on nobody but me an' my mother ez hed got him quartered on us, an' mebbe war liable ter the law fur it."

Adelia leaned back trembling in her chair. Captain Lucy cast an infuriated glance upon her, and then, with a hasty, nervous hand, rubbed his brow back and forth, as if to stimulate his slow brain that brought him no solution of the difficulty. Jasper Larrabee still sat leaning forward, his clear-cut face full of keen thought, a flush on his pale cheek, a fire kindling in his brown eyes, and a sarcastic smile curving his angry lips.

"My Gawd!" he exclaimed, "it is a cur'ous thing ez my mother ain't got a frien' in this worl'! She says she don't work fur thanks, an' I'll take my livin'

oath she don't git 'em. That thar door o' the widdler's cabin on the Notch hev stood open ter the frien'less day an' night since I kin remember. Her table's spread for the hongry. Her h'a'th's the home o' them ez hev no welcome elsewise an' elsewhere. An' her nigh neighbor an' old frien' sees a s'pected murderer quarter himself thar, an' bring s'picion an' trouble *ennyhow*, an' danger mebbe, on her an' hern. Ye mought hev advised Espey ter gin her her ch'ice, or leave. Ye mought hev done ez much ez that! My mother's a ole 'oman; an' she's a proud 'oman, though ye mought n't think it, an' the bare idee o' sech talk ez that, — of s'picion, an' arrest, an' jail, — it would kill her! it would kill her!"

Captain Lucy sat almost stunned, as under an arraignment. He pulled mechanically at his pipe, but his head was sunk on his breast, and his face was gray and set. The circumstances so graphically placed before him seemed to have no relation to those of his recollection; they wore a new guise. He had known all his life instances of collision in which powder and lead had played more or less a tragic part; but the rôle of the law had always been subsidiary and inadequate in the background of the scene, sometimes represented only by an outwitted officer, and the jollity of details of hair-breadth escapes. This construction of crime was beyond his purview of facts. He did not know, or he did not remember, that aught that others than the principal could do subsequent to a crime might render them liable as accessory after the fact. Espey had, in a fight, shot his antagonist, — such things were of frequent occurrence in Captain Lucy's memory. He never expected to see or to hear of the beagles of the law on the trail of the fugitive; his care, and his only care, was to prevent his niece from marrying an expatriated man while expatriated.

He thought now with a grievous sense

of fault of old "Widder Lar'bee," — her softness, her kindness, her life of thought for others; and then he thought of Rodolphus Ross and his crude brutality, his imperviousness to any sanctions, his rough interpretation of fun, his eagerness to shield his own lapses of care and official vigilance, his grudges against the supposed Larrabee, and his threats. What mischief might a chance word work!

The dusky red of the last of the evening glow was creeping across the floor. All the metallic yellow glare was tarnished in the sky. Instead were strata of vaporous gray and slate tints alternating with lines of many-hued crimson, graduated till the ethereal hue of faintest rose ended the ascending scale of color. Still the frogs chorused and still the bird sang, but shadows had fallen, and they were not all of the night. Something of melancholy intimations drew his eyes to the purple heights without as Jasper Larrabee spoke.

"Waal, I'm her friend, ef she ain't got nare nother." And then, as if he felt he were arrogating unduly to his purpose, "An' I s'pose I'm a friend o' my own, too, an' I know *I* ain't got nare nother. I kem hyar ter-night fur yer advices, Cap'n Tems; but ez ye don't 'pear ter hev none ter gimme, I b'lieve I'll take my own. I'll settle this thing for myse'f. I'll find Jack Espey! I'll track him out. I'll run him down. I'll arrest him myse'f, an' I'll deliver him ter the law. An' let the door o' the jail that he opened fur me be shut an' barred on him!" There was a concentrated fury in his face as he said this. "I won't hide no mo' like a beast o' the yearth in a den in the ground, consortin' with wuss 'n wolves an' bar an' painters. I won't skulk homeless like a harnt no mo' through the woods. I won't shirk the sher'ff no mo' fur Jack Espey's crimes, an' kase I done him nuthin' but good an' kindness! I'll find him, — the yearth can't

kiver him so I can't find him, — an' I'll deliver him ter the law!"

He stood for one moment more, and then he strode across the room to the door, his shadow blotting out the last red light of the day, leaving the circle about the fire gazing wistfully and aggrieved after him, except Luther, who was picking up the borrowed coat which Larrabee had tossed aside as he passed.

Outside the night had fallen suddenly. The west was clouded, despite the lingering red strata, and the twilight curtailed. He looked through purple tissues of mists that appeared to have the consistency of a veil, to where yellow lights already gleamed through the shadows. They came from the shanties of the workmen beneath the cliffs, on which the ruins of the hotel had at last ceased to smoke. He hardly knew whither to turn. What pressure for explanations, what unbearable inquisitive insistence, would meet him at home, where Henrietta Timson reigned in the stead of his mother, he could well forecast; to venture near the Lost Time mine, within reach of Taft, was, he knew, as much as his life was worth. Larrabee hesitated now and again, as he went aimlessly up the road; regretting his outbreak at the Tems cabin; coveting its shelter, its fireside, the companionship of the home group; half minded to return thither; but resentment because of their half-hearted friendship, as he deemed it, pride and anger and shame, conspired to withhold him. Once again, as he ascended the mountain, he turned and looked down at the cluster of orange-tinted lights from the workmen's shanties that clung so close together in the depths of the purple valley, and he hesitated anew as he looked at them. White mists were abroad on their stealthy ways; a brooding stillness held the clouds; the mountains loomed sombre, melancholy, against them, indistinguishable and blent with them toward the west, save when the far-away lightnings of the past storm

fluctuated through their dense gray folds, and showed the differing immovable outlines of the purple heights. In the invisible pools below these transient lines of fire were glassed, shining through the gloom. The reflection of stars failed midway, because of the mists. There were few as yet in the sky, but as he lifted his eyes he beheld again, immea-

surably splendid in the purple dusk, that sudden kindling of ethereal, palpitating, white fire which he had marked once before, — that new and supernal star, strange to all familiar ways of night hitherto, shining serene, aloof, infinitely fair above the melancholy piping mountain wilds and the troublous toils of the world.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE TRANSMISSION OF LEARNING THROUGH THE UNIVERSITY.

WE are beginning to perceive that the modern view of the origin of man is greatly to affect our understanding as to his true place in this world. So long as we looked upon ourselves and our fellow-beings as creatures placed upon the earth by some process other than that of natural law, it did not seem worth while to seek in the realms of nature any counsel as to the conduct of life. It is one of the most admirable and distinguishing features of our time that it has given us a new insight into the relations of man with the nature which is about him, and thereby has brought into his command new means of inquiry, and has opened vast perspectives of knowledge of which the men of other days never dreamed. We of this generation recognize a bondage, or better an alliance, with the past, which gives new understandings and makes new paths of duty clear. Nowhere else is this so evident as in the information which we have gained as to the relations of mankind to the lower life.

From this enchainment of our being with that of the lower creatures of the past, this fact to be accepted and reconciled to our thought and action, must date a new period in human affairs. Henceforth we have to adapt our conduct not only, as our forefathers did, to the commands of religion and the behests of

ordinary social law, but also to the guiding truths of that science which shows us how we have struggled through the wildernesses of the ages from the inconceivably remote time when our being came forth out of the earth and began its long upward way. Beholding ourselves here as the result of immemorial order, we have to look over the stages of our advancement to gather the important lessons of the new revelation. We are to see in what ways we can apply these teachings, so that we may with our own reason continue the development which has led us from the darkness into the light.

First among the many problems which the new dispensation of knowledge brings before us we may place that of the transmission of learning. It needs no argument to show that the immeasurably great task of handing down from generation to generation the ever-accumulating store of valuable experience imposes a heavy burden upon the men of our time, a burden which increases with each successive age. The only way in which we can hope to accomplish this work in a satisfactory manner is by studying its nature, guiding ourselves in the inquiry by the history of the processes of transmission from the beginning to the present day. In this undertaking we cannot limit ourselves to the human period; we must endeavor to

survey the records of the earlier time when life was in its lower stages, slowly yet surely making ready for its position in man. There we shall find much to instruct and guide our efforts.

In the lowest states of organization in nature, in such aggregations as the molecules, the crystals, and the celestial spheres, we find structures of great variety and much complication, with many resemblances, both in form and function, to organic species. We readily note, however, that these primitive bodies differ from those forms which we properly term organic in that they acquire from their contact with the world about them nothing which they can hand on to their successors. So far as we can discern, they remain in their unchanged primitive forms through all space and time. The molecules and the crystals of quartz formed in the earliest ages of the earth are like those produced to-day; they are probably the same in the remotest stellar sphere in which the physical conditions permit of their formation.

We easily see that it is otherwise with the organic creations. Their essential peculiarity, separating them by an infinite difference from the lower realm, consists in these facts: they manage to adjust themselves to their environment; they fit the changing conditions of the world about them; they learn from the events of life, and hand on the ever-increasing store of experience to their successors. Unlike the individualities of the mineral kingdom, these truly living species are never in successive generations the same. While successful, they are normally ever advancing; when unfortunate, they swiftly decline; success and failure are alike determined by the measure in which they profit from the experience the individuals have received from their ancestors or have themselves acquired. We also note that almost at the outset of the organic series the life of the individual form is restricted; it is here but for a brief time; it develops in the manner and degree deter-

mined by its inheritances; it gives birth to its progeny, and passes quickly from the vital stage. The institution of successive and ordered birth and death in many distinct groups of animals and plants shows clearly that the Power which determines the order of nature, and which has lifted the scale of being upward to ourselves, finds the succession of generations a fit element in the plan. With each stage in the advance, the limitation of the time of existence, the establishment of the time of death, becomes more definite, until, in the higher creatures, the period is fixed within a narrow range.

This institution of death is apparently made in order that the species may have the advantages arising from the process of selection, which can operate only by the rapid presentation of successive individuals to the stern election which chooses the fit to live, and the unfit to die. There can be no doubt that the advance of the organic groups has intimately and absolutely depended on this order of nature which allows each individual but a momentary dwelling on earth. At the same time, as we readily see, the interruption of death tends exceedingly to complicate the task of handing on through each form the inheritances and acquisitions of its progenitors. These difficulties are met by an almost infinite number of contrivances, of which we can note the nature only in the most general way. This array of ingenuities constitutes a distinct world, in which the observant naturalist may spend a lifetime of study, and still feel himself an essentially ignorant inquirer.

In the lower forms of animals and plants, the forefathers give to their offspring the share of inheritable gains by storing — we know not how — the transmissible qualities in the spore, bud, or germ. At this stage in the development of the generational system, the parent gives but the beginnings of life, the tendencies which lead towards certain shapes and functions. This is sufficient

to guide the young only a little way on their career. At a higher level, we find the egg or seed containing a considerable store of nutriment derived from the parent; this may serve to maintain the young creature for a longer period of growth, and thus permit it to attain a higher plane of structure. In our birds, this provision of food contained in the egg may amount in weight to as much as one fifth of the mother's body. By this provision, the chick is enabled, during the period when it is within the shell, to advance from the simple state of the germ to a condition of high organization. As we advance in the organic series to the creatures which give milk, we find yet more complicated and efficient ways by which the parents give physical sustenance to their young, and so lead them far onward in their bodily growth. An inspection of the vegetable kingdom shows us a similar advance in the means whereby each generation, in its prime, devotes its strength to the duty of helping the offspring to win the difficult way from birth to the adult or perfected condition of the body.

But in the animal realm the bodily contrivances by which the parents endeavor to help the offspring are surpassed by the intellectual. As soon as creatures attain to any share of intelligence, they begin in most varied ways to care for their young; in fact, their minds may be said to develop most distinctly on the side of parental care. By artfully constructed nests, by a thousand diverse attentions to the shelter, sustenance, and protection of their progeny, they lead them past the dangers which assail all weak forms, and start them fairly in the race of life. In some cases these contrivances are most singular, as in the instance of the mud wasps, which build a cell of clay, and deposit in it first a collection of spiders, each of which has been benumbed, but not killed, by stinging, and then the eggs; the whole being so managed that the young wasps feed upon

the spiders, and find in them just enough food for their needs. Philosophical naturalists have speculated how this remarkable result is brought about, but their arguments have been quite without point. In such special instances, as in the larger field of the less conspicuous phenomena which beset the observer when he surveys the realm of instincts relating to the care of offspring, he cannot, except in rare cases, hope to unveil the details of the fact. He must, however, recognize the truth that by far the larger part of animal intelligence has arisen from and been devoted to this endless effort to convey to the young the goods which have been won by their predecessors of the species.

Although this effort to bridge the gap which death makes in the life of the kind is one of the most insistent in the lower forms of life, it attains in the higher races of our own species a dignity and importance which are unapproached elsewhere in this world. In these, as in other respects, man, though akin to the more ancient and lowlier creatures, so far transcends them that by the upward step he enters into a new realm. Among the inferior animals, there is rarely any considerable store of inheritances, material or intellectual, which can be handed on from the individuals in their prime to those who are to be their successors on the stage. They give their lives to the work, but they have, as compared with man, but little to hand on.

With the most primitive men, the problem of inheritance is nearly as simple as with the highest of their animal predecessors. They have little beside their habits and traditions which can be transmitted to their progeny. They have no material wealth; even the weapons and ornaments of the dead are usually buried or burned with the body. Yet even in this social station we find the beginning of that attention to the task of transmitting the learning which the generations have accumulated. Thus, among our

American Indians as first seen by Europeans, there was practically no private wealth, and little trace of a system by which goods could be passed even from parent to child; but the knowledge which they had gathered from their observation of nature, an extensive and curious body of information, was carefully treasured and skillfully handed down to the youths of the tribe. There were orders of priests whose duty it was to pass on the traditional customs, the songs and tales. There were societies, which in a way resembled our masonic and other fraternities, whose purpose it was to maintain and extend what we may well call the literature of the primitive people.

The evidence clearly shows that the first wealth was not that of goods, but that which depends upon and affords culture. It was indeed at a relatively late stage in the history of our kind that the devices for amassing and transmitting the ordinary forms of property were invented. The teacher, in the largest sense of the word, was the first of the classes to be separated from the mass of men for particular duties connected with the common store of the people. It is true that, as the keeper and transmitter of knowledge, he was also the priest. These two functions were naturally and for a long time associated. We may with truth say that only during the present century have they been to any extent separated among our own people. The merchant, the banker, the lawyer, those agents engaged in the problems arising from the transmission of tangible property, began to find their place in society when it took on the civilized form; like the goods with which they deal, they are things of yesterday in the history of mankind.

From the simple beginnings of the task of transmitting learning by special teachers, the process has been steadfastly developing with the advance of civilization. For a time the greater part of the deliberately continued teaching was left to the priestly class, and was limited to the

traditions of religion and the simple arts and learning, such as reading and the elements of number. With the creation of literature the tasks of the teacher began rapidly to increase, and with the advent of natural science his functions became vastly more extensive and important. In the Elizabethan age it was still possible for a learned man to attain something like mastery of all the arts and sciences. A youth could look to a single teacher for guidance from the beginnings of his education to the time when he entered the world fairly provided with the more valuable learning of the earlier ages. An "Admirable Crichton," a man masterful in all the arts and sciences and skilled in all polite learning, was then possible, as he has not been in the later centuries.

To the naturalist, the devices which men have instinctively invented in order to accomplish the transmission of learning are most interesting, for the reason that they are framed on the same general principles as those by which the ever-increasing needs for the work of the organic body are provided for. In this natural process, we observe that the organism which in the lower state performs all its simple yet important functions indifferently with every portion of its frame, gradually, with its elevation in the scale of being, delegates these several duties to particular parts or organs which do their appointed tasks independently, yet under the control of the whole being. Thus, the senses, though acting individually, are associated in their work by the brain which presides over them: they are at once individual parts and members of a society in which they are coöperators. So, too, in that other and vaster organism, which we term the state, civilization, or humanity, according as we view it, — a structure which, though invisible and elusive, is still perfectly real, — the separate functions are united in their action, so that the whole has a true, and

in a sense personal quality. Those who would conceive the nature of human society should carefully note that the process of evolution leads to ever more and more complicated orders of association. Organically, simple bodies are succeeded by those which are more complex, until, in these bodies of our own, to which we are so well accustomed that they seem commonplace affairs, we have a multitude of organs, each composed of innumerable cells; and the poorest of us is a host greater than that mustered by Xerxes. This array of existences, which had to be assembled through the ages in order to constitute the human form, is marshaled and associated by our personality.

All this work of organizing the individual body, so that it may inherit from the past and transmit to the future, vast and in a way infinitely important as it is, appears to the philosophical inquirer to be a mere laying of foundations for the social edifice. This social body, in which the minds of men play a part like that of the cells in the human form, began likewise in exceeding simplicity, and is, day by day, before our eyes and in virtue of our deeds, swiftly ascending in the grades of structure. To those who attentively contemplate this majestic process of ongoing, the spectacle can be compared only to the sunrise, when each moment reveals new realms. The process is not one of growth by accretions, but rather like the swift unfolding of a structure which, like our springtime blossoms, has been shaped and stored away in other days. The social evolution is yet more peculiar in the fact that we may take a conscious part in the process; not only may we behold actions in their spontaneous march, but we may contribute to the efficiency of the work, save it from the mischances which inevitably attend the rude, wasteful, and often cruel ways of nature, giving it the finish and accomplishment which characterize human art

alone. This is the understanding to which man has been brought by our modern learning, a position more noble than our ancestors of a few generations ago could have conceived, and not yet pictured in its true nature by the noblest men of our own time.

In considering this vast spiritual body of our social system as it is taking shape before our eyes, and it may be somewhat from the labor of our hands, we readily observe that, like the earlier natural body, it has for its chief task the accumulation and transmission of inheritances. These slowly gathered transmittenda consist of very varied things. Perhaps first in order come the experiences in the conduct of life, those recognitions of moral truths which afford the subject matter of religion. Such are, by common consent, committed to that part of the organism termed the priesthood. Then we have the principles of action of man with man, which, though they may rest on the canons or rules of religion, need the interpretation and sanctions which are the keeping of jurists. Next in the hierarchy, where there is as yet no determined precedence, come the multifarious occupations of men relating to the care of the body, the production, preservation, and transmission of material resources. In a way assembling all these functions, and over-arching them, is the work of the teacher.

At every step the question arises as to the means whereby the coming generation may be given possession of the accumulations of the past, and at the same time be made ready to secure its own advance. Whatever the branch of activity under consideration, this question is essentially pedagogic: it concerns the supreme art of transmitting learning. Whatever the practical application of the task may be in the crafts, the arts, or the sciences, the problem is mainly for the teacher. It is his duty to find how the learning may be gathered into a safe store, and de-

livered to the youths in such a manner that it may not only be passed on, but shall gather depth and elevation from generation to generation.

The first duty of those who have a share in this great task — a share, indeed, falls to every man and woman — is to perceive that the social organization, with its traditions, its motives, and its learning, though a structure of many parts, is, as before remarked, an organic whole. Its true significance can be understood only by those who look upon it, not as a thing of shreds and patches, as it is apt to appear on a hasty view, but as a structure like unto our own bodies in its complexity; where the individual parts have their separate life, but where the true being arises from the association of their activities; where health and disease are alike to be found. Furthermore, it must be remembered that the social body, unlike the frames of those who compose it, is to a great extent determinable by the intelligence and the forethoughtful labor of the men and women who share the benefits it confers. Thus, while such societies are to a great extent spontaneous, and exist even in highly developed forms without the conscious care of their members, their best success, the elevation to which we may hope to see them attain, depends upon the intelligence and self-devotion of their citizens. Those who bear the responsibilities of teachers are particularly charged with the implantation of these motives in the social structure; for it is only from the growth of such an understanding that we may hope to elevate human society to its highest attainable plane. Clearly, their most eminent task is to make men see the history of their present status, and their duty in the light of this understanding.

Coming now to the special duties of those whose province it is to care for the immediate tasks connected with the transmission of learning, let us see what light the natural history of the matter

casts upon the problem. The most important observation which the naturalist has to make is that the system by which this end is effected should be such as to convey to each member of the society enough of the motives of his kind to insure his thorough initiation into the brotherhood of man. It is of course obviously impossible, in any complicated social system such as our own, to transmit to each youth any considerable share of the traditions and motives which reside in it. Therefore a selection must be made; some of the young men or women are to enter on particular employments, and need the learning of their special occupations, — a learning which would be useless to those of other callings. This system of division, already begun, must evidently go far. All the definite professions, such as law, medicine, engineering, the various employments where long training of eye and hand as well as skill of mind is required, will have to be provided for by a certain amount of special education. The main point is to attain this end in such a manner that the youth may not, in gaining his special training, be too far separated from the best traditions of his people.

The educator who considers his problems in the large way clearly sees that the important task is to put each student in possession of the motives of his kind in such a way that the transmission will have the most improving effect; he looks upon all specialization which demands or threatens to require the separation of the youth from the general current of cultivation as an evil; he naturally seeks every means of accommodation by which the end of the specialist can be attained without diverting the student too far from the main tide of those influences which experience has shown to be uplifting. This view as to the need of general culture in education is by no means novel: it has found more or less expression in the writings

of many of the great students of such questions; it is distinctly indicated in the system of education which we have inherited; it is indeed at the foundation of our plan of common school education, and finds its fullest expression in our greater universities.

So long as the store of culture remained in a form where it could be appropriated in something like its fullness by each seeker, the system of schooling which, from the time of the Greeks through successive advancements, culminated in the modern university, served the cause of education in a fairly complete way. The student who was so fortunate as to be destined to receive an extended training began his tasks with the theory that the first eighteen years or so of his life should be devoted to the acquisition of the large inheritances of knowledge, and that on this general foundation his special training of a professional nature should be made to rest: the lawyer, the clergyman, and the physician had in most cases the same preliminary education. With the recent advance of science and the development of the arts which depend upon the new learning, there has been a tendency to specialize the education of engineers, chemists, and the other men who deal with the new professions, so ordering their training that they are entirely separated from their brethren of other intellectual employments. This seems to me in its nature a mistake which every considerate educator should deplore.

The first, and as yet the most evident tendency to specialize our education, so that each profession may have the largest share of time for the training of those who seek to enter it, is seen in the establishment of technical schools, with their plan of work so arranged that their students seek no learning which does not more or less directly bear upon the craft they intend to pursue. These detached trade schools originated in Europe, where they were founded with the

deliberate intention of separating the education of engineers from that deemed appropriate for the gentry or the men of the learned walks of life. The parting of the old and new educations clearly rests in the main upon the rather preposterous assumption that the modern or scientific arts are in a way less respectable or dignified than the ancient and more culture-breeding occupations, and in part upon the belief that the new employments require less well informed men than the old. Other and equally unfounded assumptions occasionally have a share in determining the separation of the schools of applied science from the established institutions of culture. Now and then it is urged that the spirit of the universities is disengaged from the practical affairs of men, so that the students in them fail to acquire that sense of duty and devotion to it which is demanded in the bread-winning occupations. Again, we hear that time and money, those elements of capital which have ever to be considered, are alike wanting in the case of our youths who are to take charge of the practical work of the world.

Separately stated, and taken without an understanding as to the place in the transmission of learning which, after many centuries of experience, has been assigned to universities, these arguments for the separation of mechanical and industrial education from the old culture seem plausible, but in a large analysis of the situation they are seen to be fallacious. No one who has come to understand the relation of the application of energy to our civilization can doubt that, in the world's esteem, the engineer is soon to take the place of the military man, and that those who are to apply force in the peaceful occupations of the arts are to have a station coequal, at least, with that of the soldier who devotes his life to the ancient and destructive uses of power. Whatever of opprobrium may at first have pertained to mechanical tasks will disappear as their intellectual station

comes to be recognized, as it needs must be. The notion that these modern occupations do not call for the same enlarging education that has been devoted to the old professions is likewise due to a misconception. It is necessary, indeed, that those who are engaged in the great industrial revolutions should understand the nature of those societies in which their work is to be done. We are surely right in demanding for them all the enlargement of perspective given by the training which is to prepare the theologian, the jurist, or the physician.

If it be in any measure true that our universities are, by their motives, separated from our economic life, and that they fail to inform their pupils concerning such important matters, it is because they do not have among their students and teachers a due number of those who are concerned with the modern callings. The claim should be, not for a plan which will still further separate these agents for the transmission of learning from the body of the people, but rather for measures which may remedy the defect, and make the universities effective in transmitting the new as they have been in handing down the ancient culture.

As for the claim that time and money cannot be spared for the education of men who are to devote themselves to engineering and mechanic arts, except within the limits of their immediate necessities, the argument is no stronger than it is when applied to those who are to enter on the old professions. Pushed to its legitimate conclusion, it would limit an extended education to youths of wealth and prospective leisure. It is, moreover, clear that, decade by decade, through the advance of the mechanic arts, our societies are able to devote more wealth to the enlargement of promising youths. This is no time to begin to pauperize our education. Least of all is it fit that its advantages should be denied that class of men to whom we look with confidence for an ever-increasing share

of comfort and spiritual advantage to every citizen.

It is evident that the foregoing considerations bring us to the problem as to the place and functions of the university in our modern life. Although the question is far too large to be treated adequately in this writing, there are certain general facts deserving of notice which may be briefly set forth. In the first place, it seems plain that this great business of handing down the intellectual capital of society must be lodged in some institution. It cannot safely be left to haphazard. At first, and through long experiment, essays were made in giving over this work to the churches; the result was failure. In the later time, which has indeed not yet passed away, an endeavor was made to confide these interests to civil governments, to states which had already quite enough to do in caring for other interests. It seems to me clear that if there is to be any headship, any source of direction, in our educative work, it must be found in the universities, the only institutions which have proved themselves in any way fit to discharge this duty.

If we look upon universities as institutions which are to maintain and guide the spirit which leads to the transmission of learning; if we expect from them accomplishment comparable to that of the churches in caring for religion, or of the state in guarding civil liberty, certain very grave responsibilities are seen to rest upon them. Their first duty is to provide all classes of men with a large share of those impulses and understandings which have controlled human progress. Their function is, so far as in them lies, to see that none go forth to the directing work of the world without some guiding sense of those motives which have inspired civilization. So far as the system of our universities hinders or does not favor this end, it should be reformed. If they are to guide in the transmission of learning, they must deal

with the matter in a broad and inclusive way.

It seems to me that without determined plan, without, indeed, any conscious understanding of the conditions, our universities have already gone far on the way of preparing themselves to deal with the varied culture of our modern life. To take but one instance, chosen because of no favor, but for the reason that it alone is well known to me, I may set forth the steps by which Harvard University has pushed forward in the work of adapting the instruction which it gives to the needs of this country. For about a century and a half the requirements of the public seemed to be sufficiently met by the ancient college. The first enlargement led to the establishment of separate schools which met the needs of the ancient professions, divinity, medicine, and law. With the beginning of the present half century we note a further effort to adapt the system of instruction to the more differentiated state of public affairs. The Lawrence Scientific School was established, and in rapid succession schools of agriculture and horticulture, dentistry, and veterinary surgery were founded. A number of great establishments, having research for their primary object, and yet of teaching value, have grown up within the university. The Astronomical Observatory, the Arnold Arboretum, the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, and the Peabody Museum of American Ethnology and Archæology, as well as several other lesser laboratories of research, indicate something of the progress which has been made in adapting this institution to the needs of our society.

Of late years, the work of fitting the university system to the public need has in good part been accomplished through the enlargement effected in the Lawrence Scientific School. When first instituted, this school was scantily supported by laboratories and the other elements of plant demanded in its work. The cre-

ation and enlargement of these establishments have now made it possible for that school to provide departments in which the student may make himself fit for eight different occupations which demand a science training. This brief history of the enlargement and application of instruction in Harvard University is but an illustration of what has been going on in every important seat of culture in this country.

There are other ways in which our universities have gone forth towards the work of the world. So far as the elective systems of the University of Virginia and of Harvard College have been extended, they have enabled the student to combine his work of culture for its own sake with the preparation for a calling. It seems certain that we shall enter on the next century with a college system which will lead men towards rather than away from the paths of professional duties. The experience with elective work appears sufficient to show that culture in the best sense is not to be lost by this liberty which has been granted to peculiar capacities and needs. In the schools of science which have been established alongside of the colleges, a successful effort has been made to adapt the entrance requirements to the instruction given in the public high schools. As the elective system makes head in these secondary institutions of learning, the way will be opened by which the children of the people may pass directly to the undergraduate work of the universities.

It now appears that the conditions which led, in the greater number of our American institutions, to the grouping of professional schools around an original college, or seat of what has been termed pure culture, afford certain peculiar advantages. To the college proper we may assuredly look for the perpetuation of those ancient ideals of learning to which we need so far as possible to conform in all our advancement. Experi-

ence shows, in Harvard University at least, that we may trust to the dissemination of this spirit throughout the whole of a great establishment. Teachers and pupils alike acquire those enlarged views of education which we cannot hope to develop under any other conditions. In this spontaneous response of our universities to the demand which our American public make upon them we have the best possible evidence as to their fitness

to assume a directing function, in the task of transmitting the body and spirit of learning. It is clear that our people have been right in their curious affection for these establishments. They have, after the manner of free men, discerned something of the great work which these institutions were to do. In proportion as they see the task the more clearly, we may expect them to magnify this work.

N. S. Shaler.

LOWELL, BROOKS, AND GRAY IN THEIR LETTERS.

OF all devices for trapping personality, perhaps the private letter is the most effective. Men have been known to box themselves up in a sonnet, and an autobiography, if long enough, may have a corner in which the person is at last discovered; but letters, whether they tell what the writer knows or what he does, are often fairly indicative of what he is. There is just enough of form about them to distinguish them from the amorphism of talk; not so much as to drive out the spontaneity which betrays the secret of self. And if, when we read letters, we know enough of the writer otherwise to apply the necessary correctives and explanations, the letters are often singularly interpretative, and especially valuable for giving just that comprehensive look at a person which almost justifies us in saying that we know him.

The season has brought us an unusual gift in three books which contain, with a minimum of editorial intrusion, portraits thus self-drawn of three notable Americans of our generation, a great humanist, a great preacher, and a great savan. It is possible in each case to approach the subject with a tolerably full knowledge of the deliberate contribution each has made toward the ad-

vancement of learning or the enrichment of the spirit. Lowell's writings were gathered and revised by their author shortly before his death; the six volumes of Brooks's sermons, his lectures on preaching, and his noble tract on toleration form no mean precipitate of a life which ran eloquence; and the library of Gray's work in botanical science is well represented by the volumes which he published, and those collected after his death from his scattered writings. Yet, though one may have had this previous acquaintance, rather because he has had it, he will discover in these several groups of letters new and delightful modes of access to the men themselves.

In a letter to Mr. Fields, who had apparently been waving his wand over him to conjure a novel, Lowell makes the confession: "As for the novel, in the first place I can't write one, nor conceive how any one else can; and in the next — I would sooner be hanged than begin to print anything before I had wholly finished it. . . . The truth is, my brain requires a long brooding time ere it can hatch anything. As soon as the *life* comes into the thing it is quick enough in chipping the shell." In these two sentences Lowell hits off well the limitations and the familiar working of his

mind, and the letters which fill two delightful volumes¹ are expansions of the theme. There is scarcely a trace of any dramatic narrative, or characterization of persons other than by a witty phrase now and then, and little to indicate that he had any constructive power; but he was a student of his own personality, a generous lover of his friends, a wholesome recipient of the best the world could give; and when it came to expression, so free and spontaneous that it almost seems as if it made little matter to whom he was writing, he needed only an occasion, an invitation. Of course the critic cannot know what omissions the discreet editor may have made, but since he has been willing to print many agreeable words which Lowell used toward his correspondents concerning their work and his affection for them, it is not easy to account for the almost entire absence of comment by Lowell on his contemporaries, except on the ground that he was not given to such comment. "You will divine," he says in one of his latest letters, "by what I say about gossip, that I am growing old. I used to be as stern about it as Wordsworth. You remember his 'I am not one,' etc.? 'T is senescence or London, I know not which; perhaps a mixture of both." Thus, though Lowell, both in his Cambridge home and in his contact with the world of Madrid or London, knew many famous men and women, was indeed eagerly sought as a companion, the reader of these volumes is rarely reminded of the fact; and though Lowell, in his friendliness, himself sought and invited companionship, these frank, affectionate letters disclose the delightful fact that he had more than most men of genius a sense of the sanctity of friendship, and that the men and women about him were not subjects for his speculation. Rather, if he must

needs amuse himself with the drama of life, his birds or the mice in the wainscot provided him with *dramatis personæ*.

On the other hand, if there was an absence of dramatic faculty, a failure to assume the personality of other men, so that he had no inclination to write novels, and a simple amazement at the power of others to write them; no interest, apparently, in historic narrative, so that among his ventures none seemed to take the direction of historic composition, there was in Lowell a deep and firm sense of his own nature, and through its remarkable sympathy a faculty, intuitive almost in action, of criticism, of penetration, of broad sagacity in judging movements among men. Neither dramatist, novelist, nor historian, he was, instead, poet, seer, prophet.

It is interesting to observe this self-centred nature in its early struggle after equipoise. So far as any revelation of the man is concerned, no letters in these two volumes surpass in value those contained in the first chapter. His vacillation of mind regarding his vocation, his apparent fickleness of purpose, the conflict going on between his nature craving expression and the world with its imperious demands, the stirring within him of large designs, and the happy contentment in the pleasures of the day, all seek outlet in his natural yet uneasy letters. He was finding himself in these early days, as many another young man, and there are glimpses all through Lowell's letters of this restlessness, this subtle sense of one's self which in weaker natures hardens into self-consciousness. Now and then he turns upon himself in a sort of mingled pride and shame, as if at once aware of his power and angry that he has it not wholly at his beck. But for the most part one is aware of a nature singularly at one with life, and finding its greatest satisfaction in getting at the world through the reflection of the world in literature. No one would

¹ *Letters of James Russell Lowell*. Edited by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1894.

deny that Lowell was eminently a man of books, but it would be a wholly inadequate phrase which described him as a bookish man. That he was at home in his library these letters frequently show, but they show also how, even in his early years, he read through his books into life, and interpreted history and literature by means of an innate spiritual faculty which was independent of intellectual authority. How significant it is to find him, in his twenty-first year, before Carlyle or Kingsley had given the word, writing to his friend Loring: "Those old Roundheads have never had justice done them. They have only been held up as canting, psalm-singing, hypocritical rascals; as a sort of foil for the open-hearted Cavalier. But it were a strange thing indeed if there were not somewhat in such men as Milton, Sidney, Hampden, Selden, and Pym. It always struck me that there was more true poetry in those old fiery-eyed, buff-belted warriors, with their deep, holy enthusiasm for liberty and democracy, political and religious, with their glorious trust in the arm of the Lord in battle, than in the dashing, ranting Cavaliers, who wished to restore their king that they might give vent to their passions, and go to sleep again in the laps of their mistresses, deaf to the cries of the poor and the oppressed."

It is this criticism at first hand, this swift, direct penetration of the reality, which marks emphatically what we have characterized as Lowell's self-centred nature. He tells us that his brain requires a long brooding time ere it can hatch anything. He is speaking, of course, of the matter of expression; but the phrase is a fit one for his habitual temper. The superficial charge of indolence could apply only to his apparent disregard of bustling activity. His nature was of the sort that knows the power of stillness, and though he upbraids himself in his letters for his unproductiveness at times, he had plainly

the instinct which waits on opportunity. His faculty of absorption was very strong, but it was no stronger than his power of assimilation; and thus it was that when opportunity came he had not hurriedly to adjust himself to the situation. What specific preparation had this poet and professor for the work which he was called on to do at Madrid and London? He passed an examination for the bar in his youth, and then fell to writing verses; he edited a literary magazine for four years,—there was no special preparation for a publicist in that; he read Old French, and taught the Romance languages, and lectured on Dante, on Chaucer, on Dryden; he published literary criticism, and wrote some keen political satires and acute judgments on domestic politics; his sole participation in practical politics, as the term is, was to attend a national convention once as delegate, and to have his name used as a presidential elector. He had no special preparation, but he had what was more fundamental, a large nature enriched by a familiar intercourse with great minds, and so sane, so sound in its judgment, that whether he was engaged in determining a reading in an Elizabethan dramatist or in deciding to which country an Irish colossus belonged, he was bringing his whole nature to the bench. No one can read Lowell's dispatches from Madrid and London, which we hope may some day be published, without being struck with his sagacity, his readiness in emergencies, his interest in and quick perception of the political situation in the country where he was resident, and his unerring knowledge as a man of the world.

The Letters bring out this ease of greatness, and add thus to the knowledge of the man in his relation to other men. But they intimate even more; for these qualities of mind which suppose a generous intellectual appointment, though they seem almost to require that sense of humor which was the governor

in Lowell's mental engine, do not necessarily include the unselfish spirit, the fine conscience, the moral sensitiveness, and the hearty affection which abound in expression in these Letters. Goethe, for example, had somewhat the same sort of intellectual equipment as Lowell, but was terribly deficient on this side. From the first page to the last of these two volumes the reader will find a spontaneity which forbids any notion that when Lowell wrote a letter he thought posterity was looking over his shoulder; and as he gives himself up to the enjoyment of a friendship with a book, such as is rarely to be had, he will find, as he closes it, that he has come into close contact with a nature as lovable as it was quick with intellectual power.

The title of the volume of Bishop Brooks's letters¹ intimates the limitation of the selection. The authoritative Life to be published will doubtless take account of the several transoceanic journeys as a characteristic part of the preacher's career, and will, let us hope, contain letters written from Philadelphia and Boston as well; in this volume we have to content ourselves with such glimpses of the man as we can get when he was on his vacation. Indeed, it is a little unfortunate, in one aspect, that the first interior view which the public is permitted is so exclusively private and familiar. These letters, with but two exceptions, are addressed to the immediate family circle, and a number of them are written to the children of the household. There can be no question that the book is thus singularly emphatic in outlining the domestic nature of the man; but to turn so strong a calcium light upon the most familiar and informal relations of his life is to throw that particular aspect of the person into exaggerated prominence. One cannot help feeling that if these letters had been

saved for the Life, and then used judiciously to illustrate and give symmetry to the figure, they would have had greater value than when presented, as here, in a volume by themselves. It is true, Phillips Brooks was so conspicuous a man, and held so large a place as a public character, that the reader who approaches this book may be said already to have known that which the Life will tell, and needs such a disclosure as these family letters make to correct a too partial view. But when one considers that Brooks had large reserves, and especially was sensitive in all matters of personality, as one can see by his extreme reluctance to having his portrait published, one is disposed on his account to be hypercritical even over such a publication as this.

For what, after all, does the book reveal of the man himself? As we open it with avidity, and read page after page, we begin to ask, What does it even reveal of the man's doings? Here are travels in England, Ireland, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and beyond, Egypt, Palestine, India, and Japan, and yet not until the reader reaches the Holy Land does he find much more than a rapid itinerary with the hurried mention of persons and places. There is more detail in the account of his life in Syria and India, but for the most part one gets little more than free, animated narrative of travel, such as a facile writer would send home to his friends. This is not to say that the narrative is indifferent. Its freedom, its good humor, its very carelessness of detail, give it a charm, and something of the largeness of the man comes out in the rapid strokes. But seldom does he linger over a scene or spend much thought in characterizing men. In one instance he appears to bethink himself, and for the pleasure of his correspondent takes some pains with a portrait of Tennyson; but as he passes from one renowned person to another in a recital of his social pleasures, he scarcely

¹ *Letters of Travel.* By PHILLIPS BROOKS, late Bishop of Massachusetts. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1893.

stops to give an inkling of his impressions.

In a negative way all this is interesting. We come to think of him, not as blind, but as living so heartily, so naturally, in the present that he contents himself with the lightest possible record. Moreover, we catch a notion of what is behind the written record when we come frequently upon the phrase "Some day I will tell you all about it." He had an enormous faculty for absorbing everything that came in his way, not for immediate expression, but for future use, when, in the leisure of talk or the excitement of speech, the window of memory would fly open, and out would come troops of figures.

But with the fluent narrative of sights and events there are mingled strains which positively reveal the nature of the writer. It would seem that no sooner had he cut loose from home than he was eager to be back again. There is no morbid homesickness about the letters, but there is a healthy, ardent attachment to home and the home circle which appears almost to be the uppermost feeling of the man. It breaks out in the most unexpected fashion; it lays hold of places, it hungers for response. Wherever he goes, the image of the fireside, of the North Andover home, is forever rising to view. A niece is ill in one of his absences; he is ready to break off all his plans and come home to her, if it can help. There is an impetuous rush of this feeling at times which makes one almost hold his breath; and again there is almost a cry for rest, for green fields and freedom from care, which betrays the repressed nature of the man. These passages largely account for the very fact of the journeying. Reading them, one can understand better the need which he had to escape, not from himself, but from that projection of himself into the life of the community which became at times like a huge shadow cast on the world. Out of it all he rushed into the

activity which he must have, but an activity unincumbered by immediate responsibility; and once away from the hurly-burly of his crowded days, his affectionate nature flew back to those he held dear; he lavished on them his tenderness, and in the remoteness from home began to dream again of a world where he should be simply his humble self. Perhaps because of all this revelation of a fine nature we may look more leniently upon the editor of this genuine book.

If the letters of Bishop Brooks show him during vacation, those of Dr. Asa Gray¹ show him chiefly during his working hours; for although the correspondence covers a period which included seven journeys to Europe and more than one extensive trip in his own country, it is for very few pages at a time that Dr. Gray gets away from the intimation of hard work at his calling. It is not often that the activity of a scientific scholar is set forth so fully in his letters, or that one receives so distinct an impression of intellectual rush and unceasing industry. In an appendix to this work there is a partial list of his writings distributed among textbooks and independent volumes, contributions to publications of societies, papers in reports of United States surveys, and articles in periodicals. Many of these separate writings are brief, to be sure; but when, after citing the titles of forty articles contributed to Silliman's Journal, the editor adds that besides these Dr. Gray "printed in its pages 380 communications, devoted chiefly to critical reviews of works on botany and kindred subjects and to biographical sketches of botanists," and mentions the full bibliography of Dr. Gray's writings covering forty-two pages octavo, the reader who has already finished reading a mere selection from the great mass of Dr. Gray's letters and journals lays down the two

¹ *Letters of Asa Gray.* Edited by JANE LORING GRAY. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

volumes with a faint notion of the extraordinary labors of this man of science.

Yet no numerical computation of Dr. Gray's letters and writings can convey such an impression of his eager earnestness as results from a familiarity with the letters themselves. An autobiographic fragment, copiously and effectively annotated, covers the early years, and leaves Dr. Gray started on his career as a botanical student. This fragment hints at the impetuosity of the man when, in his twenty-eighth year, he made his first journey in Europe, and laid the foundation of his acquaintance with many men of science. In five pages he summarizes his excursions and investigations; in two hundred pages, nearly, the same experience is narrated in his detailed journal and letters; and both in the condensed statement and in the full record there is an almost headlong pace which is exhilarating to the reader, and expressive of the exuberance of Dr. Gray's spirits.

The conditions of botanical science in America, largely modified as they were by Dr. Gray's untiring zeal, determined much of his correspondence. Through his influence and that of a few others in sympathy with him, collectors accompanied government expeditions, or led solitary lives on the frontier and in the Spanish-American states. To them Dr. Gray wrote, sending encouragement and giving direction to their labor. But his chief scientific correspondence was with Torrey, the Hookers, father and son, Bentham, De Candolle, Engelmann, and Charles Darwin. His journeys to Europe gave him personal acquaintance with men of science there, and his comparative isolation in Cambridge led him into the constant association by letter with those whose pursuits were akin to his own. The result of his industry and the contribution under which he laid his contemporaries finds a graphic witness in the two views given in the two

volumes, the first of the Botanic Garden House in 1852, the second of the present range of buildings in the Botanic Garden. When one considers the library and collections housed here, and follows the correspondence of Dr. Gray, he can form some little notion of the man who stood at his post for forty-five years, and with no great fund at his command, by personal solicitation, by keeping close connection with collectors and correspondents, by giving as well as taking, by unwearying attention to minutest details, gradually built up this splendid memorial. His single-hearted devotion to his work and his cheerful neglect of personal ends are conspicuous in all this correspondence. There were times when his labors weighed so heavily that he must needs run away to Europe, only to plunge into fresh labors at Kew or the Jardin des Plantes. "I am half dead with drudgery, — half of it, at least, for other people," he writes to Darwin; "see no relief but to break up, and run over with wife, who needs a change, to your side of the water for a good long while."

It would be a mistake to suppose that Dr. Gray's letters to his scientific associates were crowded with technical details. No doubt the marks of omission indicate judicious suppression of such details; but inasmuch as Dr. Gray was in science a student of life, and not of mechanism, he wrote of what concerned him most deeply, and his letters to Darwin especially are quick with interest in the great questions which underlay the disclosures which Darwin's own investigations made. The alacrity with which he pounced on significant facts, the vividness with which he saw the relations of the new discoveries to fundamental law, the openness of mind and the steady judgment which made him so ready a sympathizer and so independent a critic, are delightfully illustrated in his letters.

It would be an interesting parallel which could be drawn between Gray,

abounding in life, impetuous, observant, throwing out interests in every direction, physically exuberant, and springing at every fresh exhibition of nature, and Darwin, profoundly immersed in his deep penetration of the secrets of nature, courageously rising above the downward pull of exhausted vitality, and wresting victory from defeat. But the most significant contrast would be drawn from a comparison of Darwin, so husbanding and concentrating his strength that the precious flower of his life was secured only by the atrophy of other parts of his nature, with Gray, feeding his life by contact with men of many kinds, and letting his interest and sympathy flow into most diverse channels. The letters recording his travel experience show him enthusiastic over both art and nature in landscape: the

delightful letters to Dean Church intimate his thoroughgoing interest in English politics and ecclesiastical affairs; and the letters during the war for the Union are stirring with their flashes of uncompromising patriotism. It is the generosity, the catholicity, of the man, as well as his enthusiastic eagerness and his happy devotion to science, that these letters reveal, and we count this memorial as one of exceeding value to students of life, since it displays in such full measure the proportions of a great scientist, and discloses the symmetry of nature which is possible in one whose absorbing interest seemed at first glance to be in a single field of scientific research.

In various degrees, the three works which we have considered all direct one's admiration to the nobility of genius unimpoverished by specialization of force.

MISS JEWETT.

THE publication in the same season of the latest collection of Miss Jewett's stories¹ and an illustrated edition of her earliest book² gives opportunity for a glance at the growth in artistic skill of one of our most happily endowed writers. Twenty years have elapsed since the first of the sketches appeared which, with others strung upon a light thread of personal narrative, formed the little volume now gracefully illustrated. The drawings which Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury have made for its decoration, it is not unfair to say, present in their variety and choice of subject the salient features of Miss Jewett's art with the delicacy of touch and the firmness of line which she is to-day disclosing in her maturer work.

Figures, landscapes, interiors, all are delightfully expressive of Miss Jewett; but their fine drawing, vividness of portraiture, and reserve of force belong to the Deephaven which Miss Jewett might write to-day. The feeling is the same; it is the art which has become more definite and clear. The designs are pictures where the text is a sketch. As an example, how thoroughly satisfactory is the picture of Miss Brandon at her Piano, in which Mrs. Woodbury has caught Miss Jewett's sketch capitally, and filled it out! One exception should be made. Good as is the portrait of Mrs. Dockum, and admirably as Mrs. Woodbury has reproduced Miss Jewett's idea, the author's own portrait of Mrs. Dockum, as

¹ *A Native of Winby, and Other Tales.* By SARAH ORNE JEWETT. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

² *Deephaven.* By SARAH ORNE JEWETT. Illustrated by CHARLES and MARCIA WOODBURY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

delineated in that excellent woman's address when introduced, is a bit of characterization as good as anything she is doing to-day. There are other passages in *Deephaven* which the reader will recall, equally humorous in conception and true in drawing. Such are those that portray the figures in the chapter *The Captains*, the sketch of Mrs. Bonny in her search for a tumbler, the meek widow with the appearance of a thin black beetle and a voice like the wail of the banshee, the funeral procession, and, in her various appearances, the carefully wrought Mrs. Kew. From time to time, and very often at that, the reader is surprised by the success with which a girl scarcely out of her teens caught the likenesses of these shore folk, and gave to her sketches a breadth as well as a refinement which seemed to come from careful training, yet really, we must believe, were the unerring product of a genuine gift of literary art illumined and warmed by an affectionate sympathy.

Miss Jewett tells us in her interesting preface — or rather reminds us, for she had been obliged to say it before — that her village and its people were not the simple result of camera work. The truthfulness, the fidelity to nature, and the frank, winning manner of the narrative easily persuaded readers that this young writer was innocently recording personal experience, and varying but slightly from actual fact. Much of this illusion was no doubt produced by the assumption of a sort of dual autobiographic character, but more, we think, by that frequent expression of delicate charity which was so refined and thoughtful, so instantaneous in its action when occasion arose, that the reader at once identified the writer with her creation, and, by a singular suppression of logic, believed her capable of doing what the character of the storyteller as delineated would have made impossible. Here was a most unconscious tribute to Miss Jewett's art; for art it is,

of a high order, which shines clearly in *Deephaven*, and reconciles one readily to that immaturity which Miss Jewett herself, in her preface, half humorously deprecates.

It is perhaps not far out of the way to say that *Deephaven* accurately embodies creative girlhood, as Andersen's stories, for instance, embody creative childhood. The book reproduces the angle of vision of that most elusive creature, the young girl, not as she is made by novelists, but as she is by nature, with all her capacity for enjoyment of life and her latent sense of responsibility, which turns into ready sympathy at a touch, and always discloses itself in a charity which is as sensitive as her delicately balanced nature can make it. Kitty Lancaster and Helen Denis look on this decayed gentility and sea-blown human life with laughing eyes, but they draw back at the least suspicion of laughing at the spectacle. For this reason the book is likely to have a long life, for it will appeal successively to generations that repeat the period for which it stands; and it will do this all the more surely because it reflects the vision of the young girl turned upon the outer world, and not turned in on herself.

It is natural for an author, when she is speaking of her work, to dwell upon those ethical considerations which underlie her purpose, and Miss Jewett speaks with a gentle earnestness of the impelling motive which sent *Deephaven* into the world; but we know well that in this instance, as in others, it was the delight in a beautiful art which made the book in its form possible. However critically the reader may intend to read it, as the early production of a writer with an assured position, he yields very soon to the charm of the narrative and the characterization, and recognizes through all the apparent naturalness the ease of the true artist. In the books which have followed *Deephaven* there have been at times expressions of a more conscious

purpose of construction, and it has been apparent that Miss Jewett, aware of the somewhat fragmentary and sketchy character of her writing, has aimed at a more deliberate structure; but the naturalness, the direct look at life, the clear sense of the value of the moment, have always been her protection against an artificial method; and with an increase of experience has come also an access of strength, though this strength has been shown rather in a firmer conception of the contrasting pathos and humor of life than in any outburst of passion or kindling emotion.

The volume of short stories which stands latest in the honorable series is delightful by reason of the freshness of the several situations and the delicacy with which they are expressed. As we have intimated, it is situations rather than dramatic action with which Miss Jewett concerns herself, and situations especially which illustrate character. Thus, in the volume before us, *A Native of Winby* sets forth the return to his old village home of a man who has won fame; his appearance, large as life, in the little schoolhouse which knew his boyish inconspicuousness; and his encounter with a woman who, as a girl, had known the boy. It is indicative of the reserve of Miss Jewett, her nice sense of the limits of her art, that she does not resort to any conventional device of rounding out her story, and Mr. Laneway does not pair off with Abby Hender as an effective conclusion. Miss Jewett cares more for the real interest of the situation, for the working of such a nature as Mr. Laneway's in this half-egotistic, half-shamefaced return. *Decoration Day*, again, as a story, could be told in a few lines, but as a reflection of a half-buried patriotic emotion it is of moving power. Rarely, we think, has this writer shown so well the fine reserve of her art. By the low tone in which all the scenes of this homely revival of patriotism are painted, she has touched the quiet, responsive passion.

The Passing of Sister Barsett has a witty climax, but, after all, it is the inimitable humor and pathos of the conversation between the two women which make the story a patch of New England life; and if there had been no witty turn, the reader still would have had his half-hour's worth. *The Flight of Betsey Lane* is the most complete story in the book, but it is a tale of adventure illustrative of character, and never does the reader lose his interest in the quaint figure who has the delightful escapade from any strong attraction to the issue of the story. In *The Failure of David Berry*, the absence of any plot is made more conspicuous by the presence of a little shadowy personage who, in the hands of an artist intent on a story, would have emerged out of the shadow into some sort of fairy god-mother's sunshine. As it is, she goes back weeping into the obscurity from which she came, and, with scarcely a lineament for the reader to decipher, remains in his mind as one of the most real, most lifelike, of the few dramatis personæ of the story. It would be hard to find a better illustration of the power of Miss Jewett's imaginative sympathy to call into being and give endurance to a fleeting image of human life.

The last two sketches in the book have a special interest by their intimation, which we have pointed out before, of a direction which Miss Jewett's art may take in the way of subjects. In her previous collection of short stories, *The Luck of the Bogans* was an excursion into the field of Irish New England, and wholly successful, as it seemed to us; a little surprising, also, as showing how, when the writer left more familiar ground, she disclosed a vigor of handling which the material seemed to require. So here, in the graphic story *Between Mass and Vespers*, where the persons are all American Irish, with true instinct she apprehends the nature of her material, and again uses her pen in the delineation of a rougher, ruder life; yet

her inborn charity and refinement find a congenial subject in the fatherly priest. The last story in the book, *A Little Captive Maid*, is a still greater success. Here she has made the central figure a young Irish girl, and has woven her fortunes with those of an invalid, willful New England sea-captain. This latter personage is one whom we could trust confidently in Miss Jewett's hands, as we remember the gallery of his companions painted by her; but if any one fancies that Miss Jewett is indebted for her success to a mere concentration of her art on a few types among which she had grown up, let him observe the speech and manner, and further still the nature, of Nora Connelly, and he will see that the artist who drew her might be trusted with any subject where her sympathy and insight had clear opportunity. This story, with its blending of the native and foreign, is as delicate and winning a study of life as any in which the New England character alone is depicted, and it invites the hope that Miss Jewett's art will include hereafter more of such suggestive contrasts.

Thus, our examination of these two books not only discloses a genuineness of gift, which has been developed by

conscientious practice into an assurance of artistic power, the more confident in that it recognizes the scope of its effectiveness, but intimates also a widening of the field of vision. It is scarcely to be expected that Miss Jewett will ever attain the constructive power which holds in the grasp a variety of complex activities and controls their energy, directing it to some conclusive end; but her imagination is strong to conceive a genuine situation, to illustrate it through varied character, to illuminate it with humor and dewy pathos; and as she extends the range of her characters, so she is likely to display even more invention in the choice of situations which shall give opportunity to those delightful characters who spring at her bidding from no one class, and even from no one nation. Especially do we hope that she will mark in the art of literature that elusive period of New England life through which we are passing, when so many streams of race are now opposing, now blending, now flowing side by side. She has caught and held firmly some phases of that life which are already historical. Let her record with equal art some phases of that life still in formation, and she will lay the foundations of a fresh fame.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Holiday and Illustrated Books. The Century Gallery, Selected Proofs from The Century Magazine and St. Nicholas. (The Century Co.) Sixty-four large plates, of exceeding interest not only for the subjects and the artists, but for the technical qualities in the execution. The strength of much of the treatment is very notable. It would be hard to find a more masculine and yet refined piece of work than Wyatt Eaton's painting and T. Cole's engraving of *The Man with a Violin*. Now and then one feels as if the printing of a picture had been relied upon almost to efface the en-

graver's lines, as in *A Dance at the Ranch*; but again one is struck by the admirable manner in which the whole lovely tone of a picture has been secured by the frankest use of the engraver's tool, as in Alfred Parsons's *In the Beech Woods*. Altogether, the collection is the most splendid exhibition we have yet had of American art as expressed through wood engraving. It is an honor to the magazines that called it out. — By an interesting coincidence Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons publish at the same time *French Illustrators*, by Louis Morin, with a Preface by Jules Cla-

retie. There are five parts to the work, containing fifteen plates and a large number of text illustrations. The text is a lively running comment on the men and women here represented, and the work done by them, — Dettaille, Leloir, Flameng, Buhot, Renouard, Kaemmerer, Vierge, Mme. Lemaire, Emil Bayard, Giacomelli, and many others. The book, brilliant in the extreme, offers an admirable opportunity to survey the current French book illustrators. It may be said, in a word, that the comparison shows how much more, specifically, these illustrators form a class in Paris as against the mingling of painters who illustrate with designers who paint in America. We hope to return again to both of these works. — *The Christ-Child in Art, a Study of Interpretation*, by Henry Van Dyke. (Harpers.) In speaking of this handsome volume as a Christmas book, the word "Christmas" must be used in a sense that does not limit its coming strictly to "once a year." There is necessarily a strong element of permanence in such excellent reproductions of some of the best pictures in the world as the book contains. Whether Dr. Van Dyke's judicious comments upon their artistic and religious significance are remembered by the readers of *Harper's Monthly*, it is tolerably sure that the larger class which looks at the pictures will remember these. And of the two classes into which mankind is divided at Christmas time, it may be said that the *Genus recipiens* will be glad to find this book among its gifts. — *Phillips Brooks Year Book*. (Dutton.) This volume of selections from the writings of Bishop Brooks is further enriched by admirable passages from poems by other men and women. These verses form, indeed, a striking commentary on the catholicity of the man whose words they confirm. Browning, Lanier, Walt Whitman, George Herbert, Thomas à Kempis, John Henry Newman, Lowell, Emma Lazarus, Pusey, Macdonald, — these are some of the names associated with Brooks. But interesting as is this embroidery, the stuff out of which the book is mainly made is royal purple, and it is like the sound of a trumpet or the rush of many waters, as one opens his ear to the impassioned voice that speaks in these pages. — *The Van Twiller edition of Irving's Knickerbocker's History of New York* (Putnams) is a two-

volume octavo, with a tinted border to the page, and a goodly number of illustrations, large and small, by Edward W. Kemble; initial letters, tailpieces, vignettes, and full-page designs, all of a humorous character, and in keeping with the gravity of Irving's drollery. One gets a little tired of seeing a not very decorative border repeated seven hundred and forty-four times, and Mr. Kemble's drawings sometimes have the spots knocked out of them by the insidious process reproduction, but there is a satisfaction in finding a designer who catches the spirit of his author so well. — *Columbia's Courtship, a Picture History of the United States*, in twelve emblematic designs in color, with accompanying verses, by Walter Crane. (Prang.) The old rhyme,

"In 1492

Columbus sailed the ocean blue,"

appears to have given Mr. Crane his inspiration as a poet; but it is not the reader who will find entertainment here so much as the picture-lover. Mr. Crane's strongest work is hardly seen in this trifle, though one of his designs, showing a group of foreigners, is effective, and he has managed to dress Columbia in the vivid colors of the American flag without distressing the lovers of bunting. — A companion book, *The Life of Columbus in Pictures* (Prang), has better verse by Emily Shaw Forman, but the pictures, by Victor A. Searles, seem chiefly designed to show how vigorously the artist and lithographer between them can treat color. — *Chinese Nights' Entertainments, Forty Stories told by Almond-Eyed Folks, Actors in the Romance of the Strayed Arrow*, by Adele M. Fielde. (Putnams.) The story of a man found by apes, and hailed and exalted as their ancestor, reminds us that the Chinese were capable of seeing Darwinism upside down centuries before we found it right side up. The tale makes the same sort of impression upon Occidental senses as the Chinese drawings without perspective which are reproduced to illustrate this book, though not, in any strict sense, its stories. The tales bear but a distant relation to the Romance of the Strayed Arrow, into which they are supposed to be woven, but in themselves have the merit not possessed by all things that are curious, in that they are also interesting. As folk-lore tales, many of them will appeal both to those who desire the

lore and to the less scientific who like the mere tales. It is a pity that the book was not made more a unit by a less strenuous effort to make it a unit at all. — The *Old Garden, and Other Verses*, by Margaret Deland. Decorated by Walter Crane. (Houghton.) Mrs. Deland's verses, which touch the flowers with a butterfly-like movement, are most aptly set in the frames of color devised by Mr. Crane. The figures, now graceful, now fantastic, now solemn; the emblems, frank and allusive; the sweep of line, which sometimes is delicate, and sometimes suggests largeness and breadth, even though the actual space is small; the color, which calls to mind, as do some of the designs, Blake's own printing, all conspire to render this a book to delight in when studying, and to study when one's eye is filled with pleasure. The flower forms are necessarily conventionalized, but one wonders a little if Mr. Crane ever saw the goldenrod, or even — we say it somewhat under our breath — a cow. — *With Thackeray in America*, by Eyre Crowe, A. R. A. (Scribners.) Except that Mr. Crowe seems to have crossed the Susquehanna in making a direct railroad journey from New York to Philadelphia, the record of his travels is rather disappointing. He was Thackeray's amanuensis during the American lecturing tour, and made many hasty sketches, somewhat in Thackeray's own familiar manner. Such of these as were not lost at the time, on their way to a London publisher, are surrounded in this book by a running comment upon the incidents they illustrate. The drawings are not all bad, — some of them are distinctly clever, — but still less can it be said that all of them are good. Indeed, the sketches of some of the distinguished men portrayed are merely ordinary caricatures. On the whole, the book strikes one as rather unnecessary, which could hardly be the case if there were in it a little more of Thackeray himself. — *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. With illustrations by Howard Pyle. In two volumes. (Houghton.) Mr. Pyle has shown an agreeable consistency of plan in his treatment of the *Autocrat*. In his full-page photogravures, some of them, as notably *The Trotting Match* and *A Reminiscence of the Marigold*, rich in character drawing, he has gently insisted on the his-

toric feature of the book; it is the *Autocrat*, not brought down to date, but put carefully in its historic setting. In his shadowy head and tail pieces he has intimated the poetic substratum of the famous work by using always the mythically conceived figure and the emblems of poetry. Perhaps one should not put last, in any mention of a holiday book, the choice typography, which here is clear-cut, and yet not so sharp as to offend the eye. — Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's story of *Meh Lady* has been reprinted in a volume by itself, with illustrations by C. S. Reinhart which scarcely do justice to the tale, for Mr. Page's narrative is marked by naturalness and grace. (Scribners.) — The series of *Literary Gems* (Putnams), little eighteenmo volumes bound in stamped imitation morocco, and fronted by vignettes, portraits or other, has been increased and enriched this season by *De Quincey on Conversation*, Rossetti's sonnet sequence *The House of Life*, Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes* and *Sonnets*, Ruskin's *Ideas of Truth*, and Matthew Arnold's *Study of Poetry*. The attractiveness of these books consists not only in their being giftworthy, but in being at once so clearly printed and so handy that one can carry them about singly with far greater ease than he can carry the daily newspaper, read them more readily, and get out of them much more profit and delight.

Books for the Young. On looking over one of those lists which many of the sophisticated children of the century's end make for the guidance of their elders (if not their betters) in the selection of Christmas gifts, we were impressed by the closing entry, brief yet comprehensive, — "Any books by Henty." The writer was a clever, and for his years well-read boy, and so a not unworthy exponent of the sentiment of who shall say how many English-reading lads. These youthful admirers will find no falling off in their author's latest volumes. (Scribners.) *St. Bartholomew's Eve*, a Tale of the Huguenot Wars, follows the fortunes of Philip Fletcher, who serves with his French mother's kindred in the civil strife which culminated in the great massacre. *A Jacobite Exile*, being the *Adventures of a Young Englishman in the Service of Charles XII. of Sweden*, deals with some of the Jacobite plots and counterplots in

the reign of William III., and is concerned with the opening years of the Swedish monarch's career. Through the Sikh War, a Tale of the Conquest of the Punjab, relates the leading incidents in the hard-fought campaigns which resulted in the annexation of the Punjab. The historical personages introduced are but conventional figures, and no attempt is made to give the coloring of time, place, or condition to the speech of the characters, who usually, one and all, converse in correct and decorous contemporary English; but due regard is paid to historic truth; the narratives are well constructed, full of life and movement, and wholesome in tone; the boy heroes are sturdy, honorable, high-spirited lads; and the tales, stories of war and adventure though they be, are quite free from vulgar sensationalism. They often create or foster a taste for history, and so lead to better things. — More English Fairy Tales, collected and edited by Joseph Jacobs. (Putnam's.) The editor's preceding volume, English Fairy Tales, in the four years that have passed since its publication, has established itself as the familiar friend of a great company of little readers, or rather hearers, who will eagerly welcome its successor. Notwithstanding the interesting and valuable notes appended to the Tales, the work must, after all, be regarded more as a delightful story-book for children than as a strictly scientific contribution to folklore. Does not the editor boldly state that he has actually at times introduced or omitted whole incidents, given another turn to a tale, finished one that was incomplete, and softened down over-abundant dialect? To the orthodox folk-lorist all these things must be anathema, but the children are the gainers. As before, Mr. John D. Batten contributes those admirable illustrations which are at once accepted as an essential part of the Tales. — The Brownies at Home, by Palmer Cox. (The Century Co.) If a thoughtful person were called upon for a reason for the high esteem in which the Brownies are held, he might truly say it is because of their indomitable energy. Their drollery of figure, face, and action is surely something to admire, but it is their energy, their dauntless refusal to be suppressed, that makes them just what they are. And is it too fanciful to imagine that Mr. Palmer Cox shares with his offspring

this excellent quality? When one thinks he has led his children their very last dance, lo and behold! he and they turn up again; and then it is all hands round, down the middle, into the secret places of the White House or over the face of the World's Fair, in just the same amusing, irrepressible swarms as of old. — The Century's World's Fair Book for Boys and Girls, being the Adventures of Harry and Philip with their Tutor, Mr. Douglass, at the World's Columbian Exposition, by Tudor Jenks. (The Century Co.) The boys of this book are not little Rollos, any more than their personal conductor is an Uncle George *redivivus*. Indeed, they and their doings, though brightly enough described, are of less importance in themselves than as an excuse for putting together in a book The Century Magazine's capital illustrations of the Fair, with reproduced photographs and other little pictures. The world is not to be allowed to forget its exposition, and such books as this will do good service in keeping alive the Fair's memory in the minds of young and old alike. — The White Conquerors, a Tale of Toltec and Aztec, by Kirk Munroe. (Scribners.) A writer like Mr. Munroe, who can construct tales of thrilling adventure out of the ordinary American boy life of to-day, — stories with a separate excitement for every chapter, — could not fail to succeed, after his manner, when he has such material ready to his hand as is to be found in the annals of the conquest of Mexico. The tale of the young Toltec who, filled with an undying hatred of the blood-stained superstition of the Aztecs to which his father has fallen a victim, escapes from the very altar of sacrifice to lead the Tlascalans in the army of Cortes, is told with the author's usual swiftness of movement and unflagging spirit. It should be added that he has taken no unreasonable license with historical facts. — The Wreck of the Golden Fleece, by Robert Leighton. (Scribners.) A sea story, following the fortunes of a clergyman's son who is apprenticed on board a Lowestoft fishing-lugger, in the last years of the eighteenth century. The rough life is vividly and forcibly described, while the crowd of exciting or harrowing incidents which make the substance of the tale are not unskillfully set in order; but Mr. Leighton's undeniable gifts as a story-

teller should lead him to trust less in this over-lavish use of strong effects and sensational methods.

Fiction. The Rebel Queen, by Walter Besant. (Harpers.) The pleasurable anticipations with which one naturally takes up a new novel by Mr. Besant are mingled, in the case of some readers, — rather frivolous readers, we fear the author would pronounce them, — with regrets that his stories have become so uniformly novels with a purpose. This new tale is no exception to the later rule; woman's rights, and, connected therewith in a way, a study of the Hebrew of to-day, are the main motives of the book. No character in Mr. Besant's hands can be altogether lifeless, but the rebel queen herself — a rich, beautiful, and clever Jewess, who refuses to submit to her husband after the manner of her people, and becomes a champion of the rights of her sex — and most of the other dramatis personæ show an alarming tendency to develop into types, rather than to play the parts of self-acting and occasionally inconsistent human beings. The author's enthusiasm in his Jewish studies compels the interest of the reader; but in comparing this book with Children of the Ghetto, for instance, one is struck anew by the difference in verisimilitude between outside and inside views. — Social Strugglers, by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. (Scribners.) Mr. Boyesen shows his admiration for Mr. Howells not only in dedicating this novel to him, but in making a manifest attempt at another Silas Lapham. The performances of such acrobats as the Laphams and Mr. Boyesen's Bulkleys upon the social ladder are endurable only when the humor or the pathos of their situation is clearly brought out. Laughter and tears alike were left out of the making of Social Strugglers. Here and there a smile has crept in, but for the most part one is asked to take the people of the book with all too sad a seriousness. It is as if they were what the French call *strugglefortifeurs*. — Tanis, the Sang-Digger, by Amélie Rives. (Town Topics Publishing Co.) Tanis, a wild Southern mountain girl, of wonderful physical vigor and beauty, digs the ginseng root until she comes into contact with a civilized family, and learns that love is something better than the passion of her brutal lover. Then, at once for this creature and for the

woman who has shown her the way to better things, she makes a sacrifice virtually amounting to the giving of her life. For the greater part the story is told in a distressful dialect, rendered peculiarly bovine in sound by the constant change of *my* into *muh*. In spite of the difficulties, however, the reader finds that the narrative possesses some real power, and that the picture of a strong, savage nature fighting against its worst elements is effectively drawn. It is constantly a winning fight that Tanis carries on, and therefore, perhaps, the popularity of the author's other stories is hardly to be expected for this one. In imagination and in style — so far as it can be discerned through the cloud of barbarous speech — Mrs. Chanler seems, on the whole, to be learning the self-restraint which is better for herself than for the sale of her books. — Nowadays, and Other Stories, by George A. Hibbard. (Harpers.) A very modern young woman in one of the stories of this book announces that she is a "product;" and just as she did grow out of the present social scheme is Mr. Hibbard's book a "product" of the age of magazines. This is to affirm rather than to deny that the stories are in their way skillful, original, and readable. This is what the magazines demand, and the "product" supplies. Above the average in genuineness of impulse, however, stands out the opening story, Nowadays, and below it in originality falls "Guilty Sir Guy," a tale of a family ghost hired by a *parvenu*. Funny enough it is in bits, but its whole plan recalls Mr. Stockton's ghost stories so clearly as to give it a place among those half-successes which possess the one certain merit of making us feel more keenly how real the first whole-success was.

Literature. Introduction to Shakespeare, by Edward Dowden. (Imported by Scribners.) This little volume contains, with revisions and additions, the author's General Introduction to the Henry Irving Shakespeare. It opens with a sufficiently comprehensive life of the poet, followed by a short account of the rise of the English drama, by brief but often singularly felicitous and suggestive notes on the plays, by a summary of seventeenth-century appreciation and the commentaries of later times, closing with notices of some of the interpretations of Shakespeare by great ac-

tors, from Burbage to Macready. An appendix gives the dedication and address prefixed to the First Folio, together with Ben Jonson's commendatory verses and a note on the early editions. The work, which is done with excellent taste and judgment, is well proportioned and well arranged, and is in every way an admirable example of skillful condensation. The necessarily severe compression has not had an altogether unfavorable effect upon the writer's style, and the handbook can be heartily commended even to those readers who have been somewhat disinclined to follow the author in certain of his more elaborate Shakespearean studies. — The four volumes which open the new edition of Thoreau (Houghton) — *Walden*, that is, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, *Cape Cod*, and *The Maine Woods* — are those which come nearest to finished books. From the nature of his studies and interests Thoreau was a journalizer rather than an artist. The artist faculty for wholes is strongest in *Walden*, for there again he is dealing with the one subject which possessed anything like unity in his mind, namely, Himself; but no one can read certain fragments of Thoreau's writing without discovering a singularly artistic power of creating epigrammatic sentences, and there are single scenes and incidents which are instinct with that fidelity to nature which is all the more striking when taken in conjunction with a mind so introspective as that of Thoreau. — *An Embassy to Provence*, by Thomas A. Janvier. (The Century Co.) The only pity about this book is that it does not contain at least a few of the pictures with which the text was illustrated in *The Century Magazine*, for it is preëminently of the sort of books to which good pictures are a help. Mr. Janvier's narrative is charming, as his embassy itself must have been. Accredited by a former American visitor to the Provençal poets living about Avignon, he, with his ambassadress, presented himself to Mistral and his fellows, and was made one of them, — a *Soci du Félibrige*. No less than for what it tells of this winning band of modern troubadours, the little book is delightful for the manner of its humor, admirably fitting a description of just such a progress as Mr. and Mrs. Janvier made. — *Safe Studies*, by the Hon. Mr. and Mrs.

Lionel A. Tollemache. *Stones of Stumbling*, by the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache. (William Rice, London.) If a word on these two books can make them known to those who like fruity books, it will not be misspent. Mrs. Tollemache contributes to the former some agreeable verses, but for the most part the books are made up of speculations, biographical and critical studies. One of the most delightful is the paper on Mark Pattison, but all of the writing impresses one as the overheard talk of a delightful conversationalist, whose memory is stored with riches, who knows the best society in men and books, and takes an honest pleasure in human intercourse. — *Homer and the Epic*, by Andrew Lang. (Longmans.) Mr. Lang, who is a poetical scholar, and at the same time a curious student, brings to a discussion of the personality of Homer and the structure of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* an unusual equipment, and his conclusions thus not only have weight, but are the result both of analysis and of insight. The heartiness of his belief in a one Homer, author of both books, gives also a confidence to his study, and enables him to write with an unfailing freshness and humor. The whole subject is a singular instance of how a secondary question enables one to throw a flood of light on a primary one. In asking Who wrote Homer? one comes to determine What is the *Iliad*? — The forty-fifth volume of *The Century* covers the months from November, 1892, to April, 1893. (The Century Co.) One of the most noticeable things about it, to one studying the development of the American magazine, is the decay of the serial and the growth of the group system. — The trim little edition of the works of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë is brought to a close with Anne Brontë's *The Tenant of Wildfeld Hall* in two volumes, making volumes eleven and twelve. It was no doubt worth while to reproduce the writings of the sisters, though it must be confessed that it is not the novel-reader, but the psychologist and the literary historian who take the most interest in the irregular performances which were led off by Jane Eyre. The artist has rejected himself into the period with a somewhat painful conscientiousness. (J. M. Dent & Co., London; Macmillan, New York.)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

My Musical Critic. It appears that the time is ripe for me to tell of George Washington and his ear for music. A short time ago, I would not have believed that the world had so progressed; but since Mr. Janvier, under cover of serious biography, has dared to make the most shameless autobiographical *exposé* of affection for that Hebrew of the animal creation, the maligned, persecuted, and tabooed cat, I begin to see the glimmer of a millennial dawn; and now that Miss Repplier's kitten has been allowed to play its capers in the very *adytum* of the American Academy, I cannot but hope that my own pet may be tolerated at least within the outer court, where nameless Contributors unbosom their nameless selves. He surely deserves it; he was — alas, *was*, for him

“ with strange, darkling fate
The land of shadows clasped ” —

he was a gifted being.

He had, as I said, an ear for music. Not that which is generally so understood, implying a love for the art. He hated music with a perfect hatred, — that is, vocal music, — and he particularly objected to *my* vocal music. This fact would make me melancholy, could I feel sure that his ear was correct. At any rate, it was keen, as keen as his claw, and, as will hereafter be shown, to play upon the one was to evoke the other.

I cannot tell at how early an age George Washington developed his peculiar lack of taste (surely, under the circumstances, I may denominate his views as peculiar, and him as lacking taste), for he came into my possession at the age of one year. He then stood over one foot in his stockings, which were white, and he weighed in pounds avoirdupois — to speak after the Dantesque fashion — three times as much as that number which an unskillful accountant fails to make of twice two. His muscular strength was tremendous, and his jaws were as strong as those of that athletic old man in the Wonderland version of Father William.

A being to have for a friend, not an enemy! Well, a friendlier cat than George never wore whiskers. Bears are not more

demonstrative, nor, it must be said, are sensitive plants more touchy. He had a temper like a tight-rope, and perilous was the footing thereof. He loved, — oh, how he loved! How he sprang into your lap and clung there, and snuggled, and *susurred*! With what ecstatic manifestations did he welcome your fingers in his thickly tufted cheeks, rubbing hard against them, rolling his great soft head from side to side with a wild, luxurious joy, as if wallowing in catnip or hypnotic valerian! But if you touched his crazy-bone, — and he seemed to have crazy-bones all over him, — woe betide you!

George was sensitive, also, to neglect. When he desired attention, and attention was not forthcoming, his manner became incisive; he has frequently bitten through my boot by way of attracting my notice. I do not live in a lockjaw country, therefore my powers of speech remain unimpaired, but I wonder I have any *Singstimme* left. Certainly that animal did his best to frighten it out of me.

I never can forget the first time he heard me sing. (Were he alive, I doubt not he would make a remark of a similar nature.) I had grown sleepy over my book, and went to the piano to get waked up, leaving George on the lounge in the back room, where he was making himself tidy after the manner of cats. I was having what our Western cousins would call a *way-up* time at the top of my lungs, when I felt the floor shake. It was George jumping from the lounge. He came and stood by my side, and fixed upon me a beseeching gaze which I interpreted as meaning, “Please let me out.”

No, that was not his wish. Did he then want his head scratched? Such courtesy never was out of season with him, and in good sooth, if he could have given me a name, I think it would have been either Peaseblossom or Mounseieur Cobweb. He did accept a little tickling, with a grand air as if to say, “I graciously permit your touch upon my royal person;” but evidently he was not hankering for it. I ran my fingers over the keys, and presently he returned to his wash-tub, as I called a certain de-

pression in the lounge where he nightly licked himself from neck to tail-tip.

Before many moments I again burst forth in song. Instantly came the thump upon the floor, and once more George stood beside me, this time visibly excited. His body quivered, his eyes glared glassily, and he gasped as if trying to mew with a nightmare upon him. I was singing, I remember, *The Clang of the Wooden Shoon*, and I sang it as I believed it should be sung, — not in the style of a clattering jig, but with a gentle, sentimental swing, and with a tender, suppressed passion, especially in the second part, where the movement changes, and the words grow regretful rather than reminiscent.

It was at this second part that I began to suspect what ailed George. I have always prided myself highly upon the middle register of my voice, particularly when employing the *timbre sombre*. Then “let the audience look to their eyes,” for I would “move storms.”

I had moved a storm indeed! George rose upon his hind feet, emitting a cry of anguish. Then he sprang upon a chair near by, and struck my hand with his paw. I continued to sing. He jumped on the keyboard and struck my mouth. I pushed him off to the floor, still continuing my singing.

It was getting to be a match between George Washington and me. Generally, in such a case, I feel exactly as did the Rollicking Mastodon towards the unappreciative Peetookle: —

“I never *will* sing to a sensitive thing
That shatters a song with a sneer.”

If George Washington had approached in a cold, calm, critical manner, the while twisting his tail delicately in lithe scorn, and had looked at me rebukingly, as much as to say,

“You need some harroway seed,
And a little advice for your throat,”

I should have desisted, being quite unable to stand up against ridicule; but when he sought to bul— I should say, to intimidate me by violent and unlawful means, I felt an inclination to finish my song, even should the result be to burst the ear-drums of my auditor, and to destroy forever the equilibrium of his nervous system.

Moved, then, by a strictly human impulse, I stretched my throat to the utmost, and exaggerated the sombrouness of *timbre* to veritable inkiness, infusing into my wailing tones the most unheard-of amount of pathos. Truly, it was a part to tear a cat in, and the cat was forthwith torn.

This exceeding piercingness of vocal quality must have penetrated his vitals like a vulture's beak. But even now he would not proceed to extremities. He had already struck me, it is true, but successful appeal might yet be made to my better nature. So, to the clanging accompaniment of those wooden shoon, he mewed unearthly mewings, and pawed against me as if trampling down Satan.

I sang on. I marvel now at my own temerity, and, recalling what followed, I doubly value the sweet life that is left me. When, too, I reflect that George Washington first opened his eyes in the District of Columbia, under the shadow of the Senate Chamber (his mother was owned by the janitor of that department); moreover, that he ate animal food (cooked) but once a day, I can only admire the persistence of feral traits in him. Where he got his ear for music I do not pretend to conjecture, while as to his taste — But I must not forget how widely a cat's standard in these matters may differ from our own, — as widely, no doubt, as a Chinaman's; or — the idea has just struck me — perhaps George Washington thought I was trying to ridicule his relatives. Could he, oh, *could* he have regarded my singing as a burlesque performance?

Whatever the reason, the fact was patent: his state of misery was fast passing into a state of fury. I kept on singing, with inconceivable foolhardiness dwelling upon those notes which held qualities the most exasperating to George. I wanted to see what he would do.

And this is what I saw. He bounced from the chair, and began walking back and forth across the room with quick, uneasy, elliptical movements. From his open mouth came snorts of rage, thick, short puffs, as if his throat were on fire, — the tiger's grace before (raw) meat. Each turn brought him nearer to me, his body ever swinging closer to the floor. Now his legs appeared to have telescoped, and he slid about like a reptile.

I had reached the end of my song, and was prolonging the last note upon "shoon," making a round O of my lips, whence the sound issued in beating, brazen tones. It is n't every woman who can produce a *tremolo* below the staff. I was feeling very, very vain, meanwhile keeping an eye upon my audience. But my audience was already over the footlights. His whole body seemed to be in convulsions beneath its striped fur coat, the stripes themselves wavering horribly in long, uniform undulations, like serpents under drill.

Still I hung on to my "shoon." (By the way, life insurance companies will have nothing to do with me, for they say it is surely abnormal to be so long-winded.) George's gooseberry eyes had changed to fire-sapphires; he ululated like the whole first circle of the *Inferno*; his hinder parts were beginning to wriggle — slowly now — then quicker — quicker!

We sprang simultaneously, — I to my feet, he to my arm.

I was thickly clad, — it being winter time, — but twenty-four claws (George had six toes on each foot), four tusks (I mean canines), four incisors, ten maxilla — Really, at this critical moment you cannot expect scientific accuracy of terms; I fear I have already spoiled the effect of a thrilling *dénouement*. Let us say, then, that twenty-four claws and twenty-six teeth went through to my skin, thence penetrating the large, cushiony muscle upon the forearm. It was nip and tuck between us, but at length I shook him off, and — well, for a parallel in anticlimax we shall have to go to the king of France and his four thousand men; but in less time than it takes to write this George Washington was in his bath-tub again, scrubbing as if for dear life. All he asked was to be let alone. And I let him alone. That night I sang no more, and afterwards, whenever the song mania seized me, I saw to it that George was out of the way.

Had this thing happened in these days, I should probably have been dispatched straight to the Pasteur Institute. As it was, a witch-hazel pack soon restored my frayed flesh.

Whether any rabies remains in my system I know not. It were well to beware of me, for when I hear certain people sing I feel as George Washington must have

felt on that fateful night. But I do not bite nor scratch these people, and above all, I try never to behave as the Little Peetookle did. It is not well to have too sensitive a soul.

George Washington's sense of smell was not so discriminating as his ear for music. Once he mistook white paint for cream. It was a great disappointment to him, and one from which he never recovered.

The Evolution of a Familiar Quotation. — The business of literature is to find truth; and nothing is so but a poet shall some time get hold of it. And what was old yesterday is lost to-day, and shall be set up for a startling novelty to-morrow. It was, we suppose, apparent to Adam that the worst element in his exile was the Paradise which had been. From him it is a far cry to Tennyson's

"That a sorrow's crown of sorrow
Is remembering happier things."

It is not uninteresting to make a partial list (for what reader extant knows the full roll-call?) of the lessees of this pathetic idea, a favorite one in the Latin literatures. Dante's Francesca utters it magnificently in her *Nessun maggior dolore* of the Fifth Canto: —

"No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when misery is at hand."

One of the German commentators, on the watch for analogies, compares this with the beginning of the famous and beautiful speech Virgil assigns to Æneas, —

"*Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem*," —

as we cannot but think, erroneously; for Æneas means only that to speak of old wounds opens them afresh. Seneca's "*Nemo miser est, nisi comparatus*" is a much closer prototype. Boethius thought it out, in his time, "that in any hard pass of fortune, the most bitter thing to the unfortunate one is to have been happy, and to be so no longer." Chaucer, in his *Troilus* and *Cressida*, makes a conscious copy of Boethius: —

"For of fortune's sharp adversitie,
The worst kind of infortuné is this:
A man that hath been in prosperitie,
And it remember when it passed is."

A couple of centuries later than Dante, his countryman, Marini, sings what we venture to translate as

"Suffering hath known not yet her fill of woes
Till she recall old bliss between the throes."

And promptly he is followed by Fortiguerra with a yet prosier couplet : —

"Remembering the good that's taken,
Grief now feels all the more forsaken ;"

but not before some brilliant Englishmen had got ahead of him. Beaumont and Fletcher put on the lips of their Baptista, —

"To have been happy, madam, adds to calamity."

Margaret of Anjou had been thinking this, though she did not fully express it, when she cried to the widow of King Edward, in Shakespeare's Richard III., —

"Compare dead happiness with living woe !"

A contemporary of the Elizabethans, Bishop Jean Bertaut, uses the old saw with charming idiomatic grace : —

"*Félicité passée
Qui ne peut revenir,
Tourment de ma pensée,
Que n'ai-je, en te perdant, perdu le souvenir ?*"

George Wither, in his very lovely Shepherd's Hunting, sighs over

"remembrance, poor relief !
That more makes than mends my grief ;"

and again, ludicrously enough, but graphically, in *Fidelia* : —

"For there's no torment gripes me half so bad
As the remembrance of those joys I had."

Drummond of Hawthornden has left us one sweet archaic line in a sonnet : —

"Sith passed pleasures double but new woe."

In the Georgian day, Blair, in *The Grave*, embodied the same sentiment : —

"Of joys departed
Not to return, how painful the remembrance !"

After which Lord Tennyson's music fills the air, and settles the shape in which a very ancient conviction shall forever be quoted. Observe how ornate, yet how obvious, is its last rendering. The order of development has not always been in the due chronological line ; the actual data of our search are of small value ; but in point of excellence and permanence it looks as if the laureate's verses may stand as representative of the other twelve. It is to be noted that he sets out to quote his passage, not to recast it ; to praise Dante, not to bury him. Still, to English readers, he supersedes his master, and the haunting memory of his words must color all that shall be said upon the subject hereafter ; must eventually drown out, even to a scholar,

the fair and serviceable sayings both of Beaumont and Fletcher and of Drummond. Difficult is the task of the aspiring soul of the twentieth century who would fain philosophize on the sadness of lost gladness. It may have been a comfort once to give an intelligent groan without feeling that you were doing it out of a book. But that privilege was sacred to Adam aforesaid. For the present, modern retrospective repiners, who are hard up, indeed, inasmuch as they can revert to better days, have nothing to do but to quote Tennyson. As poets will, he steals the plaint out of our mouths, and makes us forget that anybody ever "said his good things before him."

The Travel-er's Eng-land. — A number of travelers have recently been giving us, in different reviews, their impressions

of this country, and their articles have reminded me that there are two points concerning England in regard to which I have strongly desired to free my mind. One has been rather overlooked in the reports of travelers, and the other is so exceedingly curious an instance of the perversity of the human mind that it can never be sufficiently dwelt upon. I refer, of course, in this last, to the system of not checking baggage.

What have the English to say in defense of their perversity ? They usually find it enough to point out that they do manage to travel upon their system, and hence that there cannot be anything very bad about it. But occasionally they go so far as actually to defend it. Thus, the Earl of Meath, writing of American travel in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, says : "To a Briton who does not like to be separated from his baggage, and who has been accustomed to give sixpence or a shilling to a porter [in spite of the notices in all English stations that the porters are paid by the company, and are not to be feed], and drive off in a few minutes with all his worldly goods on the top of his cab, it is irritating to find that neither cabs nor omnibuses are fitted to carry baggage, and that he is obliged to leave his luggage behind him, and quietly wait in faith at his hotel from half an hour to even four hours (as once occurred to the writer) before receiving his possessions." But the Earl of Meath makes a curious oversight in this passage. We do not defend everything American, but merely the system of check-

ing luggage ; and, in particular, we are far from congratulating ourselves upon the absence of cabs in America. The beautiful, bright, shining, flying London cab is alone enough to make London the most delightful city in the world to live in. But these two forms of comfort stand upon a totally different plane. We can't get the cabs by whistling for them. Cabs are dependent upon good pavements, and good pavements are dependent upon good city government, and good city government we cannot have, it seems, until we have made ourselves completely over. But the system of issuing checks is merely a matter of turning over the hand. The railroad companies have merely to say, "Let there be checks !" and immediately checks would be there. And no doubt the railroad companies would do their part quickly enough, if there were the slightest movement on the part of the traveling public, through the columns of the all-moving Times, in favor of it ; or even if the railroad companies were not well aware that the English people to a man love discomfort far better than they love change.

Really the most important consideration that has bearing upon the matter is the question of the safety of the luggage, and of the consequent peace of mind of the traveler, and not merely the ease of getting hold of your box after it has once been put out at the proper station. I must frankly confess that, as matter of fact, my own sufferings from the English plan were not unendurable, but I was never done wondering how it would work when trains were crowded. I was, therefore, particularly delighted when I came upon the following vivid description of the system when under strain, which is given by Mr. Knowles in his charming article on Lord Tennyson, in the *Nineteenth Century* for last January, as the only specimen of a familiar letter from the great poet : —

"I got to the station a full quarter of an hour before the time, but the place was *foumillante*. . . . I stood and bawled ineffectually for porters, till at last I took my portmanteau in hand, and flung it into the truck of one of them, and told him to label it 'Lymington,' which he promised to do ; then I rushed to the ticket office, where I waited among the multitude, and only got my ticket after the time was up ; ran out

again, the whole platform seething and buzzing ; could not find my luggage ; at the very last saw it being wheeled trainward at the bottom of a heap of boxes ; asked whether it was labeled 'Lymington ;' bewildered porter knew nothing about it ; train began to move. I caught hold of an open door, and was pulled in by two passengers. When I came to Brockenhurst, no luggage for me ; guard intimated that he had noticed such a portmanteau as the one I described [!] labeled 'Southampton Junction ;' accordingly I telegraphed up the line. . . . This morning I sent a cart from Farringford to meet the earliest boat, and recovered my luggage at last." This passage ought to become classical.

If an educated man, accustomed to traveling, is subjected to such cruel anxieties as are here described, what must be the state of mind of women, young people, rustics, foreigners, all those who are not accustomed to taking care of themselves, and all those who have not come to love the system because it is their own ? We were not without experience of what happens in such cases. We were traveling third class, one day, when a working woman with three children got into our compartment. She was apparently going to make a journey of some length, and her husband was seeing her off ; but all the exchanges of affection natural to the occasion were rendered impossible by concern for the accompanying "box." The woman was at a loss to know how she was ever going to recover it, and the husband, after various forms of reassurance, finally said, "Why, it is in the luggage van which Harry has charge of. You know Harry. He will have an eye on it, and see that it is put out at the right place." Surely, a system in which one has to rely upon a personal acquaintance with the luggage-guard (if that is what they call him), to secure peace of mind in traveling, is a system which some one ought to be sufficiently benevolent to endeavor to reform.

But the second subject in regard to which I wish to free my mind is a matter of graver import ; for, after all, the first is largely a question of comfort. We had reserved England for the final part of our fifteen months' stay in Europe, and we had expected that there the charm which one looks for in the Old World would reach its greatest height. England, as I had known

it ten years before, had filled me with an acuter enjoyment than I had experienced in any other country of Europe. But the England of to-day is not the England of ten years ago. The England of to-day furnishes one impression which is deeper than any other, which penetrates and pervades and almost obliterates every other, and that is the impression of the ubiquitous advertisement. There is not a railway station in the whole country in which it is possible to make out the name of the station as the train draws in : far and wide, high and low, every available inch of space is covered with the monotonous announcements that Venus soap saves rubbing, that Pears' soap is matchless for the complexion, and that a thousand other things are indispensable to the comfort or the happiness of the traveler. Especially is this the case in the stations of the Underground Railway in London. As there is no guard, and as the name of the station is absolutely undiscoverable amid the sea of advertisements, one's place of alighting becomes a pure matter of chance, unless one's fellow-travelers are polite enough to come to the rescue.

London is an imposing city. Its streets contain vehicles of two sorts only, — the hansom cab, which is always handsome and highly polished, and goes at a very rapid pace, and the omnibus. The omnibus is smaller than with us, less lumbering, more lively, and it would be a pleasing object if it were not that it is one moving mass of advertisements. Everybody who is not old or infirm sits on top, as long as there are places to be had ; and to see the nicest-looking people walled in with announcements, in enormous letters in bright yellow and red and blue, of "Colman's Mustard," "Custard Powder, Saves Eggs," "Hudson's Soap,

Less Labor, Greater Comfort," strikes the traveler who is not accustomed to it as so strange that he can hardly believe he is not in the clutches of a bad nightmare. But when it comes to Oxford, the High Street of which is lined with the most beautiful college buildings to be found in England, the street in which one has always been told the poetic charm of the Old World reaches its highest point, — when one sees this street invaded by an enormous horse car with its high top wall emblazoned with "Happy Thought, Use Sunlight Soap," and all the other familiar devices, then one's feelings become far too deep for words. Oliver Wendell Holmes has said that England has of late years been turned into the home of Colman's mustard. It is, in fact, quite impossible to estimate the loss to the traveling American occasioned by seeing the loveliest country on the globe desecrated through and through by this absorbing passion for advertising. In one respect, we hasten to admit, a lower depth has been reached in America ; thanks, it may be, to a more jealous property in land in England, the landscape itself is not so basely treated as with us ; but, after all, mammoth advertisement in fields which are anyway without beauty is a far different thing from the absolute destruction of a species of loveliness which has no rival in the world. This is a feature of English scenery which travelers have seldom dwelt upon, and hence the surprise and shock with which one discovers it are so much the more painful. If it is an element of the so-called Americanization of England, it shows, I fear, that England is destined to out-America America in sacrificing every atom of the charm which once made life worth living to the conscienceless struggles of modern competition.